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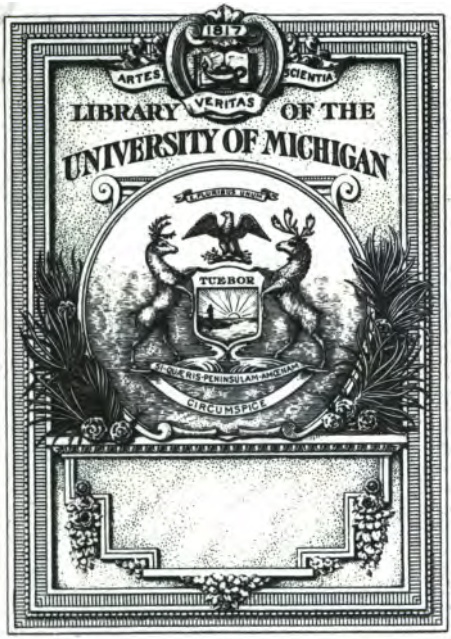

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BOOKS
By GERALD STANLEY LEE

THE LOST ART OF READING
A Sketch of Civilization

THE CHILD AND THE BOOK
A Constructive Criticism of Education

THE SHADOW CHRIST
A Study of the Hebrew Men of Genius

THE VOICE OF THE MACHINES
An Introduction to the Twentieth Century

INSPIRED MILLIONAIRES
A Study of the Man of Genius in Business

CROWDS
A Moving Picture of Democracy

CROWDS, Jr.
A Little Introductory Run Through "Crowds"

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WE

A CONFESSION OF FAITH FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE DURING AND AFTER WAR. A STUDY OF THE ART OF MAKING THINGS HAPPEN. A RECOMMENDATION OF THE FIRST PERSON PLURAL FOR MEN AND NATIONS

BY

GERALD STANLEY LEE

The Author of "Crowds"

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1916

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"TO THE
OVERTONE—THE UNDERTONE—
TO THE LIGHT AND SHADOW
BEHIND THE WORDS,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK"

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FOREWORD

The first thing the war has done to most of us is to undermine our daily assumptions about one another—about human nature and ourselves. For years, ever since we were children, apples have fallen to the ground from trees. Everything about us has had a humble but reliable way of holding down hard to the ground itself, and now suddenly our whole world has changed. It's as if everything had turned around—as if everything the moment we touched it or struck it, at once started to the sky. Our moral force of gravity has been upset. We go around, some of us, holding things down and holding one another down. At least this is the way we feel. If anything is to be kept where it is or as we have known it in this world, we have got to take hold of it personally with both hands and with all our might and hold it there.

Here are all our assumptions about foreigners, for instance. We do not really feel we are different from the Germans and the English, and yet there they all are over there living in what looks like a kind of regulated craziness. All this must be latent in us, we say to ourselves. We are crazy, too. I am. You are. John Doe is. Americans by being luckily tucked away in time on a perfectly fresh continent a little one side may have managed to keep up appearances, but that is all. We may break out any minute. It's as if all the people about us were mined. . . .

No man can really be quite what we think he is of course.

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Some days, after some special incredible bit of news about what people do, we go about up and down the streets, underneath in our hearts calling each other names, and looking each other in the eyes. "You are like this, too! You are really crazy, you know—if you had the chance. . . . Human nature is a disease."

The man I sat next to at the play last night, when I spoke of the morning paper, said he had not seen one. He had to keep in trim for business—had to put up a stiff game with human nature all day. He had to give up reading about the war, he said.

Watching one sick man that one cannot help for an hour before going to business every morning is bad enough. Watching a whole sick continent, and nothing one can do, takes it out of one.

The head clerk in Johnson's Bookshop, in Springfield, yesterday told me everybody came in and bought war books at first. The average man started in apparently buying every war book he could get. But it is not so now. The average American sees these great companies of books that are already, like cavalry, galloping out upon him. He does the only thing he can. He drops the whole subject of the war, runs into his office and screws himself to his desk.

. . . . . .

Why is it that it unmans a man to read the papers about the war? Why is it that people have already stopped reading war books almost before a tenth of them have come out?

I believe it is because the war books are discouraged about human nature—because they putter and dab away at the subject—diplomatize, historicalize, theorize, moralize, ostracize,

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sort out blame and hurl around vengeance, and do not believe in human nature any more than we do.

And here we are every day and every night before we go to bed and every morning when we rise—every man of us, facing a great crisis in human nature.

Most war books do not recognize this personal struggle we are each of us having, at all. They swing around it grandly and talk about submarines, lyddite, petroleum, and copper and statistics, different kinds of murder, ups and downs of battle, and the ins and outs of international law, diplomacy, and food supply.

And all the while the fight that is really on is the fight each man of us is having by himself, with the weight and the blackness of his own heart. The real war—the universal war—is this one—the war of the spectators, the unspeakable mortality, suicide and slaughter of the spectators—galleries of nations reaching away. . . . It is only a few million men who are in the war in Europe. The rest of us cover the earth. Why is there not a war book for us? It looks as if might made right. It looks as if human nature was so constructed that this is true. If this is true we do not want to work or eat or struggle or live. Every day when I read a paper I am fighting this out. Every day when I read a war book, I find the war book skipping this fight. And yet this is the great war. This is every man's war. At least I know it is my war. And why does every war book, one after the other, skip Me?

If there has ever been a time in the history of the world when millions of people wanted a war book that would cheer them up about human nature, it is now.

I want one, and have not found it yet. So have had to try

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to bungle along as well as I could—write one for my own use from day to day, as a personal convenience for living. I know that this war is and must be a part of a larger vision. I know that if we can look hard, take our stand back far enough in civilization to get our perspective, see the whole picture the war is a part of, the war will cheer us up.

The thing that is going to count most in settling the present war is the theory of human nature each man in this world lives with while he watches it. Only a small proportion of us can help on the field of battle, but every man can fight every day just where he is and while he works, on the really big masterpiece the world is working out just now day by day for the next thousand years—the world's working theory of human nature.

It is the personal affair of all of us.

I deal with the theory of human nature we are all consciously or unconsciously fighting for, and with which I believe we are going to meet the crisis, in the following pages.

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ACT I

ELEVEN DUMB NATIONS
A CONFESSION OF FAITH
THE AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT AND WAR
MR. CARNEGIE AND HIS PEACE-FLOCK
MR. ROCKEFELLER AND HIS RELIEF WORK
SEVEN THOUSAND ARMOURED MILLIONAIRES

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LOOK I

ELEVEN DUMB NATIONS

THE first thing I have noticed about most people's theories about the war is the extraordinary idea they have of how intelligent everybody is and of what deep, beautiful, or base or noble, shrewd, glaringly wicked, astonishingly significant thoughts and motives, all the people have who have started it. Everybody assumes that everybody who has had anything to do in starting the war is very deep and very thoughtful and significant; that everything that has been done is full of meaning.

It does not seem to me it is like this at all. The main fact about this war is that the world has become in the last forty years a world of machines. The war has been brought on because suddenly in this world at last we have a lot of machines that mean a great deal heaped up around us—and people in charge of the machines who do not mean anything.

Reading ideas and motives into the people is idle.

They have none. They are under their machines. The machines are miraculous, monstrous and godlike. The men in charge of them, like the men under the Wireless, like the men under the Zeppelins and the men under the Krupps, are just little ants running round.

This is what has happened.

It is a mistake to suppose that because people do things in a machine civilization they mean anything by them. The reason all the people are fighting in Europe to-day is that the diplomats—the men whose special business it is to express nations to one another—could not catch up in expressing them to their

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machines. Machines have got ahead of words. The war in Europe is a stupendous breakdown of the European languages. Our machinery for fighting, for making our bodies plain to each other, our vast engines of mutual destruction, had been perfected, and our machinery for talking, for making our souls plain to one another, our vast engines of mutual understanding, had hardly begun to be set up. We have been getting ready for forty years and are fighting by machinery. Our talking or understanding is unorganized, is still being done by hand. And of course we are very far behind in it. Every nation in Europe to-day is practically a dumb nation. Each has suddenly failed to find words to express itself, to express its temperament to the other temperaments so that it will be understood. So they fight.

Why did the nations suddenly and completely fail to express themselves to one another?

A crisis arose in which they had to express themselves with immense effect in a few hours, or it would be too late.

Any great nation—say of fifty million people—that is so placed or so places itself that it has got to express fifty million people in a few hours or die, finds out in a hurry that the facilities in this present world for expressing fifty million people to three hundred million other people, and getting all the expression in before twelve o'clock that night, are very inadequate.

Naturally if a nation of fifty million people has got to express itself while the clock goes around once it must find some way of doing it all in one swoop—in the same way that machinery does things.

Everything in modern life done for very large numbers of people in a very short time has to be done by machinery. The only big machine any nation in Europe had provided itself with for the emergency of expressing itself all at once, all in one huge crash in a day, was the army machine.

As every nation in Europe had on hand a machine of this kind for the purpose of making itself impressive in a day, and

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did not possess any other machine that could do it, all they could do was to use the only means they had ready.

So it came to pass that the people of eleven nations—because they were told they had only a day in which to express themselves, gave up and let their soldiers do it. Eleven or twelve very much scared men, experts in being scared, drilled all their lives in being scared on time, who could not hold their fear under any longer—each of these men told his nation it would have to express itself in a day or die.

Everybody had to take their word for it. There wasn't anybody out of all the three hundred million men concerned who could really manage to talk back to specialists, to authorities, to experts in being scared on time, like soldiers. Once grant that there really was a hurry—that, if a nation took a week in which to think, it would die—and everything follows.

The one really determining question in this war is whether or not this personal interpretation of a situation by a few threatening-minded persons was necessary.

It is not, at bottom, a war they are having in Europe. It is a hurry.

The war is the mere, helpless, dumb way that each nation has taken with the other nations of expressing the hurry.

On the last day of July one goes to sleep thinking of all the people over there as in their right minds, expressing themselves in living their lives. The next morning one looks up and sees one's Europe suddenly upside down. If all the men in Europe had by common consent that first August morning stopped walking around on the ground and begun walking upside down like flies, on the ceiling of the sky, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, we could not have been more surprised.

What had happened was that the world and all the people in it with one single motion had been switched off on to the military circuit.

But the people in Europe are at heart the same people they were eighteen months ago. All that is the matter with them is that

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they have been caught in a hurry. Three hundred million men down in the holds of eleven nations where they could not see for themselves what was going on above them and ahead of them have been suddenly shouted to by a few men on deck to come up and die. They came up sincerely and are dying in good faith.

We would do the same ourselves.

But they would not have done it if they had not been down in dark holds and taken unawares, under the necessity of acting before they had time to think for themselves.

So at last we are having, as on some huge world movie-screen where ninety nations watch, History's last look at what war really is.

It is the essential nature of militarism that people shall be kept in holds where they cannot see and that they shall be ready to die when the order is shouted down to them.

This is why an army as a machine for expressing fifty million men in a minute would be funny if one could keep from cursing long enough to be amused by it.

The men may think they are expressing themselves. They are killing each other at the rate of several thousand a day with the idea that they are expressing themselves and their nations. But the stupendous fact is that they are really expressing the last dogged, hopeless, helpless, dumb faithfulness of men down in the hold of the world toward men in uniforms strutting around on the bridge and shouting down through speaking tubes to the fathers and sons and brothers of eleven nations: "SHUT YOUR MOUTHS AND DIE!"

The war is the failure of our machines for expressing our real selves. In each nation the machine it had paid the most attention to was its army—its machine for expressing itself when it was scared. The machines for expressing the courage of the people toward other peoples, the machines for expressing love and expectation, common service and common faith in human nature, were not ready. These latter machines, while they are

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infinitely more powerful and effective, had not been finished off for quick work. Without warning, a few military-minded men, so scared they had to fight, fooling with nervous fingers on the trigger of the world, touch it—and the world goes off.

All the vast machines of hate go off.

But it is not because men are beasts, but because our machines for being beasts work better on a sudden call than our machines for being men. Anybody interested in these machines should watch them now. It may be his last chance.

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LOOK II

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

I

HUMDRUM WAR

ONE of the most disturbing and mixed-up things that has happened to me in learning how to live through a world war is the way my mind has carried on with regard to peace. Instead of wanting to fight less while all this fighting has been going on, I have never felt so much like fighting, so full of the emotion, the spirit, the urge of the fighter, in my life.

I have devoted in my time reams of hopeful white paper to writing about the spirit of partnership and about mutual interests and about the cause of peace. But there is not a minute since this war broke out that I don't want to go out and help whip somebody.

I have been wondering why this is.

I must eally have been like this all the time. And now the war is bringing me out.

And yet I would have said two years ago that if ever my mouth would be full of sweet words and if ever my heart would run over with gentleness it would be now.

I watch from across the sea those millions of men who stand side by side to fight on the battlefields of Europe, and while I may talk about peace by the hour, I do not and cannot feel superior to them or unidentified with them, or unidentified with the fundamental emotion with which they are doing what they do. I should be called, I suppose, a sort of peace person by

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them. They wouldn't really approve of me. But I approve—down underneath—of them. It may seem at first sight a sadly mixed-up thing to do. But I am doing it. I do it every morning when I take up my paper. My heart goes out to them.

At last I have faced myself out. I have come to my confession of faith. The men in this world who are fighting are the men I want to be with and that I want to be like. In a vague, anonymous, and therefore irresponsible sneaking civilization like this, I do not propose (for one) to put in a minute except when I'm asleep, in not fighting.

Most of the peace talk I hear humdrumming around bores me. It seems to me abstract, cold, twiddling, and scared about real human nature. The imprecatory psalms would do most of the people who are talking about peace to-day a world of good. As a state of spiritual liveliness, as a good, sound substratum-emotion for keeping up some gusto in modern life and making peace mean something, they could not be much improved upon.

If the peace people would begin to put into their talk about peace the same spiritual tenacity, the same grit and wholeheartedness that David did into the imprecatory psalms, if the peace people had one tenth as much faith as David had, if they believed in what peace would do with an enemy as hard as David believed in what a licking would do with him, peace people would interest me. As it is they do not begin to express—at least they have not as yet—my feeling about peace. I have tried faithfully for years to get interested in them. I have tried to be hopeful and I have failed. The people who have got hold of peace and who are running it as if it were some little thing of their own to-day are the wrong people. They are brackish, lukewarm, gray-minded, neuter-minded people. They are not going to make peace amount to anything as a man's force in a man's world until they catch up in what they say about peace, to the swing and the tone and the drive of the imprecatory psalms.

I do not quite know how to say it, but I think that all these

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dear worthy people who go up and down the world whining gently about peace before the iron gates of the nations, cannot really have thought about peace very much. I have come to feel (with a war to drive it in) that they cannot have thought it out and they ought not to try to represent it. Anybody can see it. They make everybody misunderstand peace. They have all along. They do not understand it themselves. If they did they would believe in it. People who present a sublime, irresistible, implacable burning energy like peace as if it were a duty or as if it were a mere virtue do not believe in peace.

I do not wish to be mixed up indiscriminately in what I have to say about peace, with these people. I know I ought to feel ashamed of feeling superior in this way. I know that feeling superior is always superficial. I know I am going to be ashamed very soon of what I am saying about them, but I cannot help just at this fierce crisis we are in to-day putting down my feeling about peace people as it is.

I would not be seen with them. I have lost all patience with them and with their pretty little toy playhouse Mr. Carnegie has set up for them, where they run and play with their minds, and pile up blocks with their minds. It seems to me it is a spiritless, theoretical, and morally underbred thing to do, to present peace to people as a thing they ought to have. It takes back what peace is, to present it as a duty or as a virtue.

But probably I do not understand peace people.

I am a fighter.

I present peace as a better way of fighting. I present peace as fighting to a finish. I am proud to be a fighter. I fight against carbonic acid gas. I fight against the air, the sky, the sea, darkness, clouds, the entrails of the earth, and against cold, heat, microbes, typhoid fever, malaria—against Time—Space—and against lies in the hearts of people. I fight against lies in people, not against the people, but the lies that have seized them. There are but two understandings I have come to have with myself about fighting. They represent my only

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difference with fighters as I know them. First, I will not fight people. I will fight for people. I will fight the fever and lies in the people. Second, I will not take sides. I fight for all people. I fight all the lies in all the people.

I present peace as a sublime, difficult, hazardous, beautiful glowing-up of every man's common sense.

I present peace as a radium for getting for ourselves and for others what we all really want. I present peace as the consummate self-assertion of all of us—as every man's assertion of his larger self.

I believe that to put Peace over on the one hand and say, "this is what you ought to have," and War over on the other and say, "this is what you ought not to have," is a tragic understatement, a monstrous lie. I propose to chase or help chase this lie out of the big nations into the little ones, and out of the little ones into the sea. Fish can believe it—that peace is a mere virtue—if they want to. I will not, and no nation that believes it very long will amount to enough in this present era of scientific, of realistic and honest thought, to make very much difference.

We are not merely going to theorize about it. It is a fundamental instinct, a temperament, a faith in our blood and our bones. It is the very essence of what modern American men are really like, of the practical way we live, to act and to feel about war in this way. We may have to live on a scared, irritable, mean little planet, one where the nations to all appearances at least have not the nerve to stop believing in war, but we do not propose to back down from our daily instincts, our actual feelings about war, to back down and fight against our wills because other nations have backed down and are fighting against their wills. Here is what I believe might be put down provisionally as America's Confession of Faith During War.

War, regular humdrum war, is a low-spirited, scared institution.

Hard fighters hate it.

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A soldier or gun-thinker is a man who has no courage about himself—his ability to make people see things, and no courage about others—their ability to come to see them. So he backs down and fights.

There was a captain of a schooner once who put a little engine in it and one day in a dead calm ten miles out to sea the engine wouldn't go. He puttered and swore a while and then all suddenly—nobody looking—there came a great noise, and everybody turned and looked, and there he was, poor fellow, thrashing that engine with a crowbar.

He lost his courage.

Nations do this. They stop thinking they can think. They stop believing they know enough and are clever enough to make other nations think.

War is a nation's discouraged way of expressing itself. War is a nation's confession that its literature has failed, that its editors cannot write, that its funny papers are outwitted, that its artists cannot draw, that its banks cannot lend money, that its canning factories, engineers, bridge-builders, and inventors are not formidable, that its statesmen cannot think, its diplomats cannot talk, that its religious leaders or experts in seeing through people, its spiritual engineers in excavating common ground for people, its inventors of brains for nations, have turned their backs and run.

In this country for instance, for many years, as a result of the Civil War, the South has despised the North and has wanted nothing to do with Northerners. All that we had been able to get the South to know about us by the war was that we could fight. Then we tried preaching to them, and passing laws for them, and sending down troops to keep them in order and to make their temperaments more like our temperaments. We bothered them with all kinds of foolish distant moralizing reconstruction. Finally after all the political missionaries and all the lawyers and all the wise editors a thousand miles away got discouraged about the South, or about getting on with the South,

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a few business men from the North went down to Birmingham, Alabama, shut their mouths and lent it some money. A few Northerners and Southerners got together and did things together. They found out what everybody was like, how many qualities and how many things each wanted that the other had, and then the North and the South set together in Birmingham, Alabama, to make a great nation out of two foolish half ones, and have been at it ever since.

The best way to touch the imagination of the South to Northern character and a united country and to what Northern and Southern character could do together, was Birmingham, Alabama, and Booker Washington was the best way for the South to touch the imagination of the North with its race problem.

We keep peace with Japan because our electric lights, motors, railroads, banks, Bibles, markets, schools, steam-hammers, faiths and dredges have touched Japan's imagination. Our war problem is how to make our Bibles mean more and make our dredges better—work our Bibles into our dredges. The first nation that supplies itself with competent capital—capital that can make labour want to work, and competent labour and labour that can make capital want to pay—will get a third more done in a day (with the same strength) than any other nation can do. Nobody on earth can afford to interrupt it. Screws and buttons, potatoes and milk shall make Japan and Russia afraid.

This is our American temperament, our national ideal of expressing ourselves. If we must do a small, low-spirited merely patriotic thing like defending ourselves, here is our idea of a powerful modern national armament, of the way to fight.

To fight people, see a third quicker what they want than they can. Don't cannonade them. Get inside them. Be their breath, be bread and butter to them, radium, eyes, and feet; vail, wilson and taylor and debs them; x-ray and burbank them. Stay at home against them with twenty million men who put ten days in a week.

Not a thing men use that shall not be busy everywhere every

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day making nations afraid of us. Motor cars and harvesting machines shall go wheeling about, shall swing the fear of America —a peaceful, glorious and happy fear—through all the earth. We shall conquer our enemies in their own dooryards by their own firesides, by serving them better than they can serve themselves.

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II

HUMDRUM PEACE

I do not deny that to be peaceful is to be good, but I rebel against the way it is presented as good, as if the goodness were in us. It is merely ordinarily bright and clever to defer to a grim natural force like peace. Why should we put on moral airs about it and think it is good in us? The reason that the peace campaign has failed is that it has been honeycombed with this idea of peace, and of presenting peace.

It seems to me that this must be stopped. Probably I am a little unreasonable in dwelling on it as I do in this chapter. But if there is one thing I cannot bear it is to have people feel that they are accommodating the Creator by being good. And they do—most of them. They think how nice it is of them, and how nice it is for Him, that they at last, for a little while, are being good!

Peace is either an energy, a radiant energy, and gives off volts, or it is nothing. A peaceful man is a man to be afraid of. He fills men according to their actions with terror or delight.

Peace is a kind of genius. Everybody (thousands of small boys have seen it) has seen what peace is. Every playground has one boy on it who gets everything he wants out of other boys and for other boys and for himself by a mysterious something inside him, by the radium emanations of his mind. He can be watched any day lending his soul, sorting out his imagination to other boys and being deferred to for it, and being made their leader for it.

This thing the boy has that the other bullying boys have not, is peace.

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Peace is a spirit in a man, a surrounding and comprehending light.

People who present it as a duty or as a moral ornament or luxury do not know what peace is. It is a crushing energy, a stark necessity, a grim, fearful, beautiful, irresistible moral depth or force of gravity. All power flows into it, flows into peace like water into a trough at the bottom of a hill.

Peace is the bottom below the bottom of every subject, of every idea, the beyond behind the beyond, and the top above the top in every crisis. Peace swings masters and oversweeps and outreaches as a matter of course everybody who has not got it. It puts men out of date and out of sight who have not got it. It is childish to try to resist a man whose soul has been fitted up with peace. He sees what is coming with a telescope when the little furious hater by him is staring at it with his naked eye. We stand naked and lonely before him while his searchlights, telescopes, theodolites, submarines, aeroplanes and wireless play about us. We are helpless in his hands. He laughs at our fury.

The feet of the man of peace are shod with terror and with love and there is no withstanding him.

And now the peace people have built a palace at The Hague, a kind of international headquarters or prayer-meeting for apologizing for peace, a place for mooning weakly and wondering if peace cannot be made to work, a great fortress of pale resolutions, of rows of Prince Albert coats. I see it always as a kind of Rescue Mission or Hope Mission for Peace, a little tinkly chapel, with a little tinkly bell, a little jingle of money —to call the great swarthy nations together—to ask them to come in please, to stoop down please and be teased to notice Peace!

Burglar-protection in banks and in the streets used to consist of clubs and revolvers. It is all managed now by turning on the light. If the reader wants to know what this book is about all in one line, this book is about turning on the light.

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America cannot put herself where she will have to moralize to the older nations about peace. It is as bad for a nation, a hundred million men, to moralize and to tell other people to be good, as it is for a single man to do it, as it would be for me to do it. I have tried doing it. Other men have. I have given it up lately. It does not work. It is superficial. If anybody catches me once for a single page in this book whining peace at him, spraying moral observations like a kind of cologne at him, he can return this book to the author or the publisher and get his money back.

I would probably admit when driven to it that peace is a virtue.

But if I cannot present to a man, having a virtue like peace as like having a new automobile, as having something that is going to carry him around, if I am caught presenting it to him as something he has got to carry, or that he has got to be the engine of himself—I do not know what virtue is. I have got it all turned around. I believe that America in its present crisis and time to act is not going to turn peace around. Every single one of the glorious things that have been sung about fighting on the sea and in the field we will claim for peace in America and for men of peace, for millions of men in this world who fight with light, with heat, with real forces, who would be bored to be in the armies and navies of the world.

This is the only way America will speak of peace.

We will catch up into peace and claim for peace the swing of armies, the march and beat of singing soldiers. We will offer to all men the poetry, the vividness, danger, glory, the courage, the sublime adventure of peace!

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III

PEACE

I would not seem to say but that peace people—all these worthy but faded-out and smoothed-away human beings who have drubbed away on peace all these years and philosophizzled on it and made weak anxious twitches at the nations—have their value for us. They constitute a fine clear-cut definition to us and to the nations once for all of what people who are really peaceful are not like. Peace does not consist in begging everybody to give up and be good. It is a devouring passion—all powerful men to-day have it—of self-fulfilment, of self-overflowing. Peace is a gusto of mutual self-expression.

Unless the peace in us strikes out and grips happiness for others as a part of getting ours, it may set well on us and it may be something very pretty and something very becoming to us and it may do for editorials, or for conventions, or for committees, but it is not peace.

Unless all the nations are racing along half out of breath to get it and get more of it, unless peace is a thing to be grabbed by people, to be possessed and sat on by a nation like a billion-dollar chest, unless it is to be fought for as a national possession or as an international possession like the Panama Canal or like a World's Treasure Island, it is not peace. Peace is the international passport of each nation to success and to national greatness, or it is nothing.

Peace is the simplest, most rudimentary necessary convenience this planet has got to be furnished with before it can fairly be called (for human beings anyway) a planet at all.

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As a planet for hyenas, hyenas with guns, it is quite complete. But how about us? The next thing we want to do, it seems to me, is to assert ourselves on it, to hammer it as beaten brass into a planet for us, or at least smooth off a place on it where we can be human and be our real selves.

On the whole probably it is going to be best to stop talking about Peace as "beautiful." It would be more to the point to say, Peace is terrible. It is as a burning heat, as a wild endless waste of desert at noon-day. And all who defy it are withered. Sometimes they are withered in five minutes and sometimes in five hours, sometimes in five years or five centuries; but all who defy it and all the works of those who defy it are withered.

It is obvious that peace is beautiful, but just at the present crisis of the world and with the present people with whom we have to deal, I would make a mistake to picture peace (as I would rather) as a garden. If I were to picture peace as a garden, many important people would promptly set it one side as beautiful. They would begin to patronize it and condescend to it as they always do to the beautiful.

I do not see why people are so apt to dismiss a thing when it is beautiful. I should think they would not dare. To me the beautiful is terrible. I am afraid of it. I dare not fail to defer to it.

Probably it would not be agreeable to many people to conceive of a garden as terrible. But to me when I stand in it in the dewy morning, when I watch the flowers in it lifting themselves up out of deep night, a garden is terrible; it is as the roar of subdued cannon in the sun! A rose is filled with a force that would rock mountains. And so do I think of peace—peace like the soft, immeasurable, irresistible dew on the grass . . . peace like the thunder of the ice freezing at night in mountain lakes, like the relentless walk of glaciers, like the crushing, eternal power that is in a lily-seed in the ground, like the child stirring in its mother's womb. . . . Peace is an irresistible

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energy, a living thing full of ecstasy and tears, conceived in joy and born in pain, the first man-child of the world.

I do not think it is going to do to think of Peace as a kind of big, proper, iron virgin any longer, as a figure out in front of Mr. Carnegie's Hague Monument, as a kind of sublime, cheerless, international colossal statue of Lucia Ames Mead.

We have thought of peace in this way long enough.

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LOOK III

THE AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT AND WAR

I

HAS AMERICA A CHARACTER OF HER OWN?

WHAT one finds fault with in our modern men who flourish around dreadnoughts and swing armies at people is not their fighting spirit, the brave, fine way they feel inside while they are expressing themselves in this way, but their technique.

Dreadnoughts do not really express us—the righteous indignation, the hope for the world that we have in America, most of us, bottled up inside us. Our dreadnoughts never really make anybody see just what our feelings are about our enemies, or how we came to have them, or how we can get over them. They hurt us more than they hurt those who are wronging us. They never get the best of an enemy. They do not do with an enemy what we try to make them do.

I believe that this is a universal instinct in America and can be politically depended on. I do not believe I am a bit lonely or ahead of my time in feeling as I do about dreadnoughts.

As a fighter I have much the same feeling about dreadnoughts that I have about those rather simple old-fashioned ideas of fighting that one finds in a man like David, for instance, three thousand years ago. Where David really outdid himself was in his imprecatory psalms. They were the best imprecatory psalms that anybody has ever written or could possibly hope to

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write. But his fighting, or his idea of fighting (a thing like jumping on his enemy's neck, for instance), is second-rate, and it does not seem to me that any man can fairly claim that as a means of self-expression it levels up anywhere near to the psalms.

Not that I have any prejudice against it because it is old-fashioned, or just David's way. My contention is that as an adaptation of means to ends, getting ahead of an enemy by jumping on his neck does not work. It may be natural, but it's just a habit, and no man who stops to think what he really wants to get out of an enemy, how he can get some real satisfaction with him, sets any great store by it. I appeal to any man's personal experience, as a boy, or as a man, if this is not so.

Of course it is not to be denied that at first sight there is something fetching about dreadnoughts. They are so big and deceitful and so dignified-looking. But reduce a dreadnought to its lowest terms—to a small boy in the street, for instance, using his fists on some other small boy because he is too stupid or lazy to understand him—and anybody, any grown person going by, would feel like stepping in and pointing out some better way—some way that would work better. And of course what holds good for a small boy in getting what he wants holds good for a nation in getting it.

One of the reasons that nations very often are more superficial than almost anybody in them is that a nation very seldom gets personal enough to be deep. The only chance a nation ever really has to have a deep minute is to reduce itself suddenly to its lowest terms, to how a single man in it would act and what he would find it best to be like, if he is dealing with a particular situation.

Now here for instance (if I may again lend myself to this nation!) is the way I act myself, when I am confronted over and over again with some one who is thinking he is my enemy or who is working away on the problem of making me think he is.

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I come, as a matter of fact, usually to taking his word more or less for it. Then—I might as well be frank about it—my back is up. I don't propose to let him bump into me and determine once for all of his own sweet will by one bump—that I am to be the same kind of an enemy that he is, and let him choose for me my way of fighting him as well as his way of fighting me. I do not see why I should step out of my shoes and be somebody else because he does it. I assert myself. I may storm around awhile a little as he does but I cannot do it very well or keep it up. Almost anybody can beat me storming around and I have been driven probably to it. I soon drift back anyway into jogging along and being myself, and I find that the most natural thing for me to do with an enemy is to pick out the particular thing he has that I want most and then think up the best and most thorough way to get it. To reduce the matter to its lowest terms, what it all practically amounts to, at least for me, is this:

The one thing I want of an enemy most, I find, usually when I look into it, is to finish him. I want to wipe him out as an enemy. I do not want him to look wiped out, nor do I want him to palm off on me a few simple, humble, wiped-out looking actions. I want to fight to a finish.

And it always works out in about the same way, fighting to a finish. I find it never seems to be enough for me, with an enemy, to whip his body. I want to whip *him.* And a little simple thoughtless thing like jumping on his neck or like hacking meat off the outside of him never seems to last long enough. It does not touch a man's imagination to jump on his neck. He never seems to realize how important I am when I jump on his neck. He just gently stops realizing anything. And making him realize is the real fun in it for me. Going and standing by his grave and thinking there by myself all cold and lonely, how I have licked him, is not filling. And of course I cannot call down to him there under the wreaths and the mown grass and start him up thinking how superior I am. *Oh! how I want him where I can watch him feeling licked!*

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And what is more, I want to lick him in such a thorough, unexpected and fetching way that he will just have to stop while I'm doing it, tell me I'm an artist, make me an offer on the spot, ask me if I don't want to join in with him and lick some other fellow. Then between us we would lick the world.

There is no real fun in licking a man until one can get him to like it and join in and help. If what one wants to do with an enemy is to break through the walls of his being and assail, conquer and possess his imagination, the whole secret works in the man, fight him to a finish, wipe him out as an enemy, this is the only way to do it.

This is the way I believe America feels.

This is our national temperament. We want to make a complete successful self-assertion with those who think they are our enemies.

We don't agree with them, that is all. And we propose to express this idea to them in our way and not theirs. We propose to make a dreadnought look foolish, to make a dreadnought look ashamed and feel afraid. Any nation that will shoot at a nation that has the nerve to stand up unarmed to be shot at, will be wiped off the face of the earth. It will wipe off itself if no one else does. It will have too little moral fibre to stand having to look at itself. It will feel too cowardly to want to live.

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II

IS AMERICA AFRAID TO EXPRESS HER CHARACTER IN HER OWN WAY?

When I think of the mighty splendid whispers of the guns, of the sublime, soundless roar of the submarines, of the low, still whistling of the airships—of all those magnificent whispers unheard even by angels, between Berlin, Paris, London, and New York, reaching across the sky . . . and when I think it is only little pathetic schoolboy persons—persons who ought to be set down hard in a row, one after the other, and spanked, who have taken possession of all these godlike things and are using them to fight with, and to whisper their little dull whispers on them—I am filled with the sense that what it is that has really happened to us to-day is the Rape of the Machines. We have been careless. We have been busy and unconscious. We have let the wrong people run them.

Once on an Atlantic liner a few years ago when the wireless was first being used, a man was waked up at three in the morning for a message which half of heaven and half of earth had brought to him.

This was the message he received, standing, shivering and anxious, in his pajamas: "Hope you are having a pleasant voyage. Tra la. John and Mary."

This is not a bad parable of the war. It is a John and Mary war. Magnificent machines only make a little-minded man littler-minded on a larger scale. Dreadnoughts are an invention for making idiots sublime.

This is what has happened to us. Machines are godlike. And men who make them are godlike, too. The next thing we are

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going to do is to see that the men who have the great conceptions of the machines shall keep control of their machines themselves and use their machines to express more great conceptions.

Here are our American conceptions for instance. Our conception of our own nation and of the world is one that can no more be expressed by dreadnoughts than it could by pop-guns.

When we were very little boys, some of us, we tried to express how great America was on the Fourth of July by taking little round white paper chunks (everybody remembers them—they were a kind of popcorn of patriotism) and throwing them violently on the stones.

The stones stood it very well, and we felt (at that time) perfectly expressed.

But bursting a shell over the heads of people we want to express ourselves to, taking 20,000 tons of earth (62 feet square and 15 feet deep) out of the ground, and then making a cloud of dust out of it, a kind of yellow sky—20,000 tons of earth that drift away in the heavens and never come back, two hundred young men under it unscathed, untouched, with their eyes put out for fifty years and their ears like stones until they die—this does not express us to these young men, nor does it express any feelings that we have ever had toward them or toward their nations or that we ever will. The conceptions we are trying to express of America are very different from this, and this form of expression seems to us to be stupid, scared, lazy and neither powerful nor accurate nor far-reaching enough, nor lasting enough to express any nation we know or have ever heard of on this earth.

America would be willing to express itself to a big, good-natured, and rather lazy mountain in this way down at Panama —stave a hole in it that all a world can use. This same exclamatory and rather rudimentary form of expressing the will, the desire, the prayer of a mighty people for all the other peoples, seems to us noble, beautiful, if sublimely and accurately aimed. A mountain for instance understands it and is deeply moved by it, or the bottom of the sea, but as an expression of what one

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nation feels or ever can begin to feel for another it seems to us clumsy, feeble, unpractical and helpless.

We do not say it is right or wrong. We say simply that this way of expressing ourselves to other nations does not show them what we are like. Increasing our armament does not satisfy us as our main reliance and our main expense in defending us from other nations because, as it seems to us, the way to compel other nations to be at peace with us is to compel them to understand us. It is natural to us to defend ourselves to people by expressing to people what we are like, what we want and what we want to give and what we want to get; and dreadnoughts and submarines say all the things about us that we do not mean, and they say none of the things that we do. Ford cars and phonographs express us better and telephones and movie machines that a world will have to use. Ford cars and telephones and moving-picture machines, sleeping cars, elevators, and flying ships—Glen Curtiss and Wilbur Wright in the sky—really give some true idea of what America is like, and of the kind of instincts and gifts we have for doing our share of the team-work of a world, things we think of for a world to use, and for ourselves. The phonograph is like us. The typewriter and the phonograph, the airbrake, aluminium, Luther Burbank, Henry Ford, Edison and the skyscraper are like us. They go with our temperament. So do our folding beds, our shoes, our dentists, Gillette razors, harvesting machines, steam plows—and in a humble way even our bathtubs express our genius for fitting out a comfortable and convenient planet. It took a democracy studying out the comfort and dignity of life for everybody to think out bathrooms for the kings and courts of Europe.

As humble as it is, even a porcelain bathtub or a Gillette razor expresses us better, makes more people understand us and have more use for us, than a thousand idiotic submarines or senselessly ingenious dreadnoughts or stupidly terrible Krupps could in a thousand years. We want to be terrible by being of some use. We propose to defend ourselves with a terrific indispen-

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sableness. Our brains work in this way. We cannot get interested in being shrewd about killing off people with whom we work, or in wiping off the earth the countries in which we play. Submarines show off better and we admit that fitting up an entire planet with our ideas of plumbing, with American bathtubs, is humble and homely. Safety razors are too. We do not deny it. But these things express our feelings better toward people. Submarines would lie. We would really rather bathe people than drown them, and we would rather shave them than cut their throats, and blowing out a canal for people's ships suits us better than blowing up the people and blowing up the ships. It is the way we feel and precisely expresses what we feel. Just plain empty blowing up does not. The world may say we are a great prosy nation, that we are not romantic enough about our emotions to fight. But this is our emotion. We have a huge national emotion—an insistence in the face of all the nations on being ourselves and expressing ourselves. If the world tells us we are afraid to fight, we reply that the way to fight other nations is to touch their imaginations with what we have that they want, with what we want that they have.

It seems to us that with a truly terrible, irresistible thing we have to defend ourselves with, with a huge daily outfit of the living needs of a whole world to swing at our belt, and strike a world with, it is childish and thoughtless to deck ourselves out with little flags, hobby horses, pop-guns and toy ships and bluster and make a great noise about how dreadful and how important we are and how we do not need anybody, do not want anybody, and can whip the world. We say the exact opposite. We do want everybody. And everybody wants us.

It is because shooting is feeble, is incompetent, because shooting does not touch the imaginations of nations and does not express what we have to say to them and what we want to get from them and give to them and accomplish with them that we, the American people, are reserved and critical toward the proposed program of military experts. It seems to us that they

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are rather parochial persons employed by us to do a particular thing in the way of preparedness and that they are not capable either by training or temperament of thinking of other things. We want a stiffer, more exacting and comprehensive program of preparedness than they do. A pitiful, small, niggling idea of what preparedness is—a mere idea of increasing armaments for our own defense, does not satisfy the American people. We look upon the kind of preparedness that is being proposed for us by the Government as not being preparedness enough. The program of preparedness that is being placed before Congress and that the people are watching Congress vote money and men for to-day stands for about one half of one per cent. of the preparedness America wants and is bound to have.

We propose to defend ourselves and stand up for the peace of the world here in America all over, with everything that we do and with every way in which we do it. Every man of us every day, all day, is going to fight for his country. Instead of fighting in trenches, each man of us behind his counter and behind his desk all day, every day, with every breath of his body and thought of his heart, every bargain, every promise to pay and every promise to act, is going to make America and American citizenship stand for the peace of America and for the credit and the safety of the world.

In the Government's proposed program of preparedness we demand not merely the Government's recognition, protection, and organization of the army, but the recognition, protection, and organization of the people, of the wills of the people and of the intentions of the people. It is through the personalities, the powers, the business gifts, the advertising genius, the dramatic actions of the people that the American Government is going to defend the American continent from hostile attack from other nations. It is on the organization and the expression of the wills of the people we want the Government's skill and the Government's money spent. And when we see our Government down in Washington planning its scheme of national defense,

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talking and acting and spending money as if it were only going to be through a little loophole of exceptional actions like battles, of exceptional and out-of-the-way persons like generals and admirals and soldiers, that this country can construct its program of defense, it is unbearable to us. It does not represent us. We are no longer willing to let Congress discuss an anxious, fuming jerk of preparedness in the form of a big army and navy as if it were preparedness enough for a great nation like ours.

We, the normal rank and file of the people of America, the plain folks of this new continent—we who are doing and will have to do daily ninety-nine and a half per cent. of what really defends this country—demand of Congress a program that reckons with us; we demand that we no longer be slurred over in the national estimate and national appropriation for the program of national defense, that we no longer be poohed at by generals and admirals as if we did not exist as defenders of the nation or as if what we did for it did not count. Everybody knows that it is we, the people of America, what we are like as a people and not like, what we do and do not do, that is to determine the attitude of nations toward us, and that nine hundred and ninety-nine chances out of a thousand it is we and not our generals and admirals who will constitute the one defense that will save the nation from hostile attack.

I am not necessarily committed, at least in a reasonable form and degree, against the program of preparedness being brought up before Congress, but when I hear our generals and admirals and our A. Wise Woods speaking of preparedness as if it were solely their subject, when I overhear them talking down in Washington in a hoity-toity expert mood, speaking of the people as nobodies and dealing with the defense of the nation as a subhead under an Academy at West Point or under a Navy Yard at Annapolis, it has seemed to me necessary to devote a book just at this time to the larger, more important, more constructive means of self-defense that America will soon be carrying out without running and asking Mr. A. Wise Wood and General

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Leonard Wood. So I am dealing in the following chapters with the means of self-defense the nation can be using daily, all the time, instead of generals and admirals and other exceptions—experts in running to fires the people will never let occur, specialists in repelling attacks upon our people that the people will have made incredible, hopeless, groundless and impossible and will never invite.

The claim I am making in behalf of the Government's recognizing in its plans and appropriations the plain people as defenders of this nation may sound a good deal like a generalization at first, as I put it in this chapter, but it will stop being a generalization before the end of this book. I had hoped to state at this point just what form my program would take, a program of organizing a people instead of merely organizing an army, to defend the nation—this more universal and stupendous preparedness in which we all are to have a part. I had begun to try to present it in a paragraph on this page, but, when I saw it—this more stupendous preparedness, this ninety-million man-power Preparedness—stooping and trying to peek in at a great nation helplessly through a paragraph, I stopped.

An old program could be introduced in a few words before being dealt with in detail and everybody would know it and reckon with it at once, but a new and original one—one that has not been proposed yet—would perhaps have to be given time to be conceived and to be born first and to grow up in the reader's mind first as it has had to grow up in mine.

. . . . . .

There might be one word more of understanding with the reader. Please do not feel that this book is all going to be like the next fifty pages on Mr. Carnegie's peace and Mr. Rockefeller's peace. Before going on to put up the new superstructure of peace as planned, some sort of cellar has to be provided of course for the foundations of peace to go up around. And I have had to begin with some blasting.

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LOOK IV

MR. CARNEGIE AND HIS PEACE-FLOCK

I

DOES MR. CARNEGIE EXPRESS AMERICA?

SOME of us who have specialized in modern human nature find it a little hard not to have moments in which, in spite of ourselves, we feel a little condescending toward wealth—toward almost everything in fact except the very latest thing in millionaires. The latest improvements in millionaires are making it harder every day for the others to struggle along, especially our old, faithful, mid-Victorian model—a kind of standardized millionaire like Mr. Carnegie.

I have been looking in the New York *Times* to-day at a picture of Mr. Carnegie at his desk, surrounded by photographs, vistas of pigeonholes reaching around, sitting there in that kind of calm glory of benevolence, before us all, gazing out at his country as the Peace Founder of the World.

I have repeatedly said that Mr. Carnegie, like all men, cannot be cut out of his time and judged aside from the generation that produced him. But as Mr. Carnegie is still living and doing things—may break out with benevolence any minute, may take a million dollars and hold back the age with it any minute, we have to deal with him as a part of the situation as it is to-day, and in a desperate crisis for peace, like the present, a kind of surgical crisis in the thought, in the working ideal of the world, I want to cut down through feelings and shadings that might be considered at another time—strip everything off in the way—

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and, grasping every comparison and every contrast I can, make clear my point. I must express my idea whether or no, and Andrew Carnegie is a part of the working vocabulary of this nation; he is wrought into the imagination of all of us. One cannot keep from using words in the Dictionary because their feelings might be hurt. They are there.

I am not blaming Mr. Carnegie as a man. I am merely pointing out in what I say that that is all he is, merely a man, and that he has no right to become an institution.

I am afraid of what Mr. Carnegie as an institution may do to the cause of peace. If I were not writing on some subject like Peace, if I were writing on some subject that Mr. Carnegie had not fenced off, piled up millions of dollars on and taken in a way for his own, I would not have to be personal in order to make my point.

But I can only say what I have come to believe.

Benevolent millionaires like Mr. Carnegie are one of the great standing threats in America at the life of our nation.

Bad millionaires are going to be looked after by publicity, Government action and social ostracism. We comparatively understand what they are doing toward the disorganization of the life and work and play and religion of our people. We have been gaining in insight. Crowds see through millionaires in the streets.

The only method by which a millionaire can befuddle the American people now is by being good, by doing things that make him look good, by doing morally handsome things.

It is the only chance an uncreative millionaire has left, to take up one after the other good things other people have thought of, that other people have got started, and muss them all up with money; i. e., put money in front of ideas, initiatives and individualities.

Mr. Carnegie is not unlike other people. He is just himself; has built himself up out of a foundry, and he turns everything into foundries that he touches, and always will. He cannot help

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it. He cannot be blamed in a way for doing it. We are to be blamed for letting him do it. We have watched him for now these twenty years, innocently banging about, lording over cities with libraries, steering culture with checks, leading great universities by pensions. We have seen colleges putting their creeds in their hip pockets and holding out their hands. We have seen Mr. Carnegie buying off the intellectual hardihood of big professors, the educational consciences of faculties; we have stood by and seen him taking the whole educational system of this nation and all our best intellectual centres and turning them into great spiritual machine shops—big wildernesses of mechanical-mindedness—and doing it all because everybody in sight wants a dollar and a half and because everybody bows and scrapes, resigns, steps one side, and asks, "What do you want, Mr. Carnegie? It shall be yours!"

All this is an infinitely more serious threat at the life of this nation, at the vitality, virility of this nation, than a frank, bold, perfectly safe rascal like Jesse James—safe because nobody takes him seriously.

This is why I am speaking up as I do.

I have been looking again at the full-page picture of Mr. Carnegie to-day in the *Times*. And it has all come over me again. I cannot bear it to see him sitting with that old gentle glow of self-satisfaction on his face, and every man and woman and child in sight encouraging him to be funnier and funnier. And almost nobody saying anything.

There seems to be a strange national calmness about Mr. Carnegie. No wonder England misunderstands what America is like. Do they not see Mr. Carnegie over there strutting up and down half the year, with Triumphant Democracy in his pocket and with college presidents and dignitaries all trooping over on the *Lusitania* to see him five minutes? When they see Mr. Carnegie and his fortune like a kind of promontory on America, stretching out toward the Old World, they think it is America.

To sit down and take Mr. Carnegie seriously, to consider

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Mr. Carnegie as so many practically do, as the fountain and the well-spring of peace, or as one who can determine in any slight degree policies or appropriations, or select persons or ideas in determining a world-peace, is the sort of thing that makes our nation look abroad at times like a kind of lazy, good-natured caricature of itself.

The caricature cannot be stopped.

But at least our people can keep from signing it.

I have already devoted a book or so to saying that the only possible good or harm any man can do in this world with money is the way he makes it.

We have the spectacle in this country of several hundred colleges, thousands of professors and supposed leaders of thought, mobs of social workers, synods, presbyteries, librarians and clergymen, being deferential to Andrew Carnegie to-day not because of the way he has got his money but because he has got it.

Deferentialness to Andrew Carnegie has come to be one of the diseases of this nation. Nations have to go through their children's diseases of course, but it does seem as if America might have produced among us all some one to make Mr. Carnegie ridiculous, or as if we might have been able, from one end of the country to the other, to hunt up one college that would show how funny in the rôle of a really serious or important person Mr. Carnegie is.

Not until Andrew Carnegie is seen standing with his hat in his hand outside our college doors, saying please to them, asking to be let in, asking to be allowed to be an office-boy, asking to please be trusted to run a few errands with his money, will either our colleges or our Carnegies be anything other than a great, calm, heavy, soggy, self-complacent menace at the grit, manhood, independence and spiritual lustiness of this nation.

It is not his money, but his mind—the fact that he is imposing so many million dollars' worth of his mind a year on this country—that we object to.

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A man who has made a comparative failure of his life should not be allowed to dictate the vision, the life, the spirit, the intimate ideals and motives of all the youth and faculties of our land.

How many people who are going to these colleges want to be like Mr. Carnegie, stripped of his money, or want their sons like him? Mr. Carnegie, if he had a son himself, would not want him to be like him. He would want him to have a different kind of mind. And yet the uppermost influences in the life of our universities are being massively, negatively determined, through power of selection of persons and emphasis of standards and methods, by a man we all know who cannot contain himself with self-satisfaction, who is seen before us all almost any day reeking and sweating with his own glory, who lives surrounded by a frieze of his own honours, who hangs trophies of himself upon his walls. . . .

We are face to face with a fact in America. Unless we can make our great fortunes in America humble and inquiring fortunes, we are not a great people.

The men we defer to are the men who see and express the desires and ideals of our people.

Mr. Carnegie has been slowly, unconsciously putting shocks into us, of truth about men and money in this country. With him to help, we see now what we really believe. He is making us see that money is the back-door of every enterprise—the kitchen-end. "Go around and bring in your money, coal, cabbages, through the back-door, please. Only those who visit with our souls and sit by our firesides can ring the front-door bell of this nation."

This is what America is beginning to say.

Millionaires who do not look humble, who are not open and comfy with folks, and who do not feel a certain genuine yearning to know what crowds know and to feel what crowds feel, who do not long to get acquainted with crowds and express them and be expressed by them are threats against our national life.

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I have already put myself on record and have said the pleasanter things there are to say in a chapter called, "Mr. Carnegie as an Experiment Station in Millionaires," elsewhere,* but in the meanwhile, as the months have rolled by, and I have been watching the spectacle of what is going on, of what the nation is being confronted with week by week in its colleges and in its universities and the influences that are getting uppermost in these deep, intimate places in the nation's spiritual life, where the supposed leaders of our people are being created have been too much for me. I am afraid that what Mr. Carnegie has done to our colleges he will do to Peace. I look upon the uncovering of Andrew Carnegie as a person to be particularly deferred to by America, as one of our pressing, immediate, national necessities.

The one great single threatening disaster that can confront a nation in a machine age is to grow mechanical-minded.

Cities full of iron and wooden pegs in factories, called people —cities full of cash-registers, of metronomes called people— crowds of minds full of clockwork just ticking and ticking away just alike with no courage, individuality, no imagination, and no initiative—are what we are facing to-day.

Mr. Carnegie has thrown his fortune like some great, cheerful, self-complacent, smiling millstone around the necks of the men who in the factories and streets and in our universities are making a fight for imagination, initiative, freedom from routine, personality and courage in American life.

We cannot hope for much in Mr. Carnegie's peace enterprise or anything else he is interested in until we are disillusionized as a people about Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Carnegie is disillusionized about himself.

No man who has been deeply concerned about our colleges, or who has watched the effect of Mr. Carnegie's money upon the gusto of our intellectual and spiritual life, upon the haughti-

*"Inspired Millionaires," p. 256.

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ness and the supremacy of the soul in American life, can do otherwise than dread what Mr. Carnegie may do to Peace.

Making Mr. Carnegie ridiculous, keeping America or anybody in America from deferring to anything Mr. Carnegie has or anything he does, stripping Mr. Carnegie to the waistline, having this nation pound on his chest, sound his head, and then measure him soul and body precisely for what he is—I look upon this as one of the next important things we have to attend to in this country. We are going to speak up to him out from under his libraries—under his colleges, clear our minds, blow a breeze through the land of fresh thinking, of personal idealism —of our own original self-respecting, self-supporting spiritual life. Colleges that defer to Mr. Carnegie cannot educate anybody.

We have no grudge against Mr. Carnegie. We merely protest that as a spiritual expert in what the picked young men of this country need and have got to have unless they stay out of college, Mr. Carnegie is not a success.

It seems to us it would be better if Mr. Carnegie would put in his spiritual labours, if he must, on aged millionaires, on people that cannot be spoiled any more now probably, and leave our young men and the teachers of our young men, the inspirers of the future leaders of our people, alone.

Why do not millionaires like Mr. Carnegie scoop up harbours, excavate mountains and build tunnels and lay out roads and run stone crushers? The great precious things, the heritage and the hopes and the prayers of the souls of the people—the arts and the sciences, literature, religion, the amusements of the people—must be dominated by men who have million-dollar ideas, by men who are as rich in imagination about people, in imagination of the people and for the people, as Mr. Carnegie is rich with the money of the people.

As one goes about the country and studies the drift and emphasis of our American academic life and the personalities that are being attracted to it and repelled by it, Mr. Carnegie's

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pensions can be felt like a kind of intellectual fog hanging everywhere over all the colleges of the land. College professors are almost coming to be now a kind of temperament by themselves in American life. One feels them walking softly and pattering about with their minds. We see fewer and fewer every year who speak up. In a faintly black delicate mist of discretion in the bold and wicked world they go about whispering and thinking. They wonder gently what millionaires think.

Even the man who is the least like this of us all, who is almost the most independent, scrupulous, high-minded, courageous college professor America has produced, felt he really ought to drop a line to Mr. Carnegie and ask Mr. Carnegie to let him know if it would do for him to take a little time off from being a college professor to be President of the United States. Would Mr. Carnegie or would he not charge him for it at the rate of three thousand a year for the rest of his life?

It is not a criticism of the President or of Mr. Carnegie I am making in this observation. It is a criticism of the country and of its being a country which waits for Mr. Carnegie to say Yes or to say No.

Mr. Carnegie is wont to say he holds his money as a trust for the country and for the people and for the institutions of the people.

If this is so, let him go around to the back-door and leave it. Let him stop having college presidents go around to the back-door to ask for it.

Then we will feel as generously, as tenderly toward Mr. Carnegie as I would this minute if Mr. Carnegie would stop being a great threatening national, international institution and would be just plain and simple Andrew Carnegie.

If there were any way to-day of making Mr. Andrew Carnegie as humble, as considerate before his nation as we know he must be with individual persons he loves—as he would be with his own wife—then with all his faults would we not rush in or be ready to rush in to 900 Fifth Avenue (when asked) with love,

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forgiveness, and expectation? (I would even be doing it now if I didn't hold in.) But Mr. Carnegie has become an institution. He has chosen it. He likes being an institution. As an institution, as a man who is spending millions of dollars a year in disagreeing with me, who has a million dollars to spend in expressing his ideas to this nation where I can spend one dollar in expressing mine, or one dollar in getting anybody to listen to mine or believe mine, I cannot otherwise than take my stand against Mr. Carnegie in defense of Peace—in defense of an idea of peace, which naked and of itself and woven out of little filigrees of paper and of ink, and faint little mists of words, without a dollar to help it, without a dollar to hinder it, I cast as seed upon the hearts of men until it shall cover the face of the earth.

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II

EVERYBODY SPEAKS UP

Peace is here. Peace is not something to be got up, worked out, or made up. It does not come under the head of prophecy. Peace is history.

All we have to do is to see what has happened to make anything happen we want.

The peace I have in mind is not going to cost anything. It is here. It is a possession. The only money that could be spent on it would be in letting people all know about it. Peace in America has an address. One can give names, dates, and places for Peace. All that money can do is to point out to everybody who the men are who possess peace, and how they are doing their work with it. Then everybody will see how it works. Then everybody will have peace.

Mr. Carnegie is proceeding on the idea that peace is expensive, and that we must all put our hands in our pockets and be good to it. I feel (and there are thousands of business men in this country who feel) like saying to Mr. Carnegie, Peace does not cost money. *It makes money.*

If Mr. Carnegie had made his money out of peace, out of a high gear of peace with his employees and peace with his consumers, as Henry Ford does, he would recognize peace when he saw some. He would not have to set up a Moralizing Station for it. He would uncover it, keep still, let people look in quietly, eagerly and watch peace work and see it turn the big wheels.

Instead of Mr. Carnegie's going about faintly, prettily, with his atomizer or spray of good advice to all nations, sprinkling morality about, he will concentrate on developing a peace-plant

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at home—a Niagara of peace. We have the lay of the land for a Niagara of peace. We will put two hundred power-houses on it and sell peace-current to a world. It is peace-volts the world wants. The moment class war stops, as it is being obliged to stop in American business to-day, we will have the volts.

What America says about peace will go.

What Mr. Carnegie says about peace does not go.

Mr. Carnegie should stop trying to speak directly and with his own voice to the nations. He should speak through America as his megaphone.

Here is America. What has peace done for it? What is it doing? The peace energy is here. It is in the air, in the ground and in the hearts of the people.

Peace is history.

All we have to do is to look about us. All Mr. Carnegie has to do is to express and interpret what he sees about us.

. . . . . .

I have been sitting in my study writing these words this Saturday morning, in a great shout of boys' voices. It floats about me. Every minute or so I hear a long white roar, a kind of scoot of sound out of my window, and another double-ripper goes by down the long hill into the great still prairie of snow, into the vast, empty, lonely meadow that stretches for miles to the mountain.

An hour or so ago, as I came out to the end of the drive in my yard and was just starting to go toward town, a whole double-ripper full of boys and girls—just ready to rip—just leaning over the edge of the hill to let go, held back hard and roared at me to jump on.

They are always doing it. I hate to say 'No' so (when I have to) that sometimes I climb over my back fence and go to town the other way. A minute or so ago I happened to look out of the window and I saw that the young woman who writes these

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pages over for me after I have crossed most of the words out, and who had just left me a second ago to hurry down street, had been swallowed up at the end of the yard by a huge double-ripper, and as I stood by the window there she was out there in that little long row of human beings with their knees up and their heads forward, and with their cheeks red, flying down the hill like mad into that huge empty meadow where a typewriter could not be seen for miles, where all the shorthand is by the sun or by the wind and where God alone takes notes!

She had completely forgotten me and forgotten "We" and was taking a nice, breathless, free, happy little parenthesis down there in the meadow, in her day's work, all because she had been swallowed up and grabbed away by a big joyous double-ripper.

Nobody can get by one. The double-rippers on this hill have an insatiable appetite for folks. Sedate tottering old ladies even get picked off, and it is as much as anybody's life is worth to go by the end of the hill and not get swept right off down into the whiteness.

Why is it the double-rippers are so altruistic, so anxious for folks? At first I wondered about the altruistic boys. Then my philosophy came to me.

More people on, further you go.

I had thought it was an interruption—the sound of the boys' voices—in this book. But it is not. The boys' shout is what this book is about. *More people on, further you go.*

Everybody is coming to see it. This is the main reason I am not worried about peace, because the world is getting into the hands of business men who see what the boys see—what any boy on High Street Hill sees—that the more people we can get to jump on with us the further we will go. The more there are to give weight and momentum, to bear down and to bear up and to drag the ripper up the hill, the more glad one is they got on. There always seems a time when things go hard (a double-ripper coming uphill is trying of course in its own sweet way all by itself to rip backwards), but the more there are to enjoy the down-

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hill part of it, the more there are to work on the uphill part of it.

This is the main idea of the labour unions. The only trouble is that the labour union does not always let the public get on.

It is also the main idea of the trust. The only trouble is that it does not always let the public get on.

This is Henry Ford's idea.

There is nothing absolutely original about Henry Ford's idea. All the High Street boys have it. It is just the old familiar idea. More people get on, further you go, one finds in the New Testament. What is original in Ford is the way he believes the old idea, the New Testament grit he has, the extraordinary unheard-of way he lets people get on. Anybody. Just as they come. He has let on a hundred and fifty ex-convicts, for instance, with the other 16,000 in the factory. He has let millions of his customers get on. They feel it is their ripper. All of his customers are on Henry Ford's Double-Ripper. If three hundred thousand Fords are sold this year—that is, if three hundred thousand people get on, every one of them will have fifty dollars handed back to him, taken off his bill. He has already told his employees if they will stop putting ashes on his track, stop soldiering and bothering the work, and doing as little work as they can, and will get on and stay on whole-heartedly, and swing their hats and shout and sweat for the business—be heavy going downhill and pull going up—what he will do for them—and anybody can see what Henry Ford with all these millions of people on his ripper is daily putting himself in a position to do for others and to do for himself. Three classes of people, supposedly separate interests, are all piling on to Henry Ford's Double-Ripper. That is why it rips.

Mr. Carnegie was a clever man for his generation. He was a bit original himself at first. That is to say, he let more people get on while he was getting rich than anybody ever had before. He let millionaires get on. Every time Carnegie saw a lively, would-be, could-be semi-millionairish looking kind of person run-

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ning along out of breath beside him, who was trying to jump up, he looked him over and if he liked his points he let him get on. He reached out a hand to Frick in this way and to Schwab and to hundreds of others, men he had watched running and scrambling and said: "Now climb up here with me, my boy, and we will get rich together." Carnegie has had a wake of millionaires he has made behind him all his life.

They may not be much to be proud of, I admit. The 16,000 workmen Henry Ford let get on and that I saw in Detroit the other day, flying down the hill with him, and pulling up the hill with him, and sweating joyfully, suit me better than Mr. Carnegie's small and rather ugly collection of men he let get on. But Mr. Carnegie merely struck in and made a kind of beginning. It has taken a generation or so of trying to see how letting people get on works. Henry Ford has seen it earlier than some of us.

The extraordinary thing that is happening to peace now is the general discovery that if this principle works one way it works the other. If it works for employers to let labouring men jump on the ripper, it works for labouring men to let employers jump on the ripper. One will not need to stand by very much longer and see the trusts and the big employers getting the benefit of the truth before the labour unions do. In a day or so, one will be seeing labour unions all over the country looming up out of all the others and acting the way Henry Ford does.

As these unions will loom up among unions as Ford looms up among employers, everybody will notice peace.

All labour will know peace works. Labour will be filled with news about peace.

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III

TELESCOPES AND BENCHES

Mr. Carnegie, at least so far as his Steel Trust is concerned, has never seemed to have what could be called exactly an other-worldly idea of steel. I wish he did not have a beautiful other-worldly idea of peace. I always think of Mr. Carnegie as looking at Peace as something far off. It seems to be a kind of straining, hoping and yearning subject to him. One thinks of him and all his good little boys with him as standing out in the cold, cold night with a telescope and looking at Peace as a star in the sky —very hard to get at and wishing it were not and wondering what it is.

"Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star
How I wonder what you are——"

Then he makes a great to-do and calls in all the nations to look. The nations do it to accommodate so rich a man, gather around, of course, rather stern and rather bored and absent-minded, and look through the telescope. That is all.

All this discourages me, or rather it discourages me when I forget and find myself taking Mr. Carnegie and his peace-flock seriously.

When I begin to think, I feel better. I remember that Mr. Carnegie is not what one could really call a spiritually robust man. It ought not to be expected of him after his strained life. It is only fair not to overlook this. (Probably this is why Mr. Carnegie and his people always seem to me a little ungrown and sentimental toward Peace. They always seem to be standing

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and looking so earnestly at Peace—like Burne-Jones' young women—just looking and yearning.)

I am weary of hearing peace spoken of or conceived as a dove. That has been attended to. It was well enough in a way at the right time to speak of peace as a dove. It is all that peace once was—a dove. But peace is not a dove—now, or at least if peace is a dove now I wish it would fly away.

And I am weary of hearing peace spoken of as a lamb.

I am weary of having peace looked at as a great, beautiful, expensive subject remote from common people—a subject that only a millionaire really and his little tame flock of hired highbrows could expect to afford to dabble their minds in. What ordinary folks know about peace and can do for world-peace at home and in their own lives and by hand and all without great, costly, spiritual derricks, wonderful spiritual pile-drivers, huge, costly, nation-sized moral scoops or dredges, is supposed to be negligible.

This is the whole point I wish to make in behalf of America. We wish to get Peace away from Mr. Carnegie and his telescope, grab it away forever, get it over into our own hands as a subject belonging to us—to any workman with a paper cap on. We propose to settle world-peace ourselves. If we find there is any little way with a few million dollars that Mr. Carnegie from up in his peace-observatory can help, we will let him in. If he will know his place he can help.

But to us, peace is very different. World-peace to us is not in an observatory. It is at the next bench. It is at the desk in the office. We believe that if Mr. Carnegie and his hired highbrows will come down from their telescope and will (just with their plain eyes open) go walking around among us in the sweat and din of our shops, they will see enough Peace in a week scattered all around this country right down next to the ground, in every man's life, to pry this old world straight! No one has looked around. That is the trouble. We have all been running to Mr. Carnegie's telescope pointed grandly at the sky, and we

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have supposed in some vague way we would have to wait to see Peace come pouring down backwards out of heaven through it.

The idea has seemed to be when it began to pour, that we would just slowly steer the telescope (with enough millions to help budge it), aiming it now over one nation and now over another, and pour peace—a kind of thin stream of peace, a kind of sluice of starlight of peace, one hundred and eighty-six million miles a second—down on it. This is as much as could be hoped for.

Is this true?

But I do not see how we can do otherwise than to speak up at this time, at this fork of the road for the nations, when they are turning to us and wondering which way we may go, what is in us and what we are really like, and say to them all, quite loudly and distinctly—to England, Germany, and the rest (who know Mr. Carnegie so much better than they know us)—that Mr. Carnegie is not America, that he is just our Mr. Carnegie, just our dear, beautiful monster! We have produced him, but that is no reason why, with all his helpless millions on him, he should turn around on us and try to produce us. We take our stand before the nations on this. We want to be understood.

Our colleges and universities may keep very still, but they do (at least, it must be said for them) go about to one another in a kind of hushed laughter and dismay about Mr. Carnegie, and everywhere our common people—the vast common sense of our nation—is getting him right. We make little stir about this. We go on our way taking it for granted, but it is a fact about us. The one deference we have or can ever work up for any millionaire in America to-day is the way he makes his money. After that, when he is spending it, he must look out for himself and stand up for himself as best he can.

This is America's Notice herewith served on England, Germany, France, Russia and Japan. The peace we propose to confront them with is ours, our own home-brand, and not Mr. Carnegie's.

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Peace is not a moral at the end of a man's life to present to other people.

It is a powerful way of making money. The moment Mr. Carnegie begins to express this idea of peace, he will find he will not have to tease the nations.

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IV

MR. CARNEGIE AND THE PEOPLE

One day a year or so ago I read in my morning paper an account of how Mr. Carnegie the night before at a dinner gave the churches in America a handsome two-million-dollar tip for what they had done and might do yet for Peace of the Nations. He invited cardinals, archbishops and bishops, elders and clergymen to dine with him; singled out forty men by name as trustees for the $2,000,000 the churches have to spend on Mr. Carnegie's idea of peace.

Now what I am wondering is: Is Mr. Carnegie's idea of peace worth quite two million dollars? I cannot help wondering if it would not be better for Mr. Carnegie to spend his $2,000,000 in getting a clearer, more important idea for himself, for others—of what peace is before he spends two huge thoughtless million dollars on it.

No investment in anything but in vision, in seeing straight, is really going to get Mr. Carnegie his money's worth.

If Mr. Carnegie will spend two million dollars on a vision—on seeing straight about peace—the vision will do all the hard work—do it without trying, the way tides and springs do, and do it for nothing. In the meanwhile, until this is done, I cannot help feeling that Mr. Carnegie's expensive yearning for peace, his lifting and straining, while it may attract much anxious attention and keep very many important people—cardinals and bishops and clergymen—very busy and very tired running to him and tending him, and doing all they can to help him, will not come to much.

It does not seem to me Mr. Carnegie can do anything very

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efficient about world-peace until he gets his own peace attended to. Did he make this money he is spending on getting other people to be peaceful, out of being peaceful himself? This is what troubles me. Possibly the reason that Mr. Carnegie does not get on faster and has had such a setback in his world-peace work, is that people think the movement as he has conducted it is too preachified. If Mr. Carnegie could spend his $2,000,000 in saying very loudly to a world, "Be peaceful the way I have been peaceful," people would notice him more. The trouble Mr. Carnegie has with peace is that he has not taken it personally. If he had made his fortune out of being at peace with his workmen, the way some of our later millionaires are making theirs, everybody, when he spoke up about peace, would listen. Mr. Carnegie has made his fundamental mistake in supposing that peace is a subject that can only be bellowed about in a loud, hollow, international tone.

The moment people stop thinking of peace as a huge, vague international subject, and take it deeply and seriously as a personal one, nations will begin to have peace.

If I had Mr. Carnegie's two million dollars I would take my pick of say ten industries, find one single firm in each of the ten that was daily using peace as a business energy. Then I would spend the money in having everybody else in the industry know how it works until they improve or adopt it.

When Mr. Carnegie has established some peace in each community in America to which members of the peace society can point, and to which they can appeal, he will get a hundred million dollars' worth of peace where now he gets one.

If I were Mr. Carnegie and wanted to make one great stroke at war in the world before I died, I would spend instead of three million dollars on a peace palace, three million dollars having every employer of labour and every labourer know all there is to know about Henry Ford's factory in Detroit. I would have one Ford for every industry with a new invention in it in the United States.

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People would be going to a peace school eight hours a day. They would be being paid by their employers five dollars a day up, to learn what peace is.

The main thing they would learn about peace at first would be rather homely, of course. They would learn that at bottom peace is team-work, that when a man is waked up peace really becomes in him a kind of hunger, carried to its logical conclusion of getting everybody to help him out and complete him. Peace in a man is a demand in him for exchange with others. Every workman understands about demand. Demand is what causes supply and gives him a job. If one takes two countries and if in one country one sees thirty per cent. of the people wanting to exchange other people's things for theirs, and in the other country one sees ninety per cent. of the people wanting to exchange other people's things for theirs, every workman knows which country will make more money. The same holds good in swapping between capital and labour.

Peace is going to be seen by every employer and every employee as he sees it in his business. He will see Peace as Demand. Peace between people consists in having enough self-interest to discover mutual interest and swap.

If peace is what might be called a powerful or high gear of self-interest, a hot fusing, an electric furnace, a blending of everybody's desires into one desire, of course it makes money.

Mr. Carnegie when he bones down to his job and gets people to see what peace is will not need to spend a cent in getting people to adopt it. Peace is going to adopt itself. I do not see why anybody should feel worried or expensive about peace. Spending money may hurry peace, I admit. But making money will hurry it more. And people who cannot make money out of peace are rapidly going under.

The power to make money is the power to serve. The law of peace is simply the law of the survival of the fittest to serve. The man who can have the brains to serve the most kinds of people in the most ways will thrash everybody in sight. No

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body can touch him. Nobody will let anybody touch him. The man who can discover and invent and expose mutual interests, who has a creative passion for making other interests play and work together, who can make all classes work as one class, who can make employers, workmen and consumers work as one man—the man who makes money by raising wages, who gets rich by lowering prices, becomes terrible and implacable in this world. He withers all who oppose him. Only a man who is more peaceful than he is can hope to compete with him.

Christ's statement is a very literal one, that the meek shall inherit the earth, if by the meek we mean people who stop fighting people and listen, find out what they want, do it for them and become a part of them.

This habit, this business-genius of mutual self-expression, this insatiable greediness for team-work, for living in others and through others and of having others live in us and through us—this passion of heaping up all men's lives upon our lives—this is the spirit that is making all men who have it to-day the masters of the fate of the world. It is this spirit that, before our eyes, is taking possession of America.

To bring peace to pass among other nations, Mr. Carnegie has but to help America express this spirit at home.

Then everything America does will express peace. We will not need to mention peace. Nations who know us will know what peace is. We shall have expressed peace, without being superior, without giving good advice, without saying a word, and without a palace to express it in. America will be its own palace. And the palace will begin (as Mr. Carnegie has overlooked) in a cottage.

The palace will begin in a factory perhaps, or in steel works. I think, myself, Mr. Carnegie would do better to go back and try steel works. It would be a shorter cut to Peace. The Hague Palace is a little superficial—a little hurried.

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V

THE HAGUE PALACE AND YOU AND ME

A large proportion of the bewilderment people feel with regard to this war, I think, has come to us from looking at it in too big figures and from not reducing things to lower terms. I want to clear the ground once more if I may for ourselves, so that my reader and I can get down to primary causes, and see what the real difficulty is that Mr. Carnegie in fighting for peace has to meet in human nature, especially the human nature we know the most about—in ourselves.

I have already hinted that, as it seems to me, the scientific way for Mr. Carnegie to get the attention of nations to peace would be for him to take modestly a few specimen people in each nation and get theirs. Then he could work up. If Mr. Carnegie would take say one man in each nation who is obdurate on the subject, and set six or eight carefully chosen specialists in human nature to work on this man, have them determine definitely (as any bacteriologist would) just what is the matter with him, what he thinks and why he thinks it, what he assumes and why he assumes it, and if the entire Carnegie Foundation would then pull itself together for this one man, would lift up the entire Hague Palace and set it down over this one man, over this one man's life, like a hothouse or like some noble incubator, and would then hold it there over him until the spirit or yolk in him really got to work, until the man's true nature began to stir, began to break out, began to peck through at last into its real self, and the peace that is in him, that is in every man, got out—Mr. Carnegie would then have something to go by, something that he really knew

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would work in hatching out peace in nations. The problem can only be solved in the way all scientists solve things, by taking one particular human being, a sample of twenty million, and doing him off completely. Every human being is a sample of twenty million more, and the way to get the twenty million is to get one and to know how one got him. Then the rest can be done as it were by machinery; that is—by doing the same thing over and over to the people that one did to the first sample.

Mr. Carnegie apparently has not thought of this. It is because he has tried to do whole nations, has insisted on doing world-wide swoops of people before he has ever really finished doing one, that he is having such hard work of it. I have already suggested that he might have begun with himself. But that is not important. I do not insist on that. He might begin with me or with you; the idea is that he must begin with somebody, with some one person.

The only way to be deep or to be thorough in a world-matter like international peace is to be personal.

So I am trying my hand for the next chapter or so on how a few human beings really feel about this war.

Something is happening to us and to our minds and our philosophy every day as the war drags on. What is now happening to me, to all of us, to you, gentle reader, is a part of the situation that Mr. Carnegie has to meet.

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VI

TAKING THE WAR PERSONALLY

Mr. Bryan made a remark one day about three months along in the war that the thing for Americans to do was not to diagnose the war and find out how such a thing could ever happen to Europe, but to help Europe—see what we could do to help Europe.

This sounded rather well for a moment. Then I began to think.

If Mr. Bryan came along and found a man in a dead faint on Broadway, what would he say to the people standing by? "Now the thing for you to do, dear people," he would say, "is not to try to see why this man fell in this way—whether it is his heart or his stomach that is doing all this to him, whether it is his stomach that has stopped his heart or his heart that has stopped his stomach, or whether it comes or does not come from a broken leg. See what you can do to help him!"

Of course the only man who could really help would be the particular man standing by who (according to Mr. Bryan) would be loafing around in his mind to find out where the cause that would have to be removed, and that was doing all this to him, was located, whether it was a leg or a lung, a stomach or a clot on his brain.

. . . . . .

Every man has his choice of two ways of diagnosing the war.

One way is to set to work twenty-four hours a day and read all that everybody writes, all the different coloured papers—know all that everybody knows in each nation, and know be-

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sides everything everybody in each nation is trying to keep one from knowing, and then come to one's conclusion as to what the cause is, and proceed to help remove it.

The other way is to search one's own heart and judge from one's own experience with one's self and with others just where the cause of the fighting lies, and then proceed to see—still judging from that vast world-field in miniature in one's own heart—just what it is that works best in removing the cause of fighting.

I have tried both of these ways. I have decided that the first way is one which I could use best about fifty years after I am dead, and that the second way is one which I am in a position to use and use with a fair degree of accuracy now.

One of the reasons our books about the war are so unsatisfying is that they deal with facts that are not yet to be had.

Most people in writing about the war leave out themselves. They treat the subject as an English, German, French and Russian subject. Nearly everything they say is about England, Germany, Russia and France, Servia, Turkey and Japan. They treat the subject as a vast, limitless prairie of the third person and write in a far-off, vague, third-person tone about censored points and about censored people. They write in a vacuum of things they cannot know. They take up the nations one after the other, these invisible, imponderable masses we call nations, inconceivable, immeasurable, these vast blurs of men and women, and seem to hope or think that by flickering these huge national blurs before people's eyes and by putting spoonfuls of what they know or any man can know about them into people's mouths, people can be got to see truth.

It has seemed to me the only chance we could have to be thorough would be to begin with the elements in the situation that we know now and can know now. I have turned the whole method around. This book is not about England and Germany, France and Russia, and their war. It is about human nature and war and how it can stop war, about you and me, and about the man next door, and about what England and Germany and

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France and Russia with their war are doing to us, and about what we will let them do to us. The only way in which we can be deep or thorough about this war is to be deep or thorough about what it is doing to us.

It is as if this whole war had been put into an envelope and addressed personally to you and to me—to every man of us. And we have got to answer it.

. . . . . .

If each man in America will protect and possess and master his soul while this war is going on, it is very likely his soul will be of some use to him and to his fellow-citizens in trying to help his own nation now, and after the war is over help the others. It is one thing we can do for eleven nations.

When I think of this, of all the innumerable, unascertainable facts about Russia, Germany, England, I do not need to know, in order to get down to the cause and prevention of war; when I think that the issue of war or peace for a world turns on what is in my own heart and mind, in the hearts and minds of particular men about me—men I know and that can know me; when I think that I am seeing the whole human race in miniature in the thoughts of the men about me and in the tides of fear and of hope mounting and sinking daily in my own life, there is a kind of paralysis falls away from me—of needing to be infinite to understand, of needing to be eternal to know, of needing to know everything in censored Germany, in censored Russia, a God could know, before I know how to pray or how to sing, or know what to do, or know where to begin to help. I return to my theme in a new spirit. I have cast the world off, I have reduced the imponderable world to its simplest terms, I will face Russia, Germany, and England, in my own heart.

What are the main things that are happening to me personally, as a fellow human being, in this war?

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VII

TAKING THE WAR NATIONALLY

I returned home yesterday from a kind of peace tour in the Middle West.

I had seen in three weeks more lions and lambs lying down together, more ex-strikers and capitalists looking each other in the eyes, than I had ever dreamed of except in what were supposed to be the wildest moments of "Inspired Millionaires."

Naturally feeling a little warmed up about human nature and feeling a little religious about it, and as if I would like to go in and stand up with crowds of people and help sing Te Deums, I thought I would go to church.

I had reached home at the wrong time to go to church in the regular way, and the nearest and quickest thing to do was to drop into the college vesper service at five o'clock.

Then I heard a man with a vast pipe organ up behind him (which could hardly have held itself in from singing Magnificats if it tried) and a hundred glowing college girls backing him up on the platform and all breaking out and singing, "Jerusalem the Golden!"—I heard this man get up and tell seventeen hundred young women, the assembled mass of whose joyous faces in front of one sometimes seem like some great window lighting up the place (some of the light comes in through the windows on the sides but a great deal larger part and certainly the more important part of the lighting arrangement of Smith College comes from the audience)—I heard this man tell these seventeen hundred young women—all of them shining back at him—that human nature was full of darkness, that Man was a brute, that

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no one could begin to express the stupendous, infinite, immeasurable brutality of the human heart.

Then he pointed to the European war to prove it.

He told us all to be on our guard. We could not tell any minute when the beast in us would break out and sweep all fairness and beauty out of our lives and out of the lives of all around us.

Of course nobody could say anything. The young women sang the hymn they were told to, "My Soul, Be on Thy Guard." Then they poured out and filled the streets with voices, with joy and soft laughter and footsteps, with the stir and with the passing of youth and hope, with the breath of life, with that sense we all know in the streets here of strange, contagious, gentle, unspoken expectation!

. . . . . .

The streets were right, I think, last Sunday night after the service.

One could not but feel it as one walked through the hum under the great trees—that glorious contradiction that glimmered and flowed through the streets and uplifted the streets—of what everybody had just heard in church.

Often in this way have I heard or thought I heard streets talking back to churches.

The streets have the last word. And the factories. And parlours and living-rooms and kitchens and nurseries have the last word.

I had a conversation with the speaker immediately afterward about what he had said and about what the streets were saying, as we walked down through the streets to his train. He was a man of power and vision, or at least almost always was, as it had seemed to me, and his religion in any ordinary crisis or when it had not just been floored by eleven nations, had always seemed to me to be full of inspiration, of deep, honest, and constructive thought. But with the whole continent of Europe over there just across the sea spending a million dollars an hour in proving

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all during the last week that men were brutes, all he could do when Sunday came, as it seemed to him, was to get up in his place and say he believed it.

He took Europe's word for it. He did not see how he could talk back to eleven nations.

On the way down to the train I said that I thought talking back to the eleven nations was just what America was for, and that talking back to the eleven nations quietly and keeping our heads and not believing all that we heard was the one great national, characteristic, responsible and practical way that we could help in this war.

I admitted (how could I help admitting? Any dog going by in Europe could see it, or any robin up in any tree)—I admitted thatthe fields and woods of Europe were full just now of men who were looking and acting like brutes.

Panthers and lions and tigers who have merely looked at long rows of insipid, stupid human beings filing past their cages and just standing before them and staring and yammering, would have their eyes opened if they could get out into the woods of Europe and see these same human beings now. They would be abashed for the rest of their natural lives, at all these sudden hordes, these millions of new fellow brutes they would see cropping out everywhere and carrying on everywhere in ways that they—the panthers and lions and tigers—would instinctively understand. There has never been a time in the history of the world when tigers and panthers and lions could hope to feel as close to us human beings, so full of a sympathetic understanding of us, as they would in Europe to-day, if they could get out and observe things.

But I do not believe that tigers and panthers looking on at the battle of the Aisne and watching it sympathetically, and judging the men they saw by themselves and judging them by the way they looked and acted for the moment, would be right.

Nor do I believe that the Reverend George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church in Boston, is right in agreeing with them.

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Tomtom, my dog, who lies by my desk as I write, and who licks my hand, may be transformed in five minutes and fight me to the death and race down the streets with people flying for their lives into their houses all the way down to the post-office. Three hundred pale people he has chased in behind glass doors all up and down Main Street may stand by and watch a policeman shoot him.

But he will always be the same Tomtom to me. I shall always think of him as he really was before that little foolish wimmering germ got him.

What I want to try to do is to judge my fellow human being as kindly as I do my dog.

The present position, what might be called almost the official position, of America in the world war is to see to it that there is one nation on the earth to-day that takes a stand for judging human beings as kindly as it does dogs.

Hydrophobia is not brutality. Neither is hysteria.

At present three hundred million men infected by an obscure German named Bernhardi have suddenly broken away in eleven nations and are running wildly up and down the great Main Street of the World with guns in their hands, and it seems to me it is a very serious, paralyzing, and helpless mistake for a preacher like Dr. Gordon to confess in public that three thousand miles over here in the quietness of the Old South parsonage he is as scared about human nature and things it can do as Bernhardi is.

Bernhardi is scared about some human nature, about the English, French, and Russian brands. General French, seeing how Bernhardi has infected many Germans, is scared about German human nature. But Dr. Gordon is scared about all human nature everywhere.

If America agrees with Dr. Gordon in his possibly momentary mood of last Sunday it will be as serious a disaster to America as Bernhardi has been to Germany and to Europe. The only nation that can do anything in the way of the healing

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of the nations when this war is over will be the nation that refuses to believe that it is the brutality in the hearts of our comrades over there that has brought this war to pass.

America is facing to-day almost all alone the most stupendous crisis of the world. It is America that will have to deal with it. And if we the people of America do not have a great, quiet-hearted, wide-prairied, sunned-through, shrewd, faithful belief in human nature, if we do not have the habit as we read of cutting down through appearances in European human nature and of seeing down through to the real selves of our comrades over there, we will not be able to help them. We will not have (when they appeal to us at last) the warmth or the gusto in us to call their real selves out and bring them together. America, the young mighty son of the nations, the one to be leaned on, the big common relative of them all, in this immense and solemn hour of the destiny of man upon the earth, shall have failed the world.

It is human nature that needs to be defended to-day with Mr. Carnegie's money. We want Carnegie to advertise in America and advertise to the world what America believes about human nature.

Then war will take care of itself.

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VIII

WAR AND HUMAN NATURE

I want to devote this chapter to my working theory of war and human nature—the one I think Mr. Carnegie will have to spend a few million dollars in advertising and in making people believe, before it will do any good for him to try to get the attention of the nations to peace.

A man across from me at a dinner the other night took a fifty-cent cigar out of his mouth and replaced it with the following remark (it seemed to me a pity to take out a fifty-cent cigar for a thirty-cent remark, but probably he wanted to rescue the people at the dinner from thinking a minute or being still a minute and felt driven to it):

"Well, there's one thing about this war; it's giving us all a chance to see through human nature. The mask is stripped off from civilization. Now we know at last what men and women are really like.

I suppose the remark irritated me too much, but the man looked so comfortable and contented with it, and I was so afraid he would make another, or that every man with a fifty-cent cigar at the table would pile in and agree with him that —well, I don't remember just what I said, but the general idea was that the world was full of old, respectable, rubber-tired remarks that everybody had been running on for ten thousand years, and nobody could puncture them.

This idea about civilization being a mask, for instance.

"Scratch a gentleman and you get a savage," was Noah's favourite retort. When Noah had been trying in vain for three hours to get some poor, wild, reckless relative to come into

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the ark, that was what he said to him. Jacob one morning got up from breakfast saying something horrid to Rachel and flinging himself out of the room, and Rachel, looking after the retreating form of her suave and elegant husband, said to her sister, "Scratch Jacob and you get Esau."

There are some people who always assume that every time a man is ugly he has just smashed a hole down through into his real self. Everybody can see what he is. And when he is decent he is pretending. All virtues (they tell us) are put on, and all beautiful and harmonious things are a kind of rouge. Civilization itself for ten thousand years is a colossal affectation, everybody keeping guard on himself lest he should give himself away, and everybody spying on everybody else and keeping them up lest everybody should give everybody else away, and the bottom should drop out of the world.

Of course the nearest thing to having the bottom drop out of the world is what is happening in Europe to-day.

When a man sitting quietly and comfortably at table watching the bottom drop out of a world turns to me pleasantly and says, "I told you so," and acts rested and relieved by having human nature look as mean and savage as he always thought it was, it seems to me something ought to be done or said by the world to this man which will make him feel lonesome and uncomfortable.

How many people agree with him?

The most important thing that is getting ready to-day in behalf of Europe is what America thinks and is going to do with this man's remark.

When this war is over, and a world has to be made once more painfully and slowly out of the human beings that are left, the older nations of the earth are going to gather around our boundless, thoughtless, mighty youngster-nation and say: "What does America think of human nature? What kind of a next thousand years does America pick out for it and propose to get for it?"

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Then they will wait and hear what we say.

Two opposite theories of human nature are going to be laid before the American people. One or the other of these theories we are daily getting ready to vote on and adopt as our national faith and as our program for a world. Soon there are going to be but two flags, practically, in the whole world. On one flag will be written the strange tragic-comic saying that has plunged a whole continent into war because it believed it: "Scratch a gentleman and you get a savage." On the other will be inscribed in letters of light: "Wake up a savage and you get a gentleman!"

I believe that our American people are going to rally around this latter standard, this flag of humanity, and hold it up among the graver, older nations of the earth. We are going to proclaim it upon the air as our national religion. We are going to sing with it, dedicate nations to it, build skyscrapers, cathedrals and railroads and cities to it.

Both of these sayings are different ways of putting the same idea—the idea that every man is mixed, woven part out of gentleman and part out of savage. But put it one way, and you have what Europe has now, a civilization that is merely waiting to be smashed. Put it the other way, and you have a civilization that is waiting to wake up. In other words, we turn it around:

"Scratch a savage and you get a gentleman."

America's peace is the fruit of the American theory of human nature. The war in Europe is the final, sublime, and awful culmination of a theory of human nature. It is not merely a huge gun-battle that is raging in Europe. It is a theory of human nature that is raging there—the Krupp theory of human nature—"Scratch a gentleman and you get a savage."

All Europe has rallied to this belief. They have formed huge fanatical bodies of men called armies, all devoted to the faith that the only final, sure way to deal with people is to assume that just underneath they are savages. They have con-

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ceived and built the dreadnought, a kind of vast, sacrificial altar on water, a kind of cathedral to hate and fear and suspicion of human nature, filled day and night with the worshippers of a negative religious faith—the faith that Right cannot make Might, the faith that guns make human nature think, that only armour-plate can protect God. . . . Without Krupp what is to become of poor helpless God?

. . . . . .

Last week two cold, dead soldiers—a German and a Frenchman—were found lying in a long death grapple under the night sky. For many hours they had been lying there together like two strange statues of their own hate—effigies of their own fear and despair about themselves and about one another. Their dead fingers had to be pried away from one another's throats. Let no man tell me these men were being themselves when they died. They died crazed with the lie they had been taught about human nature.

The only people in Europe to-day who are being their real selves are the Red Cross people. It is they who represent human nature. It is they who are the delegates to-day from all human nature, appointed by all of us to represent mankind on a sick and hysterical continent.

It is a harsh and bitter thing to say of a savage that he would do what the gentlemen of Europe are doing now.

San Francisco had a mere earthquake. Merely the ground under people's feet shook, and mere stones and iron girders fell on people's heads. But the people were fearless, steadfast, great-hearted, quiet about their souls and about one another. And men and women stood out above the ruins, heroic, unmastered, and with a sudden strange godlikeness on them. Like stars in a wide heaven the men and women stood while the flames licked up the stones of the earth, and the skyscrapers rocked like poplars in a wind. Human beings looked in each other's eyes and knew themselves, and knew God. This is

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what human nature is. It is what San Francisco human nature is. But in San Francisco they had a mere earthquake. In Europe they are having a manquake. Their religion or theory of human nature—the hell-about-people which they have been drilled into believing for forty years, and which now millions of other men who did not believe it have been cheated into believing—has worked its way to the surface and produced its manquake.

Nobody knows what human nature is, who judges it, or constructs a world for it, on the way it acts during a manquake.

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IX

MACHINERY AND WAR AND HUMAN NATURE

Last week an anonymous man in Indiana who had been reading what is perhaps the most shamelessly hopeful section of "Crowds" ("A Democratic Theory of Human Nature") sat down in sheer despair and wrote me a letter containing a good wholesome list of the things that are the matter with people. The letter began with this heading: *The Heart is full of deceitfulness—and desperately wicked. Who can know it?* I cut the heading of the letter off, posted it up on the lid of my desk where it still gazes at me while I write, and wrote this chapter.

. . . . . .

The assertion is made that war is organic, elemental, and eternal in human nature, and that nothing can stop war except making every man, woman, and child on earth carefully over.

It seems to me true that war is not organic in human nature, that war is merely a language, a way men have had of getting the attention of others to what they think and feel and what they want.

The moment that our other inventions or machines for getting people's attention to what we think and feel and what we want are found to work better than war, war will stop.

What is happening in Europe to-day is not an expression of our civilization. It is a momentary failure of our civilization to express itself at all.

We are fighting to-day because each man, for one reason or another, has stopped being his real self.

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The men to-day who stand and point at one another and say, "This war represents you," are under an illusion. Nobody is represented by this war. Nobody is saying—not a soul in all the world—"This war represents me."

What has happened perhaps is something like this. The human race has been accumulating, for now these fifty years, great hordes of machines. One set of rather humdrum-minded men in each nation has said, "Nations have always hated each other and always will. Everything is being done by machinery now. We must pile up hate machines and be ready. We do not hate anybody. But if anybody hates us and has machinery to hate us with, we must have some machines as good as theirs."

Another set of men in each nation has gone to work and been busy in doing everything else except hate by machinery through all the world, in and out of all the nations everywhere. They have filled the world with mutual-interest engines and with love machines and exchange machines and most of us had been so busy with these machines we had quite forgotten the others.

Then suddenly the hate-machine people—a comparatively small idle group who really had nothing else to do—worked themselves up into a kind of panic of fear of the hate machines of the other nations. Then before anybody knew, all the hate machines went off because they thought all the others were going off.

The main fact about the twentieth century is that it is the first century of the world in which human nature is doing everything by machines.

The next fact that has grown out of this is that very naturally human nature has not learned yet how dangerous doing everything by machinery is. It has not learned the peculiar risks that human nature runs, in doing things by machinery.

The human race in this first clumsy, experimenting, fascinated hour of the twentieth century with its vast, speechless machines piled high about it, is like a Child. It has not seen until too late what all these huge, absent-minded machines piled high

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around it in this way—unless it was very careful—would be almost sure to do to it.

Now they have done it, and this war instead of being the final great show-down of what human nature really is, is the first brutal, bottomless frankness of machines toward the human heart. The sins and absurdities these machines are making us go through the motions of to-day are not ours. We have been careless and have got caught in our machines. We had had a little warning. Our education machines had already caught us. We had already begun to rebel against what they were doing to us. Our industrial machines had caught us and we had already begun to bring them to terms, too—make them represent us better. Now our war machines have caught us. That is all.

We are all the same people—precisely the same human beings (only better) we were two years ago before we had dreamed, most of us, that such things as these we are doing every day before each other's eyes, would ever be done again.

We are merely facing a new experience of human nature. The next intelligent thing for us to do is going to be based on this experience. The experience is this, to put it in one sentence.

If the bottom cause of war is that human nature is something that no man or no nation can be safe with except with guns, I am not in favour of Mr. Carnegie's spending any money on peace at all.

On the other hand, if the bottom cause of war is that people believe the lie that human nature is as hateful as its hate machines make it look, the lie can be advertised and disproved and war can be stopped.

If Mr. Carnegie is going to spend a million dollars in advertising a practical working theory of human nature, the more alive the theory of human nature he chooses to advertise is, the more it interests people anyway, the less it will cost Mr. Carnegie (once he gets it started) to get people to believe it and make it work.

Here is mine and it is offered to Mr. Carnegie or to any

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one for what it is worth: It is not human nature that is the cause of war. We do not hate anybody. We have been run away with by our hate machines. We would a great deal rather express ourselves intelligently, but our gun machines and army machines were quicker and more ready and have got on top.

Most of the sins and absurdities one sees in people nowadays in a new, untried, machine civilization, are machine made. Everything is made by machinery to-day. Most people's sins are. All a man has to do to believe this is to observe himself and the people he knows the most about.

Any man who will take a Sunday morning off and put down in a row the things that are the matter with him, will find that his sins divide off practically into two lists.

He will put down in one list his original sins—those which are just his and which he knows all about and which he can turn on and off in himself personally or by hand.

He will put down in the other list the sins that come from what might be called his sin factory. These sins are in the parts of himself that he is allowing to be made by machinery.

Most business sins to-day are machine made. They are the result of a system. Making more money out of people we deal with than we think we ought to, or than we wish we had to, may be called a machine-made sin.

Eating too much mince pie is a hand-made sin. One can turn it on or off one's self. There is no reason for blaming other people for one's eating, or rather for one's having eaten, too much mince pie. One got the pie one's self. One got the stomachache one's self, and one's got the sin. It's very simple.

But in a machine civilization the number of sins a man can claim as really his—sins a man just commits inside—is getting smaller every year.

At least this is my experience. I have my own neat, well-worn little list of hand-made sins, sins I attend to personally every week; but the majority of my sins I send out the way I send out my shirts to the laundry and have them done outside. The

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Social System in which I live not only thinks these sins up and arranges them for me, but it finishes them off, with me just standing in the middle of them, as ashamed of them as I can be.

Probably what is true of me is true of other people, and when I go about and look on and watch all these people everywhere, one after the other, making a muss of the world—"It's the System," I think to myself. "They are not doing what they want to, probably." Then I do not feel so ugly.

I think of the way I answer letters. I do not answer the letters that I deeply want to answer. They are postponed. I answer the other letters instead, because the other letters come to me in a machine, as it were, and are passed along and can be attended to in the routine with a kind of click.

I read books also that are passed along by the book machine, instead of the books I want, and I make visits on a visiting machine—those determined by circumstances or habit—or I call on people who will automatically act the worst if I don't, instead of those I love. And, like most people, I read a newspaper because the very round and round motion of my planet dumps one in front of me every morning. Magazines—an endless belt of them roll along on my mind or roll me through them like a collar in a laundry. The church machine, the dinner machine, and the being-agreeable machine all do likewise.

In general it may be said to be true to-day that men's sins, their angers, their affections, their habits, ideas and even their wives are automatically dropped before them on an endless belt. A college was handed to me in this way—four years out of my life—and a wife would have been—forty years more—if I hadn't made a struggle.

How can I make as good a struggle against the machines on the other points as I have on this last one? That is what I am studying now. So is everybody.

I have come to two conclusions. First: I'm going to stop blaming people. I have quit the sheep-and-goat view of life forever. Wickedness cannot be divided off so neatly to-day.

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At least it's not for us to divide it off. A large proportion of the men we are all doing wrong things to, and of the men who are doing wrong things to us, have been caught in a huge, blind business machine and are being rolled along on it. This machine, like some huge hopper, collects a lot of sins for other people to do to us, and a lot of sins for us to do to them, and then—anyone can see it—the machine stands over us and crunches on us until we do them.

The second conclusion grows out of this one. The time I have put in in blaming people, I'm going to put in now in seeing what is the matter with people's machines.

We made the machines. We can make them over. The thing has been done.

The other day in Detroit a man named Henry Ford stopped his machine—a huge, incredibly successful business machine, which he had made and which was lunging along, running him and everything in sight about him—and he said to the machine:

"Look here! I made you! I made you to go round and round and to run yourself. But you are not going to run ME, my morals, my human relations, my social ideals, what I live for and the way I live! You are not going to make me like—YOU! I'm going to take you, crash ten million dollars into the middle of you, crowd you, twist you, and wrench you into some shape like me!

"You don't say what I mean to my men—the way you're running now. I've got my own attention to myself and can make my business express myself, and now I'm going to make you over and keep you being made over every day, and all day, until every cog, wheel, belt, and pinion in you is going to say: 'Here is Henry Ford! Here is Henry Ford's God! Here is Henry Ford's mother, his dreams when he was a boy, and here in cogs and wheels and belts are his prayers for his children!'"

"What kind of a world are your children going to have to live in?" said his great, dumb, helpless factory, with its thousand

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windows to Henry Ford. So he is making over his factory, his machine of wood and iron and rules and men.

He is not merely the inventor of a little humble, limber automobile that can wriggle into any man's pocketbook, dance up any hill and squirm through any hole on earth, but he has invented and made over twenty-four thousand men that go with his automobile. He has fastened down the voluntary attention, got the daily use of the enthusiasm and loyalty of twenty-four thousand men. He has smashed into his machine and got a huge, cold, hateful, indifferent twenty-four thousand man-power machine to listen like a child. He has made a machine act like some colossal, happy, healthy human being.

Whatever else Mr. Henry Ford, the Detroit mechanic, may try to strike out into the world and do—whatever hobby he may take up when he stops work, becomes a philanthropist, or gets cornered like Mr. Carnegie into being a mere millionaire—the gratitude of all true workingmen in this world, rich or poor, employers or employed, is going to go out to Henry Ford for the way he has proved that the attention of twenty-four thousand workmen could be got, and for the way he has proved once for all that from the point of view of sheer business efficiency peace between employers and employed was the only thing that could really be made to work.

Mr. Ford did not do this by yearning. He had the technique. The first thing he arranged for was to do something that would make his workmen look.

As making people look is what all of the rest of us in a machine civilization have got to learn to do if we really get anything done, I would like to consider its bearing on what Mr. Carnegie is trying to do for peace.

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X

LYDDITE

I have tried to say in the last chapter that the present machines we are using to express nations with do not express in the slightest degree what the nations are really like. It is not the people in the nations that have got to be made over before we can hope to get rid of war. It is the people's machines. The real war in Europe to-day is not against the people of the nations. It is against the machines that the people are using and that they are supposed to look as if they wanted to use. All the nations have simultaneously made up their minds that any people or nation that will deliberately use machines like this to express themselves with must be wiped off the face of the earth.

The nations are not trying to annihilate each other or to express their hatred of each other. They are trying to annihilate each other's machines.

Each nation recognizes the fact that it has outgrown using its hate machine itself. But it thinks the others have not outgrown theirs. England thinks that Germany is expressing itself beautifully. Germany thinks that England at last is being her real self.

England is saying, "We will annihilate Germany's hate machine. Then it will be safe to throw away ours."

Entirely aside from the merits of the case, and the facts and the illusions involved, one thing stands out in this present war to any fair-minded observer of human nature—namely, it is not the men in the different nations that have got to be changed. We would have to take several thousand years to do that. It is the machines the men have for expressing themselves, which the

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men have had to fall back on. It is the clumsy and bygone machines with which the men are trying to express themselves. The machines can be changed in a few years.

. . . . . .

When one comes to consider practical ways of changing the machines, one comes up sharply against two kinds of people and two theories of human nature and machines.

One way to do is to assume that all that is necessary is to get the attention of men to how these machines do not express them and quietly make them over and remodel them into machines that do. The other way to do is to assume that the attention of people cannot be got. If a locomotive cannot make a train go very well, put on three that cannot make it go very well. This has been what Europe has been doing for fifty years. The nations have recognized that their war machines were stupid machines for expressing them. All that they have thought they could do was to make the war machines bigger and have more of them. The men who happen to be in charge of the governments and of nations and who determine such things have not very much courage about human nature apparently and do not believe that the attention of human nature can be got.

Some of us believe that if these men understood their fellow human beings and had studied the art of getting their attention, they would have got it by this time, and would have installed machines that can express it or begin to express it.

We are now at the fork of the roads. Civilization has stopped to think. Is it going to be possible to get the attention of men about us and our own attention to the machines of defense we want? Are we going to get each other's attention, take our machines of defense—our dreadnoughts—the ones we have now, and make them over until they are like us? Or are we going to let our dreadnoughts make us over until we are like them? Each man must decide for himself what

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he believes for himself. Are we going to believe that it is going to be possible to get the attention of men about us and our own attention to the machines of defense that we want and that really express us? Or are we going to believe that human attention in a machine age, with all these machines come out against us, cannot be had? Civilization is getting ready now—with every man of us to help—to take its choice. The issue is drawn sharply. Shall we plan after this to take our machines of defense, our dreadnoughts, and make them over until they are like us? Or shall we plan to give up and to let our dreadnoughts keep making us over until we are like them?

We have been getting like them very rapidly during the war. Do we like it? The way we decide this question turns on which we believe in more—dreadnoughts or advertising; on which explosive we believe works best—lyddite or attention. I would like to consider this in the next chapter.

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XI

THE ART OF MAKING PEOPLE LOOK

While I was waiting for a train the other day I fell to thinking about dreadnoughts, as I do nearly every day lately. It was in a small station on a great railway not far from New York, and as I stood and thought of the dreadnoughts I watched express after express go through—long trains of those stolid, riveted, frightened-looking steel cars, those rolling fortresses we human beings try to lock ourselves away from death in. I fell to thinking of them as I looked—car after car riveted together in despair about human nature, riveted together in fear of labour, every car accusing or seeming to accuse every employee on the road, giving up on him, taking it for granted any minute he would murder hundreds of men at a stroke, by not paying attention to his work.

It is like a terrible pageant—like a little terrific short play—a dramatic summing up of our theory of modern life just to see an American railway train go by. This very minute while I work I can see, or think I see hundreds of them across the continent going up and down the land roaring at everybody in the country and in the cities about how we have given up on each other in America and how discouraged we are about labour, about getting people to pay attention to their work. Hundreds of trains this very minute are being loaded up and swung along by superintendents and foremen and owners who are discouraged about getting railway employees to pay attention to their work. It is the passengers in the trains, all sitting on the edges of their seats holding on, who are paying attention now. Armed to the teeth in steel plate—poor creatures!—one

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sees them being shot through from Chicago to Denver, from Boston to New York, all day, every day, and at night sometimes when I wake up and hear a train outside in the dark, I think of it—of this vision of the trains of America, the sleepy roar, the long yellow gleams through the fields—all those poor men and women inside—thousands of them lying headfirst in those long steel tubes, those helpless pipes of people, thundering through darkness!

Sitting up in one's berth, or holding on to the edge of one's seat, is not a practical way or forcible way of having attention paid to the problem of railway safety. It would be cheaper and more practical to have the attention that is being paid to safety, paid by the men at the throttle and in the signal boxes.

The steel cars do not make the men in the signal boxes pay attention. They merely make them feel their attention is less necessary or they roar at them that nobody expects them to pay attention, anyway. Long, black, flying lines of people go by the men all day, all night, telling them they have given up expecting anything of them.

When one thinks of it, the problem of American railway safety narrows down at last to a problem of statement, to a problem of literature if you please, or of advertising—a problem of hiring a man who is a genius at arresting the attention of men and holding it, a genius at touching the imagination of men and getting them to apply it to their work—a man who is a genius at selecting and placing practical psychologists and attention—experts in the railroads' employ to work out enthusiasm for employees in their work.

I thought of this the other night as I stood in the country station and watched those cars go thundering by like rows of cannon all aimed at death, all lowering at some poor tired fellow human being in a signal box, saying, "You shall not, you shall not kill us!" The people in the cars seem to say, "With a click of a lever in your box, in a minute of absentmindedness, if you hurl us up against death, here are a thousand rivets

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hundreds of men in a mighty din have pounded together into these great steel safes for us to thunder through death with!"

The problem of railway safety is at bottom a problem of psychology, an expert problem of attracting and holding attention. If the same amount of money railroads are spending in rebuilding all their bridges and relaying all their tracks for these huge, stupid, pessimistic, cowardly, fool-proof cars were spent in organizing the attention of railway labour, in getting at the source of its inattention, its weariness and sleepiness, and in touching its imagination about its work, and in making it work with spontaneity and joy, it would soon become unnecessary for a railway in transporting a poor scared human being across New England to lift up and hurl along with him (for each hundred and fifty pound human being) another extra twenty-five hundred pounds of gun-metal—all for two cents a mile—for him to keep from dying in.

The ordinary coach on our railroads carries twenty-five hundred pounds of steel per passenger, the Pullman eleven thousand pounds, and the compartment sleeper seventeen thousand pounds.

When I go to New York from Northampton, a ticket costs me, including a seat in the parlour car, $4.13. I get three things for this $4.13: transportation for Gerald Stanley Lee, transportation for my twenty pounds of suitcase and transportation for the eleven thousand pounds of armour-plate we have had to have wrapped around us to protect us. All this has to be hauled with me if I am going. As I figure it, I pay five and a third cents for Gerald Stanley Lee, and four dollars eight and two thirds cents for the dead weight of the fear and despair and helplessness of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

It seems to me that five and a third cents for transporting me is too little, and that four dollars and eight and two thirds cents paid out for the despair and helplessness of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad is too much.

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I feel the same way about my Government—about the tax I pay into my Government—that I do about this ticket on the New York & New Haven Road. Four fifths of all I pay into the Government goes into paying the expenses of my Government's fear and despair and helplessness about itself—about its ability to express itself to other nations.

The Government spends four hundred millions a year in running an army and navy, and a hundred and ten on itself and on running itself.

The United States is so afraid that it has not the brains to make other nations understand it and give proper attention to it, that out of every five hundred million dollars it spends a year, it spends a hundred and ten million dollars on itself—i. e., on the citizens of this country, and it spends four hundred million dollars a year on showing how afraid it is of the citizens of other countries.

There are two modest items in my life I want to change before I die. First, I want to use any influence I may have with the New Haven Road to get them to let me pay more than five and a third cents for being transported from Northampton to New York. I can afford to pay more than five and a third cents for being transported from Northampton to New York, but I cannot and will not, any longer than I can help, be obliged every time I want to see the front of the Belmont Hotel, to pay a bill to the New Haven Road for four dollars and eight cents' worth of fear and despair and helplessness about itself.

I want to try to convince the New Haven Road that the most economical thing it can do is to get rid of this expensive despair it has about itself first. A despairing road—a road that cannot even express itself to its own employees—three or four thousand people, is naturally in despair about expressing itself to banks and to the millions of people who have to live on it. It should concentrate on its smallest despair first. Second, I want to persuade our Government that the next thing our Government needs to do is to learn to get the attention of the citi-

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zens of other nations so that it will not need to spend four million dollars a year on a great shooting machine that will make us feel safe whether we know enough to get their attention or not.

I believe the time is at hand when the New Haven Road, instead of giving up on its employees and supplying people desperately with steel cars, is going to get the attention of its employees so thoroughly and to the point that no one will bother to notice when he is travelling on the New Haven Road whether he is in a steel car or not. It is a specific problem in psychology to be worked out like any other scientific problem. The New Haven Road will soon be seen setting up beside its huge roundhouses, psychological laboratories, brain-factories, and huge attention-works for engineers. It is not going to cost very many parlour cars a year or steel bridges or new locomotives for the New Haven Road to pick over the entire United States to get its engineers—men with a mental genius for never having a flaw in their attention for two and four hour runs. When these men were secured—these men with a special gift of saving lives, the road will then proceed to treat these men as bees treat queen bees, as if attention were a kind of railroad radium —treat them with reference to their not being wasted.

Then having won out as an efficient organization, having got down to business, having got the attention of its own employees, it would be in a position to make banks listen to it, legislatures respectful to it, and the public proud of it.

In the same way that the New Haven Road will soon be spending its money in picking out experts and on getting the attention of engineers, I believe that the United States Government will soon be seen picking out and training experts in getting the attention of other nations and touching the imagination of all peoples to what America is like, and what America is arranging to be like.

This is where Mr. Carnegie could help. He could start doing what the Government would do when it saw how Mr. Carnegie had made it work.

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XII

THE ART OF MAKING NATIONS LOOK

We see twelve million men camped out opposite each other, six million men tucked away in holes in the ground on one side, and shooting at six million men tucked away in holes in the ground on the other side.

Their minds about one another are tucked away in holes in the ground, too.

If Germany would keep on paying the board-bills of these same six million men, while they dropped their guns and went over and played quoits and talked with the six million men on the other side, and if she should then send back these six million Frenchmen and Englishmen—men who had come to know six million Germans face to face—and should scatter around all through France and England six million new friends of Germany —Germany would come nearer to getting what she wants and needs and has a right to, out of France and England and Belgium than she ever will now.

It would have paid Germany and Austria and England and France, before the war came on, to get together twelve million men for a vast international sociable. All it would have cost would have been board-bills—which they have to pay now while killing each other—and the board-bills could have been paid two or three times over for what is now spent on guns, ships, forts, explosives, widows' pensions, and wooden legs, and fear and hate.

All these men have to do is to get each other's attention, and the causes of the war, the mutual hate and fear of the nations item for item, man for man, man by man, would be removed.

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The same thing done on paper or with moving pictures—everybody staying at home—a million dollars a day on moving pictures, or, say, a million dollars a day on handbills, pamphlets, or a million dollars a day on doing things together—would be more practical. Six million Germans all alongside, trying to help six million French and English sow these fields they are planting each other's dead bodies in, with wheat, oats, and potatoes, would soon learn incidentally, while they worked and talked, that half these things that make Germany and England want to fight are lies and hysterics, and that the other half, when the lies and hysterics are over, would voluntarily be removed.

If the twelve million troops would get together, come alongside, and move a mountain over a mile, and then move it back, it would be practical and impressive compared to what they are doing now. They would get each other's attention. They would have to move the mountain well and do team-work together well. If they felt that moving a mountain over and moving it back looked more foolish than killing five thousand men a day, and were ashamed, they could build motor roads and dykes together until they looked each other in the eyes like men, or they could kill potato-bugs, beetles, gypsy moths, San Jose scale or move sewers out of rivers.

Or if they all massed—six million men on one side and six million on the other side—in helmets and flashing bayonets, and stood there over against each other and twirled their thumbs, it would be more practical and more impressive than what they are doing now. Six million men standing up and twirling their thumbs at one another would at least soon be getting in time together—getting each other's attention—would soon be doing the same tune with their thumbs. Then they could go on to more important things together. There is hardly anything that these men could do together, if they really did it well, that would not count on the main point more, would not get their attention to one another more than what they are doing now in rolling about their great guns, in spending a million dollars a

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day in shooting their despair and helplessness about their brains at one another.

Peace is purely a problem in getting men to respect themselves enough and to trust to their own brains enough to know that they can get attention, and to see how everything else they want can be got when they get it. What we face is not an intricate problem in how these human beings on both sides are alike, or how they are not alike, but a problem in getting them to notice each other.

So it is not a general staff problem, but a problem in psychology and advertising that Germany and England and the world are up against—a huge engineering project in mutual attention.

As has been remarked before, blowing a man's attention up does not get it. Even if the gun hits him it merely scatters his attention about. If it does not hit him, it merely makes his attention so angry and helpless that it will take many years probably all the rest of his life, to begin to begin to get it.

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XIII

THE ART OF ADVERTISING PEACE

There are two ways to do when we are face to face with a great problem in getting the attention of people. One way to do is to give the problem up, assume that their attention cannot be got, and make elaborate and expensive mechanical arrangements for getting on with them whether their attention is got or not.

The other way to do, instead of spending our money in arranging elaborate and expensive machines for getting along without getting their attention, is to spend our money on getting it.

Nations that think they cannot get the attention of other nations spend half their income on dreadnoughts and armies, so that they will not have to care whether they can make anybody understand what they are like, or really notice them or not.

Capitalists who cannot express themselves to their workmen so that they understand them, organize expensive bullying arrangements and lockouts for keeping workmen scared or out of work. Labour unions organize expensive arrangements for keeping employers scared, and throwing them out of business.

Of course, if one has given up one's own brains and has backed down on one's own powers in getting the attention and stimulating the understanding of others, the best one can do is to fix up arrangements for living intimately and yet safely with people whether they have any brains or not.

It is on this principle that nations have invented steel guns.

There is nothing peculiar to the Europeans in the fact that as a substitute for getting each other's attention and for making each other's brains work—they are pointing at one another steel

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guns. We cannot say anything in America. Our whole American civilization is honeycombed by the scientifically sophomoric idea, the machine-age illusion that installing expensive and elaborate machinery for getting along without brains in people is cheaper than installing brains in people. By brains in people I mean their power to use words and actions which make them understand others and make others understand them—their powers of mutual attention.

Our modern civilization is lunging along spending nine tenths of its time, of its money, on one supreme last effort between the nations and corporations to get along without brains. We are spending nine tenths of our treasures and nine tenths of our brains on brain-saving machines—machines for not needing brains, on huge, sprawling, monstrous, innumerable engines which are supposed to take the place of a plain, sensible effort of people to pay a little attention to one another!

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XIV

THE BEST WAY TO GET THE WORLD'S ATTENTION TO PEACE

I would like for a moment for the purpose of this chapter to recall my definition of peace. I have said that peace is not merely a negative thing—a pale, scared, wistful not-fighting. I have dealt in this book exclusively with peace as a force of nature—as an energy. Peace is an energy of mutual attention, a genius for pursuing and overtaking mutual interest.

When I see half the men of the world and nation after nation falling back on armies to defend themselves, the first thing I think of is that they do not honestly believe in peace. The second is that they do not believe in it because they have not seen it. The third is that the way to get these men who do not believe in peace to believe in it is to show them some.

The obvious thing to do is to move these men to where some peace is, or to move some peace to where they are. Then they can see for themselves.

As it is not possible to arrange off-hand in all nations convenient points where people can drop in from day to day and see some peace working, what is the next best thing we can do or begin to do, to attract the attention of the rank and file of the men of the world to peace?

In a machine-ridden age which has millions of people in it who are being bowled helplessly along by huge, ready-made machines—machines which determine not only what they eat but what they think, which own them body and soul, machines which almost do their living for them—what is there that can possibly be done to break in upon these men, smash down

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through their machines, and make them look up and listen to Peace?

It is obvious that nothing can be done to all these helpless dots of people—these bolts and nuts of people—being passed along on an endless belt called civilization; it is obvious that nothing can be done to them by hand.

All the knowledge that twentieth-century people have and all the attention that they are capable of, is being attended to daily by their machines. If everything else is done by machinery to-day, attention to peace must be attended to by machinery.

This brings one face to face with the fourth point—in the art or rather perhaps the economics of getting the attention of people to peace. It is only through the machines that already have the attention of the people, that we can hope to reach them with new machines.

What are the machines that already have the attention of the people? I have been looking about to see.

A man only has so many hours a week to live, and every one of these hours in the week his attention is being attended to by some machine. There is always some machine for getting his attention which can be watched getting it at certain hours.

With all these various machines that are after him and after his attention, which should peace use in trying to get the main chance at his mind?

I have been going over them.

There is the Sunday Machine—part Church, part Sunday Newspaper. This machine takes its turn at him on his own day-off in the week. His attention is supposed to be in the grip, this day, of his priest or his Hearst.

Then there is his eat-and-drink machine, which is at work on his attention three hours a day or so at mealtime. What his attention gets in this way is determined by his cook and his pocketbook and his stomach.

There is his sleep machine—eight hours a day—in which what

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he thinks about is supposed to be attended to by a more or less irresponsible or unapproachable fairy.

There is his play machine—an hour or so every evening—in which what he thinks is determined by his editor, his bartender, or movie-theatre.

And there is his work machine—eight hours a day—in which what he thinks and what he is in the habit of being like and what he has got to be like is being reeled off in front of him by his employer.

Obviously of these two best and biggest eight-hour machines that lord it over him and that are always keeping after the man and after the man's life—his sleep machine and his work machine—the work machine, the one in which what he thinks is being run through him by his employer, is by far the most efficient and steady one for getting his attention and for making him believe what he believes and for making him be what he has got to be. The only machine big enough to get all the attention of all men to peace in this world is the industrial machine. It goes everywhere and it is going all the time, except when men sleep. If we put some peace into this—into the world's industrial machine, if we set this peace to working eight hours a day on these men—on their bodies and on their minds—if we work peace out in their own lives—before their own eyes, armies and dreadnoughts will be sloughed off almost without anybody's noticing it and as a matter of course. When peace as an energy has become a daily personal experience to all capable workingmen in all the most powerful factories in each industry, it will not be necessary to persuade them to believe in peace between nations.

It is because so many employers all over the world are still using this attention machine to-day to make men believe in Mutual Inattention, in Mutual Fear and mutual fight, that men who see that they must fight to keep alive themselves think nations must fight to keep alive.

Men who have had war dinned into them ever since they can remember, eight hours a day at their work—men who are organ-

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ized for mutual inattention and mutual fear in their work—are not going to become suddenly, the moment they get out of the shop, beautiful and splendid creatures talking about peace between nations.

Their attention machine has got them, and got them young, got them years and years ago, and has pinioned them in war. A crisis comes between nations. Millions of them with a terrible sincerity rush out from their fight in the mills to the fight in the fields. They stand up passionately to be shot.

As I have said before, this eight hours a day attention machine that gets a man, that pinions him for life, has everything that is put into it, put there by the man's employer.

So I have come to put the case like this: The best possible arrangement in this present world for getting a man's attention to war, for making a man believe in war, is an employer who believes in war and who fights his labour eight hours a day and who makes his labour want to fight him eight hours a day. The best possible arrangement for getting a man's attention to peace is an employer who believes in peace and who uses peace, or mutual attention, every day as an energy in working for his men and getting his men to work for him—the employer who runs his factory as a kind of Mutual Attention Works or Mutual Interest Works.

This employer I have called the inspired millionaire.

. . . . . .

A man has invented a way—this morning's paper tells me—of making two hundred times as much gasolene out of a hogshead of petroleum as the Standard Oil Company does.

He is a Government official and has given the patent, with one beautiful noble gesture, to everybody.

He might have been an inspired millionaire.

Every great invention gives the consumer, employer, and workmen in an industry a new chance.

This man has thrown this chance away. He will help the

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consumers and he will help the rival employers—but he will not help the workmen one bit. The only way an inventor can help workmen to-day is to hold his invention as a trust for workmen, as well as for consumers and employers.

When an employer in a given industry sees clearly how well peace could be made to work and how wasteful his own little personal industrial machine is because his interests and his workmen's interests are being run as if they were not the same, the first difficulty he comes up against in putting peace with his workmen into practice, is that he cannot do it without paying them higher wages. If he makes a good beginning and tries to pay them higher wages, his competitors step in and undersell him in the market and he soon has neither money nor business with which the higher wages can be paid.

My forecast for world-peace is this. World-peace is going to be brought to pass in all nations through industrial peace, and industrial peace is going to be brought to pass in this world one industry at a time, through some one inventor in it who uses the freedom his invention gives him to run his business in his own way and to make his business machine over until it expresses himself. The other business machines around him which all go rolling on helplessly without meaning anything, which go crushing along without expressing anybody—he will defy with his invention. He will clear off with it a place in his business to be his real self. He will use his invention to pry his will to be himself, his full and real self upon the world. He will make his own business machine over until it is like him, expresses what he means to himself, to his competitors, to his consumers—and his workmen.

It is in this way I believe that world-peace or peace between nations is coming to pass. In one industry at a time, the most original, powerful, and inventive man in it, the man who wins by serving the most people the most, will be seen throwing out of competition all rival business machines that cannot make money out of peace as he does. In this way a whole industry will be

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won over and all the employers and all the workmen in it will believe in peace.

There is hardly an industry in the world which sooner or later is not bound to have and have very soon some commanding freeing invention in it which will make it possible for men who know how to make peace work to smash hate machines in the business, wedge peace machines in and show how they work.

In this way the world shall be won for peace, one inventor and one industry at a time. They will file in, in great companies —the industries will—each bringing its millions of men—to the world's march of peace. The world shall be filled with the tread, the awful, beautiful, resistless tread, of the feet of the men of peace. The feet of the men shall not be as in Scripture, beautiful upon the mountain-tops. Through our windows and through our doors we shall hear peace flocking past us in the common street.

There are people who think that this way of advertising peace will be slow.

I do not. It is not only the most universal but the most implacable, conclusive, swift electric advertising there is.

The Inspired Millionaire with his inspired or elated Labour about him and working with him, is the World's short-cut to peace.

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XV

MR. FORD AND HIS FACTORIES

As some people may remember, my first attempt in the way of an advertisement of peace was made some six years ago. I planned out some three hundred full-page "ads," bought the paper, hired the best man I knew for a printer and engaged my stenographer for a publisher, gave to it the general heading "Inspired Millionaires," and launched it on the world. Then I waited.

(I will skip here.)

After a good deal of waiting a few business men who had managed to worm in around the literary critics, and find out that the book was published, began to send in replies. Incidentally they began sending the book around to one another, and writing to me and telling me things I ought to know.

The general idea that in business, anyway, peace was an energy, that it would work if anybody would try it, seemed to be meeting with a good deal of acceptance. But they all wanted somebody else to try it—the way England and Russia and Germany did.

I got a good deal of advice, of course. But having given a good deal, I had to expect it. One man thought the book was essentially true, but "Inspired Millionaires" was not an apt title. He thought "Perspired Millionaires" was more descriptive in this transition stage. Many people, of course, judging from the title, supposed "Inspired Millionaires" was a poem. Others thought it was a novel—especially after they had read it.

Then, one day,———, who was an escaped socialist and who was trying very hard to believe it, and who had made himself

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famous as a kind of expert or statesman in getting public attention to what he believed, said: "You ought to write 'Inspired Millionaires' over—make it a play. Put that book into a play," he said, "and it would sweep the country!" He said this several times. Finally, when he had been abroad for a year and had just returned, he fell in one night with a little group of semi-inspired millionaires who had all read it and who all seemed to semi-believe it, and he thought the time had come to act. He brought the matter up to me again. He pressed me for an answer. "Why don't you dramatize it?" he said.

I said it was already being dramatized. When he pressed me for particulars—who was doing it, and when would it be ready, and where would it be staged—I said that several hundred men were doing it. I did not know which one would get it done first.

. . . . . .

Henry Ford has got his done first. The world's the stage. Why take time with a play with three or four million automobiles in it—all taking part in it—to niggle with Klaw & Erlanger or with Shubert, or Sir Herbert Tree, for one of their little stages?

Notice to the Reader: At this writing, Friday, December 3d, ——— has called me up from New York, stopped the presses, and has come up to Mount Tom with this chapter to ask me, while the big machines are standing waiting with their mouths open down in New York, what I think of Henry Ford's Peace Ship.

Note I. I have just been saying that to Henry Ford this world is a stage. We are presented with two plays. One is called "Peace at Home" by Henry Ford, and the other is called

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"Peace Abroad" by Henry Ford. I believe the "Peace at Home" play is going to have a long run.

What I am saying in this chapter is about the "Peace at Home" play.

Note II. I have many disagreements and conflicting emotions about Mr. Ford and his Peace Ship, and, when ——— comes up from New York, breaks in upon my feelings about Mr. Ford's Peace Ship, and, standing practically at my elbow, asks me to take all these feelings up in a minute and tuck them into a footnote, a neat little cornucopia of a footnote, the reader will not be surprised perhaps if my feelings stick out over the edge a good deal. Some of them may change or drop off in time.

Note III. I hope Mr. Ford is not going to embarrass the Country as much as this morning he is embarrassing me. I feel to-day a little as some ancient Hebrew preacher would have felt delivering a beautiful sermon on Samson and on what Samson was and what Samson could do, and then suddenly—everybody looking—in comes Samson with his hair cut. This has been my first feeling about Mr. Ford this morning.

Note IV. Every now and then when I am listening to the Boston Symphony Orchestra from my seat down in the audience, I fall to watching the trombone player. Sometimes I get so interested and sympathetic I forget. That wonderful, long-drawn-out sweetness, that long-and-short of sweetness—it makes me almost move my hands back and forth to listen to it. I feel like stepping right up to the platform and taking hold myself. I dream of standing up there before everybody and pushing the music thoughtfully, softly back and forth. . . .

But something in me restrains me.

My feeling about Mr. Ford is that he would step right up. He is less self-conscious, more simple and honest-minded than I am probably.

Of course he has his own instrument—a colossal pipe organ he daily plays on out in Detroit, which he has played on as no man has ever played before. But he sees President Wilson with

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his trombone, and in a minute more there he is up there on the platform sawing the sweetness back and forth!

Note V. As long as Mr. Ford confines himself to the instrument he knows, he is a great national force. His crowning distinction is that he is an ordinary workingman printed in large letters, a kind of inspired mechanic. He understands and can master as almost no one else the psychology of the men who carry a pail. He has achieved the honour of being a millionaire who in his heart still carries a pail himself. "Once a mechanic, always a mechanic," is Henry Ford's pride and boast. I want to boast of it for him. As a plain mechanic Henry Ford is doing one of the big nation-building, peace-founding, constructive feats of the world, but, when he tries to deal with peace the way other people do—as a statesman or as a mere millionaire or as a mere philanthropist would—his hair is too short.

Mr. Ford's peace idea has made such a false start because Mr. Ford is neither a national nor international psychologist. The only way to send a shipload of peace from America to fighting nations would be in due time to pick out the right men to go—men generally accepted as representatives of the country. Mr. Ford undertook a psychologically impossible and contradictory task. To get his plan to work he would have to get the right three hundred men to go, and to get the right three hundred men to go he would have to tell them his plan, and any plan that was told to three hundred men would not work. Every nation would know of it and anybody who liked could stop it. I have great expectations of what Henry Ford will eventually work through to and do for peace, but he is an inventor—and does not necessarily hit his idea the first time. It seems to me he has hurried.

To start a kind of jitney bus of peace around the world and ask anybody to pile in and everybody to say after they get in where they want the bus to go may uncover in this country with its seven thousand obscure millionaires, the first millionaire America has had, who has done anything interesting enough

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or courageous enough to be laughed at, but, while it does rest one to suddenly come in a dreary waste of wealth on one refreshing, childlike, innocent millionaire, and I am proud to think of him, I am afraid he does not help peace practically at this moment.

But, of course, if Mr. Ford had tried to run his factory in this way, the Ford Car would never have been heard of.

Note VI. As I write, I see ninety million people in America standing and looking from the shore with straining eyes at Mr. Ford's Peace Ship. I am asking everybody in this book to turn around and take one good look at his factory.

. . . . . .

When Mr. Ford's "Peace at Home" play was first put on—everybody remembers it, about two years ago—I went about among the audiences for weeks—anywhere—parlour cars, trolleys, tables in restaurants, hotel lobbies, railway stations—seeing how people took it in and how it struck them.

As what Henry Ford has done to smash into his machine, and make it like himself is very suggestive of much we will probably want to do to ours to make it like us, and as the way people have taken and are going to take Henry Ford's action is the history of how they are going to be got to believe peace works, I am going to go into my own first impressions, as I compared them from day to day, in some detail.

The national attempt our twenty million business men in America made one cold January morning two years ago to see what Henry Ford was up to, or what he thought he was up to, in making as he did a kind of indiscriminate ten-million-dollar dump out of his employees, brought to light more interesting and morally spectacular things in American human nature than anything that has happened in America since the Civil War.

As a matter of fact, it was very literally to me a kind of civil-war proclamation—a manifesto that the more important and

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more costly civil war my country had been in ever since I could remember was about to begin to cease.

It would be hard to imagine any better device this nation could have had to think its way out of chronic civil war by, than Henry Ford's ten-million-dollar dump.

I did not know Mr. Ford, and the first thing I discovered was that until I had taken a long walk around him and got a fair perspective on him from my point of view and of the nation, I did not want to.

There was the action, anyway, as it stood. Whatever it was or whatever could be said about it, it was colossal, international, touching the world about me at a thousand points; and I found I would rather not drop in and sit in a mere chair by a mere window in Mr. Ford's office, merely with Mr. Ford. This was my philosophy about it.

If I happened to be by and saw a mountain throw itself into the sea suddenly, I would not put in my time looking at the hole where the mountain was, but I would watch the splash it made and the mighty waves it made, and consider the little waves it made to the furthest shore of the sea.

It would be the only way to see what the mountain really amounted to. And it has seemed to me it is the same with Mr. Ford—with the huge blow or shock he made that January day, upon the labour of the world, and upon the nerves of Wall Street.

What does it mean? I asked myself. What is going to come of it in a year or in twenty years?

Mr. Ford would be the last man to go to to interpret his own action. Only a world could do it. Every man could help. The first moment I went out into the street, I found every man had begun. Nearly all of the help that came to Mr. Ford at first during those first few weeks came from men who would not have helped if they had known how not to. They helped backward—vociferously and eagerly—most of them, by a kind of unaccountably bitter criticism which made one by sheer luxury of recovering one's balance think hard toward Ford. Everywhere

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I went I began having handed out to me (as everybody did) those large handsome heavy hunks of worldly wisdom, people seemed to feel they had to have ready about Mr. Ford and about Mr. Ford's business—(one could hardly go a block down the street without getting one)—those first weeks.

There were various ways of accounting for Mr. Ford's motive.

1

The first one I thought of was this. Mr. Ford got to feeling a little probably, as the end of the year 1914 wore on, the way the members of our Massachusetts Legislature do down in Boston during those last hours at the close of the long session when they throw books at one another's heads, smash furniture, and throw spit-balls, and dump (figuratively speaking) the State of Massachusetts off Beacon Hill into the harbour, and swing their hats in the chamber, and put their tired, happy feet up on their desks, and all say to one another and to the people: "Hooray! Nobody can make us do anything the way we have to any more!"

I rather liked to think of it in this way. After all my long experience in trying to warm up to millionaires it did me good. So I let myself go.

Mr. Ford after a long, hard pull at "business is business"—a furious stretch of sleepless efficiency and of sizing everybody accurately up and paying everybody precisely down—had come to the end and knew he had come to the end, as all of us do nowadays, of the word "efficiency." He stood as any reasonable American millionaire ought to, once in so often, appalled before himself and bored to death by the long, slow monotone of his own competence. Something, he decided suddenly, would have to have a give in it somewhere, and so one memorable night—about New Year's Eve it was—when no one was looking he stood up over that scrupulously measured-off, tiresomely infallible, riotously economical factory of his, pulled out the bung of ten million dollars on it, and went home, flashed out the light over his bed, and went to sleep in two minutes.

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I liked to think of it. It was just one of those things human nature will do, in spite of itself, once in so often. It was an outbreak Mr. Ford was having, a kind of tear or orgy of benevolence.

To me, with my more or less furtively hopeful ideas about inspired millionaires, Mr. Ford's action, however much I disapprove of orgies, or even of benevolence, came as one more pleasant proof of my theory of how much more human millionaires are than they think they ought to look. I have always liked to feel in a way that I am not totally unlike a millionaire, and as long as I can keep from having to be one, I enjoy playing with the idea, and I am free to say that if I had been cooped up year after year as Mr. Ford has been, into being a mere employer, I should have wanted at least by this time to break out into being a plain, careless fellow human being—do something the way anybody would—that is, something I felt like doing because I felt like doing it. Mr. Ford was beginning to feel that, after all, it was at best a dog's life measuring off people's precise deserts in dollars and cents—a poor, narrow, stop-watch, cash-register life, always being a kind of detective of Economy, working fourteen hours a day year after year on never too much or too little for anybody, never too much or too little for anything. "Here is ten million dollars!" he murmurs to his people. "I don't care whether you deserve it. For God's sake don't say anything or explain anything or thank me for anything. HERE IS TEN MILLION DOLLARS! Take it! Do what you like with it! Go to heaven with it! Go anywhere with it! Experiment a little if you like in a small way on feeling like a millionaire. What I want just now is something for myself. I want ten million dollars' worth of letting myself go—letting myself go the way any poor man can, or a poet!—ten million dollars' worth of not knowing whether I'm a millionaire or not!"

Of course I do not claim that Mr. Ford would have expressed himself in just this way—in so many words. Ten million dollars to express himself with was a more natural way for Mr. Ford

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to express himself than for me, but this might have been at least a part of what the ten million dollars meant, and I can only put it faithfully down as my first explanation of what looked to most people, at least at first apparently, like an indiscriminate dump. Mr. Ford felt tired and lonely before his 20,000 men, weary of always being efficient with them, of always being pigeonholed by them, and set one side by them as a mere employer—weary of being eternally looked at by 20,000 men not as himself but as a kind of cast-iron or bronze Statue of an Employer.

It was a kind of employer strike. It took the form of an advertisement, a rather poignant bulletin in dollars and cents posted up on the walls of his factory, telling his men he wanted them to understand that he had different business motives and different business ambitions, and was a different kind of business man from what they might naturally have been led to expect.

Mr. Ford was struggling up through his money to an understanding with his men.

2

Professor G ——— spoke up glibly at the club one night when I made some casual mention of Ford.

He said he was demoralizing business, treating everybody alike, that it was unfair to his competitors to do what not everybody could do, and that he was making labour discontented everywhere.

He seemed to think that Mr. Ford, spending his whole life at it, had not thought of things that he, Professor G ———, had thought of off-hand, the minute he read it in the paper. He was especially indignant about Mr. Ford's treating everybody alike.

The objections to treating everybody alike are obvious. Anybody could make them and make them off-hand. And the moment I thought of that—that anybody could have thought of them—I thought that perhaps if I could put in my time on things about Mr. Ford that not everybody could have thought

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of, it might count more. I admit that the thing that Henry Ford had done was an incredible thing that hardly anybody would do,

That is just it. When I see a man succeed in building up an enormous and successful business by doing over and over again the thing that hardly anybody would do, I cannot say I suddenly feel superior when I see him doing another. When I see a man like Henry Ford who has succeeded by monotonously seeing things first, quietly getting up in his place in this nation, in Detroit, Michigan, and looking like a fool, it seems to me time to keep an eye on him! I am comparatively little interested in seeing what everybody is thinking about Ford. What interests me is what Ford is thinking. I want to let other people go for a little and find out. Guessing on what Henry Ford thinks interests me more than knowing what other people think. Here is my first guess for what it is worth—as to Mr. Ford's "indiscriminateness."

Perhaps not being discriminating was the precise point that Mr. Ford, at just this time, had in mind. The best of employers cannot but get their discriminating wrong quite a good deal of the time, and Mr. Ford at last, in a vigorous attempt to work through to an understanding with every one of his men and establish a better mutual basis for working together, thought he would just make a clean sweep for once—treat everybody alike, assume everybody was doing, or would be doing soon, the best he could, and see what came of it.

"Some of you," he says practically to his men, "have helped me earn this money all you could, and others of you I dare say have helped me earn it as little as you could, but I and my foreman cannot be sure that we have never made any mistakes about what you do or don't do or try to do, and while we cannot run this factory as a regular thing without making distinctions between you, it is not at all unlikely that out of 24,000 men we are getting a thousand or so of you wrong, and —well, anyway, here is the money—same to all of you, and

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all I can say is that I want to express the idea, and express it indiscriminately rather than not at all, that a lot of this money, which under our present, transitional, twisted industrial system is supposed to belong to me, belongs to you. It does not seem to be practicable, just yet at least, for a man at the top of a factory to have a regular habit of acting like a God—a habit of being precisely the same with the just and the unjust—but if there are, out of 24,000 men, a thousand or so of you who have not helped me earn this money as hard as you might, all I can say is, 'Here are a few million dollars I wish you would earn!' And I am just paying you in advance. So far as some of you are concerned, I have been paying you afterward, when each week was over, for work I didn't get. Paying you in advance for work I hope to get could not possibly cost me very much more and could not be any more foolish than that.

"And I should imagine you would really feel more like working. I may be wrong in my guess on you, but at all events it's good business for me, as soon as I can, to find out what you are really like. Paying you in advance seems to me, all things considered, a rather cheap and sure way to find out. . . . So here it is," Mr. Ford says to each workman, "this five hundred dollars. It's what I'm like. I've expressed myself as well as I can about you. I have put up a five-hundred-dollar wager on you. And now if you don't mind my thinking it (I'm not saying it to anybody but you), it seems to me it's your turn next."

3

My third impression of Mr. Ford came when I found myself reducing his problem to its lowest terms. I found myself thinking, or trying to think, what 24,000 men, if they were boiled down to one man, would be like, and how in their boiled-down state and in a convenient size they would probably act. A good many problems in human nature unkink a good deal, I find, when one tries thinking them out in smaller terms—in terms one is more used to.

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One single man (every man knows who has tried being one) is really, when he thinks of it, a tremendously boiled-down crowd. And he feels like a crowd inside, too. And he acts like several. Supposing then, for instance, Mr. Ford's 24,000 men were one man, that one man could be relied on to be considerably mixed. In some parts of him he would be earning extra money and in some parts he would not. Mr. Ford says to this one man: "There is one particular thing in you which if it could be changed would make all the rest of you earn three times as much." Mr. Ford then proceeds to attract the man's attention to himself with some money, gives him five hundred dollars to probe in himself with and to find out his weak point. He tries to make a little shock of surprise on the nerve of his imagination about himself.

It is rather hard for a great factory, pawing away with a thousand machines on a man, to work into him much imagination about himself. The employer has to reach right in through the machines and attend to it. The Ford Company has built up an enormous business on conceiving steel machines and on planning with a rather unusual skill to get more work than other people could out of steel machines.

What Mr. Ford seems to have thought of has been to spend ten million dollars on making the men in his factory as efficient as men as his steel machines are as steel machines. Mr. Ford has solved over and over again the problem of how to make a machine more efficient. To make a machine more efficient he makes the machine over, invents a way of fitting it into its job better. What he has gone to work on now is, "How can I make 24,000 men over?"

As he goes up and down the rows of his men he finds naturally that some of the men need to be made over in some parts of themselves and others need to be made over in others. He then looks around, of course, as any sensible man would, with a big engineering problem in human nature, working away on 24,000 men at once, to see if there is any particular part in his men that could

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possibly be attended to in all alike—that could be attended to by machinery, as it were, or with one swoop. Mr. Ford has always done things in this way—in swoops. It has been his ability to think in swoops where other people thought in dabs that has made his business what it is.

It was not long before Mr. Ford found, as he went up and down his men, that there was one part that stood out, or seemed to stand out, in all of them, or in nearly all, that could be attended to by machinery—that is, by putting all the men through the same process.

It was as if he had said or wanted to say to each man in the 24,000: "The part of you that needs making over the most just now apparently is the way you feel about your work. You hate it. Or that's what it amounts to. There must be something the matter with the factory I'm furnishing you, if you hate it, or with the machines, or the system, or with you, or with me. I've tried everything I can think of to make my factory the best machine for making motor cars on earth. What I am trying to do now is to make my factory the best machine for manufacturing and bringing out the most efficient labouring men on earth. I have been trying in my way for years to be the most efficient employer. It's the only way I know of getting the men I want. But of course it is of no use for me to try to be the most efficient employer all alone. I want 24,000 men around me all day, every day, that I can feel help."

What I should like to do next in this world would be to see the motor-car industry, which is perhaps the most characteristic industry of this age, the most strategic and most closely watched, the one most intimately and personally used by the men who are the employers of the world—I want to see this industry a kind of world-exhibit, and kind of Show Window on the world of the kind of men employers can get when they work for their men, and of the kind of employers men can get when they work for their employers. I want to prove where everybody can see it that paying as little as one can and working as little as one dares

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is poor business. I want to see the motor-car industry the one in the world above all others which has succeeded in attracting employers who really like reducing prices and raising wages more than they have to, and in attracting workmen who love to work.

I believe that if capital (when in a position to do so) will treat labour steadily and honestly better than it deserves, labour will be shamed into working with it and not against it.

Labour has paid an enormous bill for fifty years in trying to shame capital into being as decent as labour thought it was, and it is now the business of capital to foot the bill and furnish the brains for getting the labour it has thrown away back again.

Henry Ford believed in the Ford car and peace. His workmen did not. The world did not.

He proposed to get his workmen to believe in peace by starting some peace up in his factory and letting everybody try it.

He thought that if he could put the Ford car and peace together, the car would be better and cheaper and the Ford car and peace would go everywhere together.

He thought that if he could make the car cheaper with peace or peace more practical with the car, the world would agree with him about the Ford car and peace both.

Mary had a little Ford,
Its Peace was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That Ford was sure to go.

4

This brings me to my next impression.

Perhaps Mr. Ford was not merely struggling up through his money to an understanding with his men. He wanted other people to understand. It was no mere ten-million-dollar confidence between himself and his workmen—as to what he wanted

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for himself, or hoped gradually to be allowed to be like himself—but it was a ten-million-dollar bit of confidentialness (almost for the first time) between a millionaire and a world. Mr. Ford's action was a huge notice—a kind of cry for help in every paper of the world, an advertisement for friends, for fellow human beings—addressed to a whole race from a helpless millionaire, to the general effect that being a mere millionaire and humdrumming along getting all he could out of people, bored him. He wanted everybody to see what (to any fairly thoughtful original man) making too much money was really like.

It was a kind of Ford billboard, a notice served on capital and on labour and on all people everywhere—a sign, a sublime handbill sent out through all the streets of all the world. Is not every third car a Ford? It was like a sign on every third car one meets (wheel on the left) flying down the road: "MADE BY A BORED MILLIONAIRE."

5

This brought me to my fifth stage. I think it is going to be hard to overestimate, very soon now, the importance of this first advertisement of Mr. Ford's being bored. When we have enough bored millionaires—that is, millionaires who are throwing up their regular job of charging the public all that they can and of paying their men as little as they dare, millionaires who break away into being of some use in the world, and of some interest to themselves and to other people—we will have a new world, a world in which we will see socialists and syndicalists losing their jobs. I like to think of this. This as it has seemed to me is one specific idea that Henry Ford in his action has tried to express. He says in effect, socialism and syndicalism are at best mere temporary jobs that have been made for people by millionaires who could not think. I am free to admit—for one—that the very first moment our millionaires in America begin to get down to the roots of their difficulty, begin to think, they will

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have to ask the socialists and syndicalists to help them. What we have been waiting for has been a millionaire to ask them to help.

6

This brings me to my sixth stage of impression of Henry Ford. Here is a millionaire—I caught myself saying to myself—who has let the socialists and syndicalists help him think. He has listened hard to what they have to say. It has occurred to him that very much of what they have to say could be said by a millionaire better than they could say it. So he has tried to think of something to do that would say it. Nothing is settled yet. We are all thinking out loud together how we can get a new world. And now Henry Ford says in effect modestly that thinking with money is as practical and useful a job as thinking without money. Anyway, here he is. He has earned the money and he is thinking with it.

7

This brought me to my seventh stage. It began to come over me what the next thing would be that is going to happen with the whole world looking on and watching Mr. Ford. It is going to occur to people, especially to great masses of socialists, that thinking with money—provided a man is an equally good thinker—is as useful and practical a job as thinking without money, and quite as respectable. People are going to begin, socialists and syndicalists and all, to believe in inspired millionaires.

At all events, if I had had a carte blanche and had had it all planned out and had decided just what arrangement I ought to make next to cheer or scare socialists or syndicalists into believing in inspired millionaires, the precise arrangement I would have made would have been Henry Ford. I cannot speak for Mr. Ford categorically, but I can say that if I had been in Mr.

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Ford's place, and wanted to throw socialists and syndicalists out of a job in some way that they would really like, I would do just what Mr. Ford has done. There is nothing after all so noble or even useful about thinking without money that socialists and syndicalists are going to insist forever on doing their thinking in that way. If they see a man alongside them who is thinking with ten millions, they will not very much longer stand out against his thinking with it and against his inviting them to help him think with it. They are going to join in and help. All the socialists and syndicalists who can really think (as fast as millionaires open up) are going to accept from them thinking-with-money positions. When money thinks, socialism and syndicalism as such will disappear of their own accord and on their own suggestion.

The inestimable service that only socialists could ever have performed for this world is now nearly all in.

A few years ago most thoughtful young men, the moment they began thinking at all and going beneath the surface, began by being something very like socialists. There was nothing else to do, then, if one kept thinking. I can well remember, probably almost any man can, the day when I thought I was a socialist, and I was certainly about to become one, when it came over me suddenly that I wouldn't have time—that millionaires would soon begin to think. They would have to. And I thought that if I went at it in the right way and understood them and kept fair and human, I could possibly get one of the first jobs of helping them. It has seemed to me not only the newest but the most promising, the most immediately practical of all the skilled occupations opening to men to-day, helping millionaires to think. And the market is endless. And now we see millionaires themselves on every hand already joining in and trying to help one another to think. And it is not the least of the encouraging signs of the times that the most stupendous device for millionaires' thinking the world has yet been supplied with—a kind of Derrick for Ideas—has

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been thought of and set up (and can now be seen working any day, all the millionaires in the world looking on) by a millionaire in Detroit, Michigan.

8

The eighth stage in my impression of what Henry Ford was doing for peace came when a man in the smoking-room of the Merchants' Limited, who had been abusing Ford all the way from New Haven to Providence, broke in on me in some little innocent thing I was saying. "Ford is a prig!" he said. "What I can't bear is to see a little upstart mechanic like Henry Ford get up suddenly before the world and go about saying with a flourish of ten million dollars to all the other millionaires of the world, 'Why are you not more like me?'"

"That is just it! That is just where his courage comes in!" I said. "Don't you suppose Henry Ford knew that for days and for weeks afterward men would be sitting in parlour cars all over this country saying about him just what you are saying? The real courage that is back of his action is that he lets himself look like a prig when all the time what he is really feeling, or rather assuming, is that capitalists all about him, as a matter of course and in every city in the land, are taking to-day an attitude of sharing with labour and of sharing with the public that nobody would have dreamed of a few years ago. Mr. Ford is practically saying: 'Other millionaires are as bored as I am with buying and selling and hiring on the old humdrum idea that everybody except ourselves must get as little out of it as we can make them. One of us might as well speak up.'" Mr. Ford believes he is speaking for thousands of employers. He may admit he is a little early, because he has put himself in a position where he can afford to be early.

There are scores and hundreds of millionaires—many of us know them—who are filled with the same indignation and hope toward their own class, toward the employing class, that Henry Ford is—employers who in the same spirit that Henry Ford is

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are fighting with their money every day against their own class and struggling with banks and stockholders to give every man a chance.

And there are thousands or hundreds of thousands more employers and capitalists in America who would like to show feelings like Mr. Ford's toward labour, but who are not just now in a position to express their feelings quite as loudly and simply as Mr. Ford does.

The typical American employer to-day is seeing every day many of the things the socialists see, and he would like to help get them for his own men or for the world. He merely disagrees about the way of getting them. Mr. Ford in his present action is representing these employers. He is merely thinking out loud with a few million dollars, hoping and believing other men will butt in and think, too. He is trying to see what there is that a man with some factories in one hand and some banks in the other can do in the way of socializing business, and getting some of the more immediate and pressing things the socialists want. The socialists have been telling him for years that he cannot do anything. Mr. Ford's idea is that somebody has to begin somewhere, with something besides talking, even if it is only the humble and despised millionaire. The millionaire is letting the socialist try. Why should not the socialist let the millionaire try? Ordinary business men—men who have a little money and who do not quite come up to the standard of misery socialists require, ought to be allowed to try, too.

So here, for what it may be worth, for better or worse, comes Henry Ford with his huge ten-million-dollar advertisement of his present hopeful convictions about the American business man and about having every man in America, rich or poor, do something himself and begin where he is.

9

My ninth impression—(I think it was ninth)—at least it is the impression I had to deal with next—was that perhaps

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Mr. Ford was advertising his own business. It almost seemed like an anticlimax at first, and I was a little sorry, or, at least in a vague pained way, I thought I ought to be sorry.

Then I grew glad. It suddenly occurred to me how I wished he would! I can only tell it just as it happened to my mind. Anyone can judge for himself.

The Metropolitan Insurance Company some years ago wanted a free advertisement for its business and built itself the highest tower in the world. People would have to talk about it, look at it, and fill the world with pictures of it, and it was an advertisement, too—that vast billboard of steel and glass—that could be all used all over inside every day and all paid for all over inside every day, by thousands of people.

The Ford Motor Car Company, in much the same way several years ago, in casting about for some advertisement everybody would talk about free, put up quietly, almost before anybody knew it, the lowest-priced car in the world! The bare mathematics of a Ford car, Mr. Ford decided—the very receipted bill for a Ford car—would have to be genuine, honest, personal news to every man on this planet. Mr. Ford wanted every man on the planet to say it must be a lie and look into it and prove it.

The Metropolitan Tower was the highest building on earth —one only a few people could have. The Ford car was to be the cheapest car on earth—one almost everybody could afford to have, and of course almost everybody, being personally concerned, began talking about it; and now of course (anyone can see it going on) every third car one meets (wheel on the left) five or six people in it goes driving past the population of the globe saying or seeming to say, "Ford Car! Cheapest Car in the world! A miracle in fewness of dollars! How does Ford do it?" The cars fly back and forth and up and down the world, saying, "Henry Ford!" What is he like? How does he do it? How can I do such things, each man says to himself: "How can I do it in my line?"

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Mr. Ford has thought out the best advertisement and made the deepest, most sensational appeal to human nature he could have made. A man doing a marvel is more advertised to-day than a man who gets rich. There is not a man living who is not touched by it, for there is not a man living who at bottom would not rather do a miracle than merely get rich, and now here is Henry Ford, a man in Detroit, Michigan—the cars fly up and down the world telling it—who is getting everything in at once apparently, in one short life. He is getting in his miracles and his riches besides.

Very soon now the thoughtful but rutty business man still jogging along on the old platitude that what business is for is to make money will see that it is just because Henry Ford has some other object than making money in his business, that all the world has conspired to help him make it. Everybody is a partner in the Ford Motor Company, because every man knows, from the men in the shops to the crowds in the streets, that he is sharing, or can share if he likes, in the profits of the Ford business. Every man who puts a stroke of work on a car, every man who rides in one or gets a bundle from out of one, becomes identified with the Ford Company of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

I do not know how other people feel about it, but I have a conviction that any business that is so big, shrewd, inspired and practical in spirit that it is successfully treating every man in the world as one of its partners—any business that is making money for every man in the world is entitled to all the free advertising it may be able to get. The more advertising a man like Henry Ford gets for nothing the better for all of us. It does me good to think of it—to think that every third car in the world is running around this minute telling everybody everywhere about a business in which making money is a by-product. As I see the cars go by, I keep thinking of it, of the truth they roll through the world: IF MONEY IS NOT BEING MADE

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IN A BUSINESS TO-DAY AS A BY-PRODUCT, THERE IS NOT GOING TO BE VERY MUCH OF IT!

Men who are clever enough, who have business imagination enough to make money as a by-product of reducing prices and raising wages to employees—even as a by-product apparently of throwing ten million dollars away in one week—can have so far as most of us are concerned all the free publicity, and all the chance to beat their competitors, that they want. We do not understand it quite all at once, but if men are building a world for us before our eyes, first we watch them. Then we fall over each other to help them.

10

There are those who may say that what Mr. Ford has really attempted is a huge international ten-million-dollar advertisement from the Ford Company that it wants the best labour on earth. It is a notice to all the best labour to flock away from everybody else to the Ford factory in Detroit, Michigan.

The answer to this is that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Ford has not drawn men away from other factories. No one can set one side what Ford does, by saying that he gets picked men. Ford makes a practice of taking anybody and always using the men he has. Ford's idea is that any man will respond to his treatment. It is a part of his factory's business to make men over. And it is the most paying part of his business. The only men Ford goes out of his way to pick out are convicts.

He touches the men's imaginations.

But what if it were true that Mr. Ford tried to bully the labour market of the world and get all the firsts in it and make other factories take seconds?

I believe that the world's only answer to this is that if an employer deserves the best help in the world and is going to make the best use of it, he should have it. Anything Ford gets out of the world the world feels he will pay back. It pleases

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us to have our cars cheaper. Better labour for Ford, cheaper cars for us.

11

Some people say Mr. Ford is not fair to the newspapers. He ought to pay for publicity like other manufacturers.

But the trouble with newspapers is that they are dependent on their readers—on all of us—and have to give people what they want to read.

Mr. Ford is news. He comes under the head of news column and editorial matter. He is a part of what we pay our two cents for. It is our two cents apiece that is paying for Mr. Ford's advertising. It is not free at all. It is all paid for. Each man's two cents demanded it.

Of course Mr. Ford might have spent his ten million in advertising columns in the newspapers. But the fact is we are a little more sure of the way Henry Ford would spend ten million than we are of the way the newspapers would spend it.

It pleases us to have our cars cheaper. It pleases us, too, that Mr. Ford instead of paying out ten million dollars advertising money to the newspapers has taken his ten million dollars and put it into the hands of the men who are going to be working for Ford and working for us.

Why should the newspapers have the ten million dollars instead of the men who are slaving away for Ford and for cheap cars for us? It was a better bargain for Ford and for everybody to put his advertising appropriation right down into the shop where it would help him run the shop, where every dollar every day all of the year would oil the machines, smooth out the thoughts of his men for him, and make the men true to him and to the Ford car and true to themselves and to their work. Mr. Ford thought that a bill for ten million dollars' worth of self-respect in his factory, a bill for heartiness, spontaneousness and hope (the business being as it was) would be cheap. The beautiful part of it was, too, that in addition to being cheap, it

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would be news—world-news—and he would get his ten million dollars' worth of advertising thrown in for nothing besides.

Of course this was not Mr. Ford's main thought or it wouldn't have been thrown in. Some of us may cavil over this but only for a minute. If a man can do or keep doing such big significant things with his money, that the newspapers to serve their customers have to tell everybody all about his business for nothing, the newspapers and all of us are to be congratulated. The newspaper is in a fair way to get a world worth being a newspaper in. And we are in a fair way to be in a world where reading a newspaper makes us respect our business and want to keep on with our lives. Henry Ford—whatever else there may be that is the matter with him—is really news, and a big newspaper ought to be willing to print at least some of the news for nothing.

The more news a great newspaper prints or can get to print for nothing, the more the other news in it—the news it pays for—is worth. The newspapers need not be nervous about getting more good news than they can afford. Neither may business men.

Possibly the reason more big business men do not get advertised in this country free is that there isn't really anything about them or about their business or the way they run it that anybody especially wants to know, or that anybody would be especially interested in if they did.

Mr. Ford is not getting for nothing out of the papers what other people would have to pay for. What Mr. Ford is getting other people could not get by paying for it.

In this aspect Ford's advertising is one of the most interesting and instructive spectacles the country has had, and it may not be amiss to dwell on it a little.

. . . . . .

I have been for some time a more or less curious and interested student of advertisements and of the ways of advertising men, and have made a kind of amateur study of sensations and

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the law of sensations, and if I were asked by a young advertising man (some one please ask me now!) what were the two best rules I could think of for making a sensation, I would put them down like this:

First. Do not try.

Second. Do not need to try. To make a sensation be one. Then other people will attend to it—people in general, people going by in the streets—anybody and everybody will do your advertising for you and do it for nothing. Henry Ford has never needed to hunt up some way of making a stir or sensation. The Ford car at its price has been a stir or sensation of itself.

And it goes deeper than this.

The real reason that the Ford car is a sensation is that Ford is. A man like Ford in business to-day—the way he is made inside and the way his mind works—is personal and necessary news to everybody. Everybody has to advertise Henry Ford whether he wants to or not.

Of course it is true that Henry Ford had to be news quite a while (our newspapers being run as they are) without anybody's finding it out, and the public as usual has had to pay out millions of dollars a week itself, personally, to Mr. Ford himself to get the news about him, and it has had to buy its news and ride in its news before it could hope to get it into the newspapers, but there never has had to be any straining or reaching around sideways at people in Ford as a sensation. The shrewd, economical and honest way in which he has assembled, hammered together and built up a personality out of the materials he had in business life around him is a sensation of itself. And every inch of a Ford car is a sensation, too—stirs and thrills with it, has bones and nerves of meaning—every inch saying or seeming to say how cheap, sinewy, how incredibly, visionarily honest it is. In fact, the Ford cars (at least this is what it amounts to) as one looks at them in the streets may be said to be perfectly honest, portable, innumerable replicas of Henry Ford of Detroit, Michigan, on wheels!

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The people in Ford cars are not the only ones that enjoy them. They fly through the streets addressed to all of us—happy valentines about the world and about the way things are going in it. Millions of them go rolling, whispering, almost softly shouting through the streets how he treats his public and how he treats his men.

Business is not a barren waste to-day, men think as the Ford cars go. It is full of lusty and mighty men figuring out patiently at desks, in shops, in dollars and cents the hopes and faiths of men and the plans of God.

Instead of merely founding another university for the world with ten million dollars, Mr. Ford is making the world itself a university. Ten thousand factories have gone to school and the streets are full of people learning. He has arrested the attention of us all. We are criticising, praising, studying. Hotels, ocean liners, Pullman smoking-rooms, Delmonicos, Baltimore Lunches and libraries, even churches and colleges, are learning to think.

Mr. Ford is essentially an educational man. He believes that big business consists in educating his employees, in educating his stockholders and consumers, in getting men's attention to ideas through action and through their daily work. He has achieved a supreme feat in education, in getting men's attention—in advertising. Mr. Ford is advertising for a new working world. With a few bold strokes or sketches, tentative suggestions, he is now before us all, asking for bids from any firm on earth, for a new world. It can either join him in making his, or start on one for itself.

I do not wish to be put down as an unqualified advocate of Henry Ford. I am not engaged as an author in handing out for Henry Ford moral blank checks with my name signed to them that he can fill in any time with any remarks and with any actions he likes.

I admit that it would be safer for me to say these pleasant things about Mr. Ford if he were dead. It is always inconven-

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ient having a man around living along recklessly and prominently after one has said good things about him. I am far from agreeing with Mr. Ford in everything he says or is reported to have said, and there are important ideas organic in machine labour in which I might differ with Mr. Ford, but so far as what he has done in his factory to date is concerned, the main driving power in the man is right. He has the We-vision, the We-spirit, and the We-will, and as long as he keeps this he will stand as he does now—as the most signal dramatization in the eyes of the world of American genius and American democracy, and of the spirit and the methods to be employed in getting the attention of the nations to peace. Mr. Ford's factory is the best advertisement of how peace works that either America or any other nation has yet had.

Over against Carnegie America puts forth Ford.

Over against the Krupp gun America puts forth the Ford car.

As a substitute for the four hundred million dollars we are going to spend on an army and navy against the world, I would have the United States with a part of its four hundred million dollars buy a million Ford cars and send them out as advertisements of what Americans are like to defend us against a world. Suppose it is Germany we are afraid of—we will swamp Frankfort-on-the-Main with Ford cars, every one with a sign on it saying: "*Another car like this can be had for twelve hundred marks* ($300). *If a half million cars are sold by the end of the year, you will get two hundred marks back, it will cost you one thousand marks* ($250). *The workmen who make this car are earning a third more wages a day because they feel like working and enjoy working a third harder a day. Henry Ford's workmen and Henry Ford together are getting ready to present a car in which the labouring man shall go to his work.*"

Who will want to fight us? Who are the labouring men in what nation that can be got to fight a Henry Ford America?

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XVI

MR. CARNEGIE AND HIS MONUMENTS

We have had in this country a kind of disease of monuments. We are much preoccupied in getting a living in America, and the moment that one by one we wake up artistically and our first feeling for the beautiful comes to us, it naturally runs to headstones. There is a certain type of mind in America that apparently cannot help breaking out into monuments—putting façades and Grecian temples on things.' Just now it is engaged (down in Washington) in putting a Parthenon on to Abraham Lincoln.

There seems to be nothing so safe in its own innate nobleness or quality that there does not seem to these people to need to be a monument standing up for it, and apologizing for it—and flourishing. They have worried us all over the country into having hands-in-the-bosom statues of bronze statesmen in parks, cast-iron columns of simple soldiers, hero prizes for not letting people drown. A plain, noble, magnificently scrawny, rail-splitting, log-cabin person—a little-red-schoolhouse sort of person like Lincoln—has to go down to posterity apologized for, pieced out with an Acropolis, with thirty-eight columns forty-six feet high—eleven thousand tons and two million dollars' worth of empty marble. So we have poor, simple-hearted Lincoln pilloried there—a huge hollow air of looking more important than he wanted to or hoped he'd have to—forever!

We must learn to reckon with these people probably. Every country has periods and streaks of them—hordes of well-meaning folks who cannot help going around putting up decorative fronts on beauty, draping strips of silk askew on mantelpieces, hanging huge red bows on poor, ashamed little dogs. . . .

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It seems to be the same instinct in people that makes a nice little heathen girl wear iron bracelets around her pretty ankles, or eke out her ears with dangling earrings. The silk hat represents this same yearning for monuments (even on themselves) many people have. I never see a man going around with a silk hat but I think of it and of how it expresses in him his wistful idea toward the beautiful—toward what is really important and really serious, and how I ought to be impressed by it. But I am not. It seems to me a kind of disease—a silk hat does. All monuments do.

As applied to morals, or to a subject like peace, a monument represents a kind of mal-nutrition or moral anæmia in people. As applied to beauty it means mal-assimilation or appreciation. The same people will take an innocent flower looking like a little portrait of all the sunniness and dew and sky in the world, plump it into an awful and portentous gorgeous flower-pot, and with one blow of majolica wipe it off the face of the earth. They think they are appreciating and honouring the poor little flower.

But what does the little flower think?

This is the way I feel about Peace and about Mr. Carnegie's flower-pot for peace. What does Peace think of Mr. Carnegie walking up and down in front of it so and recommending it, and putting a façade on it and trying to fix it up so that people will want it, by building a temple to it?

The idea seems to be that the moment you are trying to be good or beautiful, or pat goodness or beauty on the back, you must keep them at any trouble and expense from being uncovered, you must not let people, any longer than can be helped, see them as they are. Many people in America feel this way, but do most of us? Is it what impresses us?

I remember seeing in the Carnegie Institute on one of the buildings a great, clean, straight, noble, simple-minded, honourable chimney that they had trigged out as a steeple. I believe it is a belfry, too, but do not quite remember. And they may put a chime on it yet—make the smoke ring tunes on little bells!

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This is the tendency some of us want to resist. We cannot help feeling that there will be more hope for art in the Carnegie Institute the moment this chimney is stripped and gets down to business. Of course Mr. Carnegie may not be personally responsible in this particular case, and of course the men who are all struggling away working under Mr. Carnegie can only do the best they can with this dress-parade tendency in the beautiful and useful—this plug-hat and drum-major view of life; but it is impossible not to point out and not to try to help relieve the situation and possibly help relieve the men as soon as possible. I do not think I am pointing out in Mr. Carnegie a mere personal foible. It is a national, threatening, wholesale fallacy and an influence for evil that Mr. Carnegie has wrought through and through nearly all the good he does.

I may carry it too far, but I find as I go about the country today, every time I see a great, bragging, blind façade before the beautiful, I want to stave a hole in it, strip it away until our people shall see and love the beautiful deeply, passionately, at last, not for the strange unbelieving things they do to it or let people do to it—scarfs, tassels, feathers, ribbons and marble pillars they put in front of it—but for what it really is.

I do not believe this is the way to impress people with Peace.

I have seen the faces of the men pouring out of the Ford factory.

I have seen that Peace is a sublime energy—a passionate, unfathomable flowing out of human life.

It does not need a temple.

I do not particularly admire the peacock, and I do not like any longer than can be helped to have people think as they do abroad sometimes that we ought to have the peacock instead of the eagle for our national bird. If I lived in a castle or bishop's palace, I would not have a peacock about the place; but there is one thing about the peacock, however superficial he may be, he grows his own façade himself. Out of the roots of his being he lifts it up. A peacock's tail is a perfectly honest,

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faithful, detailed reproduction or portrait of the inside of his mind.

All the lower animals are like this. This is all one can ask of anybody. Here is peace for instance—peace in factories, and peace between nations.

If a peacock had to have a temple, he would let it grow, let it flower out, or, rather, feather out, from a factory.

Here is the American college, for instance. Education is a divine energy, a central fire of the spirit. Men get their torches lighted for life with an education. Carnegie puts up a great façade in front of it and makes it respectable. Here is Peace —a divine, terrible, unfathomable energy in the human heart like love, like childbirth, which tosses up cathedrals out of the earth like little waves, builds cities which love it, tears down empires that defy it—and Mr. Carnegie has taken peace, put a great stone façade up in front of it, and made peace respectable. Of course in a way a façade for Peace or Education, that one has to peek around or over, does not hide it altogether. "It is just Mr. Carnegie's foible," people tell us, and it is not very serious in a way. We must learn to be tolerant. Mr. Carnegie has this little rubber stamp of respectability he always has to put on things with which he has anything to do. Why make a to-do about it? He cannot keep his hands off. He cannot help going about standardizing, platitudinizing, making everything in sight and all the men and all the ideas he touches or butts into with money look alike—look like rows of library buildings. "We must take what he has to give and let the rest go."

But it seems to me it is a much graver question than this. It is not a question of what Mr. Carnegie is like. It is the much more important question of what the American people are like. Mr. Carnegie says in effect, and to the whole world, that we are a certain kind of people, that the sort of thing that he does to us and keeps doing to us impresses us. He thinks that the Carnegie way works. I merely put the question: Does

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it? It is not a mere question about Mr. Carnegie but about us. Can the American people be put off with façades or will they insist on what is behind them? Is Mr. Carnegie really to be encouraged in the idea that he is impressing us in this way? Is there nothing that can be done to head him off?

Nothing, unless the American people will speak up or some one will speak up for them. This is what I believe the American people really feel about Mr. Carnegie's attempt to impress people with Peace.

It is not a real stone façade, or noble library look on Peace that the American people want. As it looks to us, Peace is, rather, a splendid transparent affair. You just look into it and see its works going round and round in it. For instance, to most men in America the way Ford's factory makes a man feel inside while he looks at it, and the way he feels again afterward every time he thinks of it, is façade enough. Peace does not need a façade. The less façade the better. One just looks in on it, sees it as it is any day—peace making the men's faces shine, peace making the engines go—and one swings one's hat.

This is the gist of it, as it strikes our plain American people, I believe. A façade on Henry Ford's factory making it look like a Parthenon would be as absurd as a façade on Henry Ford.

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XVII

MR. CARNEGIE AND MR. CARNEGIE

What can Mr. Carnegie do with his enormous foundation, say from to-morrow morning on, to keep people from daring to look at Peace any longer as a far-off, other-worldly affair, a kind of backyard on heaven, a yearning or beautiful subject? Can the dangerous and weakening associations Peace has, or seems to have, in people's minds with the words "love and above" be forever, and once for all, broken up? I have been able to criticise, but am I able to point out a constructive program? What is there Mr. Carnegie can do, and do to-day, to keep Peace from now on from being an Angel, a Dove, a Monument, or a Lamb?

First. He can take his fortune and turn it back as a vast public mirror on how he made it, and pay the bill for everybody to see how every dollar he presents the world with had peace wrought into it—peace between manufacturer and employee, between manufacturer and the people's Government, between manufacturer and consumers.

Second. If Mr. Carnegie says, as he very truthfully might, that Peace, as an energy in business had not been invented or discovered or quite worked out yet, in the generation in which he made his money, Mr. Carnegie, instead of turning his money back as a mirror on how he got it, might turn it back and pay the bill for everybody to see how he keeps getting it now—let everybody see how Peace is being wrought out there for him in Pittsburgh day and night, into these dividends he is getting now, and that he is spending from week to week, from month to month now—in leading the spiritual interests of the

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world, and in giving good advice to everybody, from little boys up to empires, about Peace.

Third. If Mr. Carnegie says that he is not responsible for the way his money is being made now, that he has withdrawn from Steel Management, and is merely drawing dividends, if Mr. Carnegie says that these stupendous sums of money he is drawing out and that he is daily spending on being a beautiful moral character, in telling the rest of the world to cheer up and to remember that it is going to be as good as he is as fast as he can pay for it, are being made in ways he regrets and in ways of which he does not approve; if Mr. Carnegie would spend a few million dollars a week, would take each million dollars as it came, turn it back on its hinges, make it a vast million-dollar mirror of where it came from, and of how it was made—if Mr. Carnegie would make a moving picture of each million as it comes along to him to-day; if, instead of using that million to lord it over the ideals of the rest of us, he would use it for a glorious, conclusive, immortal criticism of himself—so that by Carnegie's own will there would never be another Carnegie, so that by Carnegie's own will there would never be another Pittsburgh; there would be no limit to the praise and affection, to the thanksgiving of the people of all nations from generation to generation, for Andrew Carnegie, for what Andrew Carnegie had done for Peace, not merely to found Peace but to reveal Peace, to set Peace in motion, throughout a world.

World-peace is every man's intimate personal peace, the energy of his own daily work and play wrought out in his own life and mounting up into other lives until, like some imperious, mysterious floating electric force in the air, it becomes the atmosphere of the world, like ozone, like lightning, becomes a kind of vast invincible storehouse and power-house of all life—sings its way up out of factories into the domes of capitols, hovers in the naves of great cathedrals, and turns softly the iron gates of empires.

Fourth. If Mr. Carnegie cannot make his great fortune

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become in this way a great revelation—pro and con—one of the world's great spiritual experiences, if he does not see his way clear to spending his money in telling how he wished he had not made it, and on how he hoped and believed other people in the next generation would make theirs; if Mr. Carnegie does not feel that he can express this idea himself, he will pick out men who can, he will have these men spend his fortune in expressing this idea against himself—for him. In other words, Mr. Carnegie will spend his money in deliberately finding out for four hundred years, for himself, for everybody, what is the matter with him. He will endow his own self-criticism, his own self-discrimination, and face a world at last unafraid. A single millionaire who would do in the sight of fifty nations what Tom L. Johnson did in the sight of the fifty wards of the city of Cleveland, would be a sublime, concentrated energy for good in this world, beside which Mr. Carnegie's huge, hollow, echoing Hague Palace and his little pretty vague helpless spatter of libraries would be as nothing.

Fifth. If Mr. Carnegie cannot give us his peace experience —his own personal proofs of how peace works—the next best thing he can do is to spend a few million dollars on his own belief in peace experiments, in things men don't quite believe yet about peace. If he has been able to make so little headway in proving what he believes about peace, let him spend a few million dollars in proving what other men believe about it. Let him pay the bill, the laboratory bill, for letting other men try out their experiments and apply their inventions in the technique of peace.

Sixth. If he does not want to try out a few experiments in peace himself, and does not want to pay expenses for other people to make peace experiments, there are at least a hundred manufacturers who have already paid and who are now paying their own expenses in proving how peace works. What they have paid the bill and run the risk to prove, what they have made money out of proving, Mr. Carnegie might run the risk,

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perhaps, to advertise. He can spend his money on telling the news to every labourer in America, in France, Germany, England, to every labourer and every employer on earth, of how their experiments have turned out. These peace-energy business men are going to do everything anyway, but they are too busy doing it to be in the news business of how they do it besides. It is at least left over for Mr. Carnegie, if he cannot make peace work himself, to pay the bill for showing that other people can.

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XVIII

MR. CARNEGIE AND OTHER PEOPLE

Some man who had begun to be a little interested—a peace-socialist, perhaps, will lay this book down about here and say he ought to have known better—he knew all along that even on a perfectly safe subject like a war three thousand miles away this book of mine—any book of mine—would probably sooner or later peter out into a millionaire.

I can only say I have tried my best. I have never wanted in a book or anywhere else to pay any more than a rather elegant distant attention to millionaires.

But here I am in this civilization trying to pry out a chink or a hole in it, where I or any man, any day labourer or artist, can get a little look through at blue sky and at God—and over every hole, every little dot of blue sky, or glimmer of God, there looms the huge swarthy shadow, part steel, part smoke, of a millionaire. "This hole is mine," he says. "What are you going to do with it?"

I challenge any man who is thorough to work his way through in this civilization to any hole and not find a millionaire there, taking tickets, and charging people for looking out of it.

The only way we can do is to boost up from below a millionaire who will pay people for coming up to the hole instead of charging them for it.

I have no more expectation of the ordinary brittle, unmalleable, cast-iron millionaire than any man.

But the millionaire we are boosting up from below in this country, just now, interests me.

I see him everywhere, each with his new invention hammer-

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ing on the steel floor up over the world, and prying new holes. The only difference is that instead of using other men by keeping them down, he uses them by asking them to get up. With every blow of his hammer, he says We, ripping out a heaven for us from the steel floor of the world! What is more, he makes us feel that we are doing it, that he could not do it without us. He makes us feel that if he does not do it, we will do it. If he will not be an inspired millionaire, we will. He knows we cannot lose. If he fails, some fresh man next to him, out of us all watching him, some man who can say We in some fresh, new, wilder or better way than he can, will take his place for us.

It is because Henry Ford can say We with convicts, because he dares to swing out enough to say We to unskilled labour, to people on whom the rest of us have given up, that I see him to-day grimly, faithfully, almost without knowing it, up on top of the steel girders—up over the cellar of the world, pulling sixteen thousand men up.

But this is a small part of it. The real thing Henry Ford is doing is to show how anybody can pull anybody up.

I often think of him. I see him daily there—a modest brown man, bent over and quietly, and all in the day's work, pulling religion and art, cathedrals and great nations up through the manhole of the world. I see that he is but a beginning. I have seen a man everybody is watching, who is making peace pay, who is making religion work. Soon everybody will.

So I find myself a little jubilant, after all, as I go forth daily under the roar and under the girders, the miles of working windows. There is something that keeps saying in me, as some deep beat of music underneath, all the time, "Let the factories blow their whistles up and down the world and let the bells in the sleepy steeples ring, for soon we shall stand in the sun, with the sky over us and the air about us, and every man shall work and every man shall sing—and at last that hell of a far-off heaven my church has tried to drive me to believe in shall be stripped from the souls of men, and I shall see the people

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of this dear old familiar earth—these selfsame men I knew—going to and fro to their work and talking with God in the streets!"

Religion as a kind of tunnel with stained-glass, to stumble to heaven through, is going by.

In the meantime, until it does, this world, millionaires and all, is good enough for my religion or for my art. If I have to be in a tunnel full of Christians who feel superior to this world, in being good, I will not be a Christian.

If I have to be in a tunnel full of artists who feel superior to this world while they are being beautiful, I will not be an artist.

Grappling with a millionaire is poetry enough for me. It is the poetry that poets in this civilization have next got to face. And I have always thought I would rather sing on a little ten-cent fife in a subway station—like blind Russell in Springfield—with that boundless scuffle of the weary and happy feet to pipe dances to, than be promoted to a choir-boy in a cathedral; and what I am going to do now is to push my way through to a place to be a poet in, among labour unions, among strikes and millionaires. I will sing their visions for them—and mine! I will stand under the great grim factory windows, where I hear in the grind of the wheels the fight for the peace of the world, and play my accordion!

I am afraid this chapter flies rather high for a brown modest man like Henry Ford. He will probably read it through out of courtesy, but he would rather lie flat on his back under an automobile and grope around with a wrench (as happy as a boy in the long grass!) than read about his own relation to his century.

But Henry Ford can have his imagination about Henry Ford, and I can have mine. Anybody who reads can have his. No man quite finishes his own life. All the rest of us have our innings at it.

If Henry Ford is not what I think he is, if he is not engaged

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in filling out my order for him, it is open to anybody. There are seven thousand millionaires in this country who are going to take the places of the seven thousand we have now. Most of them are unknown now. Most of them are unmade now.

Here is the chance. Any one of them can step in.

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XIX

MR. CARNEGIE AND ME

I protest against the burden that is laid upon me to speak in a great solemn moment of the destiny of the world like this against any humble and hopeful soul on this earth who has done or tried to do with his imagination, his money or his muscle—a single thing for peace.

But I am burdened with the sense of the intimateness between the ideals of America for its men of wealth and the fate of the nation.

I protest against what Mr. Carnegie has done or may do as just being Mr. Carnegie and not America. I protest against the way he has seemed to speak as the voice of the colleges of our land. I protest against the way his library buildings have sprawled in front of literature, against the way his pensions have straddled colleges, run away with culture, and the way his money and he have stepped out in front of Peace.

I invoke the ideals, the spirit, the clean and mighty laughter of our people. I call the attention of the world to the fact that Mr. Carnegie is not accepted in America as a typical American millionaire, that Mr. Carnegie is not and cannot be taken in Europe as our nationally authorized version—the countenance to the world of American wealth and of what American money is like, of what American money sees and is seeking to do in the world and among the nations.

I point to Henry Ford instead, to what he is saying about Peace in the way he makes his money.

I hear the cries at night of a thousand battlefields for peace. I think of the millions of young men in my country who are

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filled with a grim, silent, struggling idealism—a fearless, stern, and splendid desire for peace among the workmen and the employers of my people.

And so I have made my protest in behalf of the ideals and of the plain, human common sense of our men of wealth in America, and in behalf of the probity, freedom, the clean laughter, the vigour and manliness of the intellectual life of my people. We will swing free before the eyes of the world. We will not have our great universities in Mr. Carnegie's pocket—our great men, churches, and bishops swinging and dangling at his belt. It does not represent us. It is not like us, and should not be supposed to be like us by the nations of the world.

I have not meant to write at length in this way, but if one is ripping out once for all what has been built in with pomp as the cornerstone of the Peace of the World, one must take room.

A revolution against Mr. Carnegie cannot be tucked away in a paragraph. He has been walking up and down in front of the Peace Palace as his own piazza so long that this nation must first get Mr. Carnegie to sit down, before anything about America and World Peace that goes under the surface can hope to be done.

. . . . . .

If Mr. Carnegie would sign these pages, if he could manage to say in time before he died, that he believed me; if to-day, or in a day or so, after he had thought it over, we could put our names together on a title page of a little book like this:

I
by Andrew Carnegie
assisted by
Gerald Stanley Lee

it would start a revolution for peace. Most people think that I would sign what is in the book anyway, and they think Andrew Carnegie would not.

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It would do them more good to think that he would, than anything else in the world, or than anything I could say.

Mr. Carnegie has already been more frank about the difficulties and embarrassments of being a millionaire than most of our millionaires, but he always stops in time to keep up appearances—recovers himself in time to jump up on his pedestal.

It is not too late yet.

And what is wanted between millionaires and poor people in this country is a little mutual, confidential talk.

I often think of it—of what two or three prominent millionaires in America could do in the way of making a great moral clearing in this country. What would it not mean if even one bitter, disappointed millionaire would stop going through the motions of looking happy before us and speak out?

If two or three of our seven thousand unhappy millionaires would get up in their places, if they would confess to the people and make a clean breast to a nation, what is there we would not to do help them, to coöperate with them? In this the world's great hour of doubt, in this hour of our suspense and hope, it would be hard to measure what it would do for us if one rich man would put his solitude with the solitude of the poor, uncover the failure, the wistfulness, the doubt, the wonder, the sorrow of his life—if one rich man would mingle before he dies—as a kind of sacrament of mutual confession, of mutual hope—his loneliness with ours!

I read yesterday that Mr. Rockefeller never reads a criticism of himself, and that he has not read one for years.

The week after Henry Ford had announced his plan for his employees, when he was receiving several thousand letters and telegrams, thousands of editorials a day, from around a world, he had all of them sorted out and all of those that praised him were set one side. He had his secretaries pick out for him the six or seven best attacks, and read those.

I refuse to believe this statement that John D. Rockefeller never reads criticisms, until he tells me himself. I do not deny

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I have moments of believing it—from many indications of his attitude toward the public (until very lately), but I keep a place open. Perhaps he does not read them because he wants better ones—criticisms that begin by understanding and that work out from that—coöperative criticisms that recognize his life as being his own problem as well as ours.

But at all events, as I say, I keep a place open.

Nor am I willing (as anyone can see) to give up on Andrew Carnegie. In what I have said of Mr. Carnegie in this book, I am not singling him out for special blame. He has done as well as he could—as most of us do. But as the shortest way for me to show how being a certain type of business man in America works, and where it lands a man, is to take the best, fairest, and most public sample we have, I have utilized Mr. Carnegie. It would be hard to pick out for this generation a more interesting, suggestive, and inspiring example of the kind of millionaire it no longer works to be like. All that the world is going to learn out of an Andrew Carnegie it will have to learn quickly and learn now while there is one. There is not going to be another. We must not waste the one we have. That is why I am writing as I do. I do not want an effort of Nature like Mr. Carnegie wasted.

Mr. Carnegie and this book both have a large audience. So if our old and regular Mr. Carnegie fails to sign this book, I present it to the country to be signed.

There are five hundred new Carnegies who will.

. . . . . .

I have been reading over this last chapter.

I have applied my usual test to such things. How would I enjoy reading it out loud to Mr. Carnegie?

If reading it out loud to Mr. Carnegie would make Mr. Carnegie believe it, I would never let any other man on earth see a word of it. It would be between us. Mr. Carnegie would quietly go to work the next morning proving how wrong

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I was, proving that nobody needed this chapter in all the world except him and me. All the world would see him beginning the next morning promptly moving his buildings away from in front of ideas everywhere he went and lifting up his heavy endowments from off the souls and bodies of men. Instead of trying to make his money lead, he would make it fall in behind, follow up the inspiration of others. He would make his mighty, drunk helpless fortune, the Power Plant of the Seers lighting the cities of the nations and turning the wheels of the world.

But I am afraid it would not work to read this chapter aloud to Mr. Carnegie. Instead of changing himself he would proceed in his persuasive way to change me and change the chapter. This brings me to the crux of the whole matter.

This chapter is addressed not to Mr. Carnegie but to the people who take him seriously, who make it necessary, especially to a thousand newspapers and to the men in high stations everywhere who encourage Mr. Carnegie, who keep him befuddled, dictatorial, deceived about others and deceived about himself. It cannot be endured standing by any longer with ninety million people watching Mr. Carnegie day after day still failing to see how in his sublime yearning—this awful public struggle of his not to die disgraced—he is muddling up the vision, warping the ideals of a nation, and withering the sinews of our young men and of an independent and mighty people, making everything in sight and every man and every idea he touches or paws over with a million dollars look like—like rows of his library buildings.

I cannot find any better way of pointing up my idea than Mr. Carnegie. It is a not-Carnegie peace I want.

I say that he does not represent America.

To the world, Andrew Carnegie stands as our American idea of peace, all those big breathless newspapers in New York running down to the dock to meet him and watch him, with eager eyes and notebooks, standing and dropping pearls of wisdom on the gangplank.

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It is not Mr. Carnegie I am making fun of. It is ourselves and the way we do not interfere with being represented—this big, busy, calm nation of America as being in such a breathless state of suspense about what Mr. Carnegie thinks the minute he gets across—as if he were Columbia the gem of the ocean. He is always taking this national or international form. We have treated Mr. Carnegie as if he were a kind of semi-official legislature all by himself, or a kind of splendid but perfectly loose President banging around.

The American nation will swing itself free in the eyes of the world from Mr. Carnegie and speak for itself. America will say to the world: That is Mr. Carnegie, you see—just Mr. Carnegie. This is Us.

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LOOK V

MR. ROCKEFELLER AND HIS RELIEF WORK

A LITTLE while ago the Rockefeller Foundation had to borrow some money to tide over a place in its good work.

Strictly speaking, the Rockefeller Foundation is not a Foundation at all.

It is a benevolent Dividend or what might be called a kind of Preferred Stock of Good Works, in the regular Rockefeller business.

I have no quarrel in particular with the Rockefeller Foundation.

I am merely interested in wondering if the Hookworm and Dr. Carrel end of the Rockefeller business, the General Education Board end of the Rockefeller business, is as important to the country as the Colorado end. Whichever side is to blame, as long as there is a set battle and a fixed policy of battle between Rockefeller employers and Rockefeller labourers in Colorado, would it not be better for Mr. Rockefeller to let the Hookworm three thousand miles away go for a while and settle down at home and see that the hate in his own employees is duly studied and duly attended to, and decide to do something about hate? Hate, after all, is a good deal more dangerous in what it is doing to the world than Hookworm. Hate should be investigated. And rage. Of course there is the rage of the public, too—no matter how unreasonable it is—to be investigated and attended to. The Rockefeller Foundation feels, of course, that the people are wrong and thrashing about in vain. But why do the people rage and imagine a vain thing?

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The same principle applies, too, to what the Rockefeller Foundation through Dr. Carrel is doing in studying and curing cancer in thousands of white mice, in transferring tissues, in moving over people's kidneys into other people's bodies. One wonders if it would not be better for the Rockefeller Foundation to hand over Dr. Carrel and his very expensive white mice to Henry Ford for a while, who has got the homely, regular working-end of his business in such fine, smooth-running order that he can turn his back on it and neglect it and take a little time off for white mice—just as he does for birds—without laying waste a whole countryside and calling in the United States troops?

I am as glad as anyone about what Dr. Carrel is doing with Mr. Rockefeller's money, but I do not think Mr. Rockefeller ought to be called on or ought to feel called upon with all his other left-over things he has got to get done in Colorado and that he thinks he cannot yet afford to do, to pay the bill for Dr. Carrel. Some free, competent millionaire who has solved the problem of efficiency in his business, who has got teamwork to going so smoothly in his business that the business almost runs itself, should be asked to pay for Dr. Carrel and the white mice. Mr. Rockefeller should be relieved.

I like to believe that if I wait a little the Rockefeller interests themselves will be saying in effect these things that I am saying in this chapter.* I like to believe that the American people are not on one side and the Rockefeller interests on the other permanently, but the Rockefeller interests have not said anything yet about how much to blame they feel for the riots at Bayonne, New Jersey, and the country is not in a position to wait. The fate of America and the fate of the world hang like a thread to-day in our nation, like every other nation, on peace between capital and labour. I would rather wait; it would mean so much more for the Rockefellers to say it than for me to say it.

*Note. This chapter was written in March, 1915. See later chapters for developments.

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But, in the meantime, as long as I still fail to hear in the present crisis of the world our great fortunes in America taking a humble, inquiring tone toward the people, expressing their sorrow and desire toward them, someone will have to do it for them. We have seven thousand armoured millionaires in America. A book on preparedness for America and on what the people of America are to do for the peace of the world must first determine what the people are going to do with their seven thousand armoured millionaires.

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LOOK VI

SEVEN THOUSAND ARMOURED MILLIONAIRES

I

HOW TO KNOW AN ARMOURED MILLIONAIRE WHEN ONE SEES ONE

AN ARMOURED millionaire is a millionaire who in the present curious fight between capital and labour decides that he has the right to choose the weapon. The weapon of being right, and of being obliged to be right, being rather cumbersome at times, he decides that the weapon shall be money. Then he stands up and fights with money in his hand the man who has no money in his hand. Of course it has not been supposed until lately that there is anything especially unfair in this. Thousands of people are already saying it is unfair in private, but the United States Government has never mentioned it.

When an armoured millionaire's labourer tries to fight him with some other form of main force or violence than money, the armoured millionaire asks the State to protect him from the labourer's violence, and goes on using his. This sounds queer, but it is true.

In this country, if you get your way with a man by hitting him, you are arrested. If you get your way with him by starving him, the State stands by you and protects you with troops while you do it.

You look so dignified and respectable while you are doing it, and the man who is hitting looks so wild, that the Govern-

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ment, which goes (like all governments) by appearances mostly, has not quite thought it out yet. All you have to do if you want to get your way with a man, right or wrong, is to take away from him the machine he gets his living with, and look dignified.

This makes you an armoured millionaire.

As a form of violence getting one's way with a man by starving him to death seems so much more thorough to some of us than hitting him in the stomach, or hitting the outside of his stomach, that we cannot help feeling that the Government ought to see to it and have some regular arrangement for seeing to it that an employer is hopelessly in the right before he is allowed to do it. Ought an employer, whether he is right or wrong toward a man, to be allowed indiscriminately and as a matter of course to take away from the man the machine he gets his living with?

Perhaps this is one of the questions that the Rockefeller Foundation of Industrial Investigation will look into.

In the meantime an armoured millionaire is a millionaire who says that he owns the machine the man is getting his living with and that what he does with what he owns is his business and that the Government, the public and the man whose life is chained up with the machine, have no right to question or authority to stop his running his business as if it were his.

An armoured millionaire is a millionaire who drops the weapon of being right and of being obliged to be right and of being obliged to seem right to others, and uses money instead.

Of course there are many milder types of armoured millionaire, but any man who against his will or otherwise uses money to compete with his employees instead of to coöperate with them, or who uses his control of the money in the markets for the purpose of subduing the consumer instead of coöperating with him, may be defined as an armoured millionaire.

Any millionaire who makes all the money he can, who is interested in doing an insipid, humdrum and comparatively

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unpowerful thing like making all the money he can, is probably an armoured millionaire.

Any millionaire who reduces prices only when he has to and raises wages as little as he dares is an armoured millionaire.

He fights by keeping labour helpless instead of by daring to make it strong.

. . . . . .

We cannot all of us get interested in the beautiful thoughts of armoured millionaires about peace between nations.

There are hundreds of our millionaires in America who do not want to be armoured millionaires. They feel a little like the great nations of Europe. They would not be armoured millionaires if they could help it.

But they are in a system, and only a few of them have the courage or the originality to break their way out—disarm themselves with their men and with the public.

The other millionaires are armoured, and so they are.

Daily I think of them and wonder about them.

Daily I see them everywhere on the high seas of the world, floating about, these magnificent engines of destruction America has invented that we call millionaires, none of them really wanting to destroy anything, or to threaten anybody, and yet all armed, all over, and all doing it. Anyone who looks about can see for himself how it is. Our millionaires are being largely operated just now as dreadnoughts at one end and hospital ships at the other. Guns in front and education boards aft. There is a fleet of nearly seven thousand of them. It is quite grim and splendid to think of them, to see them daily, nightly, floating about—all these stately terrible piles of steel and humanity, of lyddite and love! They make some of the rest of us in civilization feel like little boys in skiffs bobbing about in the open sea. But we are used to them and a little hardened to them now. Daily we see them go thundering, foaming, and streaking past us—all the dear gentle-hearted dreadnoughts

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saying "God damn you!" in front, and "God bless you!" behind.

I would like to show in the next few chapters, if I may, that there is nothing practical left for an armoured millionaire to do just now but to plug up his guns and say, "God bless you!" very plainly and very loudly at both ends. The day has gone by when the world is proud and grateful to get a "God bless you!" at one end. And so when I see education boards, hookworm cures and beatitudes issuing gently from the hind end of dreadnoughts, I am filled with thoughts too deep for words. It does not seem as if I could bear to stand by and see seven thousand millionaires go on in this innocent, unconscious way any longer.

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II

HOW AN ARMOURED MILLIONAIRE CAN KNOW HIMSELF

The proper form for a letter from a benevolent person indulging himself in a fit of benevolence would be something like this:

MY DEAR SIR:

I am in great need of some good safe place to put two million dollars where I will do less harm with it than I did with it while I was getting it, and less harm than I am likely to do with it if I spend it on my children or myself. One million dollars of it has been presented to me by workmen whose wages I wouldn't raise because I was afraid of being called a traitor to my class and of being abused like Henry Ford. The other million came from customers that I charged as much more than I needed to as I dared.

I wish you would help me out.

I don't see any really graceful way of giving it straight back to my workmen or to my customers, which is what I would like to do, and I am too old now and too set in my habit of making more money than I want, to turn around suddenly and invest it in my own business—i. e., in some experiments in pulling it together and making it competent—so that my superintendents and workmen will take time to have brains about one another, to understand each other and do team-work together, and make me the head of a business my country would be grateful for and proud and could face all nations with.

Now, you see what I am up against is to find a way of getting rid of my customers' and workmen's money, in some quarter where my workmen and customers won't particularly hear about, and where nobody will suspect what a plight I am in, and where the people who get it will be grateful and put me in

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a stained-glass window. I want to do something with it in some place where I can keep fooled about myself and where I can keep enough other people fooled to be happy.

Now, can you not help me out about this? Will you not accept from me this two million dollars—without particularly inquiring how I got it, or whose it is—one half of the sum to be spent on fans and lorgnettes and female education in the Cannibal Islands, and the other in investigating the effects of fans and lorgnettes on civilization and how they lead or do not lead (with proper endowment) to clothes and vegetarianism?

I beg you not to put me off in this matter and to let me hear at your earliest possible convenience what you think you can do for me.

Humbly, gratefully and thanking you in advance, believe me,

Most faithfully yours,

Of course a frank letter from an armoured millionaire of the first class—a Super-Dreadnought—would not really make out loud and to other people such admissions as this.

But there are very few Super-Dreadnoughts left, and I already know not a few regular, orthodox, but wistful dreadnoughts who practically make such admission to themselves. They have caught up the idea in the air and from the thoughts of the people.

The way to help hospitals and poorhouses is to cut off their supply of patients and make them smaller.

And any help these smaller hospitals and soup-houses may require should come from men who can afford to give it, and not from men who need their capital for reorganizing their own business and putting it on a competent, prosperity-sharing, poverty-curing peace basis.

When this is done, there will be more money free in this country for general education boards than ever has been dreamed of before.

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III

THE HARDSHIPS OF DOING GOOD

The best way for a country to get rid of benevolent people is to make being benevolent, or, rather, having a noble benevolent look, harder.

The next thing the world has to do is to make being benevolent harder than being poor.

When benevolent people begin to study how to get out of being benevolent, poverty will cease.

If this country can get rid of benevolence it will soon be rid of poverty.

The proper control of benevolence in a nation like ours is to be brought about, I imagine, not so much by legislation—which is largely a form of force—as by a great, national, omnipresent, ceaseless campaign of seeing through people and of turning on so much light in the country at large that benevolent people will even see through themselves.

They already do—thousands of them.

The country is already honeycombed with reformed benevolent persons, with fine arrested philanthropists, who have seen through themselves in time.

The more extreme cases of benevolence with which the public has to deal, the men who have more momentum in being superficial, whose attention cannot be arrested easily, are only going to be reformed by making the hardships of being benevolent in America so great very soon now that nobody will dare to indulge in it, that everybody will be seen going back and hunting around in his own business for some plain, homely way of avoiding the terrors in a country like this of being a benevolent person

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—some way of getting out of helping people and giving them a chance to help themselves.

I would like to add in this chapter, if I can, a little to the terrors of being benevolent.

It is only fair to the men who may still contemplate being benevolent to call attention to the plight in which Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie have found themselves, to the way they have been cornered in their own good works. I find myself often thinking of them—of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie—looking wistfully over to them, watching them during their last days wandering as in some vast, lonely, windowless place, away from us all and away from all modern life, and wandering about, just going round and round in a kind of hollow glare or glistening—the way they have to now, day after day, in a kind of crystal maze of mirrors of their own goodness—trying to get out, not seeing how to get out, not really seeing anything, not understanding anybody, and all the time spending millions of dollars a year on not seeing anything harder and on not understanding anybody more, and on keeping quietly out of touch with the real daily lives and hearts of men.

Perhaps they have never really had a half a chance for anything better. Any man who makes so bold in the first quarter of the twentieth century as to start out on a course of being benevolent to it could hardly hope not to get more superficial than other people—more lonesome, more unpractical—one million dollars' worth more, every million dollars he gives away.

Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie should not be judged with harshness. They are just engaged in going through the motions of being in the last generation. Other people are engaged in these same worthy motions, too. But Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie do it so expensively and prominently that they have become a national concern and an intimate personal problem for all of us.

Of course any little thing anyone can do to point out their hardships in advance to the other possible seven thousand mil-

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lionaires who may be this very moment before our eyes stumbling thoughtlessly into a bog of good works ought to be attended to at once.

Every man of us has a chance now to think it out for himself and see how it really is in 1916.

A man who is attempting to be benevolent in 1916 is attempting the impossible.

I would like to develop this idea. I am not going to claim that benevolence is wrong. I am not judging anyone. I am interested in showing how benevolence does not work.

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IV

THE HARDSHIPS OF BEING DONE GOOD TO OR AT

The plain fact seems to be that armoured millionaires cannot hope not to have a dangerous influence on the world, as long as they insist on butting in late in life and giving us their ideas of the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

They do less harm in the True—in investigation—because they feel more modest toward science and let their investigators and scientific men have more freedom.

It is in their ideas of the Beautiful and the Good that they do harm.

The ideas of the Beautiful and the Good coming from a dreadnought working backward, from a dreadnought merely working its main idea laboriously and hopefully other-end-to, are at least of somewhat mixed value.

The difficulty with a poor helpless million dollars that belongs to an armoured millionaire is that it is shut in with him and cannot get out.

The million dollars itself is well enough and may be trying to be beautiful very hard.

But of course as long as the million dollars is shut up with the man that it had to be got by, it has no chance.

The million dollars has to have his temperament. And it is only to the people and to the ideas his temperament is capable of choosing that the million dollars can ever hope to get away.

A man who plans the spiritual influences of his life toward society to be all sewer at one end and Poland Water at the other is almost sure to be mixed at times and to mix everybody who tries to help him. Everybody is already seeing this. There is

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no really thorough honest way of sterilizing money by giving it a lurch over to the Beautiful and the Good. Little impurities in business come out as a hundredfold impurities in the Beautiful and the Good.

One of the good things about Pierpont Morgan was that he knew he could not off-hand, all in one gesture, in one generation or so, create or discover or decide on the Beautiful. So he collected things that had had several hundred or several thousand years spent on them by millions of people all busy and happy, generation after generation, working on them and understanding them and discovering that they were beautiful before Mr. Morgan did. Mr. Morgan always used his money reverently—a little distantly—to tag the Beautiful. If Mr. Morgan had taken the Beautiful by the hand as Mr. Carnegie has, and had tried to lead it, if he had told religion and art and culture every year, millions of dollars' worth of what he thought they ought to be like—in other words, if Mr. Morgan had caught up live people instead of perfectly safe finished-off dead ones, it would be a national necessity to call attention to what he was doing with us. Taking up the live people of a nation, putting them all squirming and helpless into museums before their own eyes, is one thing, and doing the same thing with dead ones that would be highly pleased if they knew it, is another. Appropriating for a few paltry million dollars the great spiritual centres of the cities and the nation, the colleges and the libraries, as Mr. Carnegie has done, is a threat of benevolence that had never been dreamed of before.

One of the things we propose to arrange for in this present crisis of our nation is that it shall never be dreamed of again. Here is Mr. Rockefeller for instance, already beginning (with practically no one to stop him) in the same bland way. He testified the other day before the National Commission:

"The Rockefeller Foundation was a development in an impersonal form of my own personal plans of giving followed for many years."

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That is just it. Does the nation want or does it not want four hundred million dollars' worth of John D. Rockefeller going on and on after him, forever?

Possibly, after all, one Rockefeller is enough. Possibly one million dollars' worth of him would be enough. One hundred million dollars' worth of two thousand John D. Rockefellers, generation after generation, leading this nation gently along down through history, is a thought this nation will have to think out.

There are people who would not want God Himself endowed in this way. They would say that if He needed it he would not be a Living God. In the minds of these people, of course, Mr. Rockefeller in his rough simple-minded way is ambitious.

There was a widow once in ——— who lost her baby, born shortly after her husband's death. She was inconsolable, and had the body of the child placed in plaster. She had an image made from the cast, life-size with pink cheeks. Then she tried to make her child live forever in her own parlour. This is the way that the average millionaire thinks or seems to think he can do with his fortune. He cannot stay with us here any longer, and he is sorry for us. So he has a foundation.

It is all naïve and natural enough, but the rest of us and our children's children must be told the truth.

It does not matter who he is.

A man who tries to keep himself intact after he is dead, in a great fortune, is a mummy. He may be a very nice one, but his fortune is merely his own body veneered over. He ought to die decently like other people, many people think, and not try to leave himself around. They did these things better in Pharaoh's time. They used the pyramids for them. The pyramids were safe places. They were not colleges thronged with young people.

. . . . . .

Very rich men have so very little liberty of thought and are so handicapped by what might be called the spiritual economies

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and privations, to which they have seemed to think it was necessary to subject themselves in making their money, that they should be allowed by the public very little liberty of directing the thoughts of the young. All they can do is to make their spiritual privations immortal, and make what they got along without—everybody's.

We do not mind in America having our millionaires around everywhere collecting yesterday's porcelains. What we mind is their idea of collecting yesterday's ideas.

Yesterday's porcelains are not dangerous in America. Yesterday's ideas are.

The last thing we want in this country are foundations placed under Mr. Rockefeller's ideas. What we want is precisely the opposite. Mr. Rockefeller's poor, helpless money piled up in front of this nation, if it wants to live, or if it wants to get live people to take it seriously, needs our ideas more than our ideas need his money.

Our ideas are as seeds and as mighty roots. Money could not create them. All it can do is to manure them. It should not be called, up over the door of 26 Broadway, "Rockefeller Foundation." It should be called "Rockefeller Fertilizer."

Then the nation would be proud of 26 Broadway.

And in the same way, what we want from Mr. Carnegie is not Mr. Carnegie's seed-thoughts, but perfectly quiet and kept-in-the-background, modest, helpful Manure.

. . . . . .

Of course a great foundation is not apt to do wrong actively. The wrong it does, it does negatively and by displacement—by letting the dead without knowing it, silently, grandly and munificently elbow the living out of their lives.

As I have gone by in trains for years, I have always seen the dead and watched the dead up on the hills in New England. Everywhere I go, I see them—the apple orchards and the dead!

I look out of my window in the train, and see a cemetery, and

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I know in a second—a few telegraph poles more—I shall be seeing a nursery or a stonecutter's yard. There seem to be two things that go naturally with fields of dead people. One is monuments and stoneworkers, and the other is young trees and growing flowers, hothouses, fields of seeds and roots and bulbs.

I would like to believe the sign up over 26 Broadway is going to be changed in a few years from now.

But in the meantime the very word Foundation is in itself a self-criticism, an autobiography of what is the matter.

The other day as I went by and looked up at 26 Broadway I thought of a sign that would go one better than Rockefeller Fertilizer. I thought what a great thing it would be for the world if the sign they put up there was "Rockefeller Roots and Bulbs."

. . . . . .

If I were to pick out one precise and unexceptionable model both in its method and in its results of what I think a Foundation ought to do, it would be what the Rockefeller Foundation has done in removing the hookworm in the South.

If the same scientific spirit and honest fearlessness and thoroughness that was employed by the Rockefeller Foundation in dealing with the poor innocent hookworm were to be applied to the economic and social diseases of human beings, I would not be adding or trying to add, as I am in this chapter, to the hardships of being benevolent in this country.

The moment the Rockefeller Foundation does something outright, something relentless with itself, the moment I see it employing some scientific, plain, surgical, ruthless laboratory thinker who will work for the sickness in people's minds and souls with the same ruthlessness and impartiality with which Dr. Carrel is working for the sickness in their intestines, these chapters in which I am trying to front up the will, the conscience and the command of the American people toward men

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who have cornered themselves and cornered us in great wealth will be out of date.

There is a deeper question than cancer John D. Rockefeller's dead money must face. It must face the thousands of idle and luxurious men and women on the avenue and in the parks —and the millions of machine-minded, listless men and women slaving to keep them idle, grinding to keep them luxurious, in mines and shops, and in vast wildernesses of mean streets.

I would like to see John D. Rockefeller spend his money in experiments in making people rather like to live, in keeping in our machine civilization the lives of our boys and girls from being bored—experiments in keeping men and women over forty, as they grind round and round their years without ideals, without expectations, from wishing that they were dead.

The big experiments of the Rockefeller Institute should be experiments like Henry Ford's in factory education.

I would like to think that instead of merely experimenting with white mice—with kidneys of poor dear people who possibly would rather not live—the Rockefeller Foundation will soon retrieve itself by making experiments in making people want to live, in making a few million people in America stop wondering why they were born.

Perhaps, after all, it is not cancers in people the Rockefeller Foundation should look out for next. It is souls. Cancers may be a safe, conservative, unexceptionable and very proper subject to experiment on, of course, in people who are doomed to listlessness and who are going to hell.

But going to hell without a cancer is, when all is said, only a slight improvement. Why not be bolder, and try a few experiments in not going to hell?

. . . . . .

The main road to hell is paved with being bored. All other roads are branch roads or feeders—as compared with being bored.

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V

FOUNDATIONS AND YOUNG MEN

The specific thing that the world is demanding of a great fortune to-day is that it should discover, one after the other, sample things and do sample things that all of the rest of the world will rush to do the moment one sample or one working model has been shown to them. When the Rockefeller Foundation started the hookworm cure, paid for advertising it until other people wanted to advertise it, too, and until the people and the Government took it up, it was doing precisely the type of thing that the world demands that foundations shall do. What a great foundation is for is to take up and try out an idea which thousands of us think is unpractical, prove that it is unpractical so that we can stop wasting our time on it and drop it, or prove that it is practical so that instead of wasting our time in fighting it we can put in our time in carrying it through.

It is precisely the daring, commanding, and original ideas, the not quite safe and not yet quite sterilized ideas—the ideas on which foundations alone could hope to afford to run risks which the American people want the Rockefeller Foundation to take up. The very least we expect of foundations is that they shall make us see new things. If a foundation merely thinks of things and does things that crowds of other people would think of and do if they had the money, it might as well not be a foundation at all.

This particularly applies to having America educated by Mr. Rockefeller and to having such education as we have already and every day want less of, multiplied by Mr. Rockefeller.

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Money that is deaf to people, to the interests of people, of vast classes and tracts of people, when it is being made is inherently deaf to them when it is being spent.

I have tried to state plainly the natural law that money that is deaf when it is being made—money that is born deaf—is always deaf.

It selects deaf people to spend it.

The men who administer the Rockefeller Foundation cannot but be—however blurred and smoothed over—the wrong men, the taggers and not the builders of a civilization. They will be like all superficial or benevolent persons, inferior to the big, creative men in business who are educating people, giving them a chance all day to be themselves. Uncreative millionaires prefer to have uncreative educators. They instinctively pick out men who look as if they had ideas instead of men who are in the act of having them.

The other day in the University of Pennsylvania Scott Nearing—one of the most notable and powerful and stimulating teachers the university has had for years—was dismissed with a week's notice by the trustees because—as everybody testified, his friends and foes alike—he was a teacher who was always being caught in the act of thinking and of making students think. Mr. Scott Nearing was dismissed because the men who were paying out their money to Pennsylvania University with the general idea of making it an educational institution threatened to withdraw their money if it (with men like Scott Nearing to help) kept on becoming one.

I understand that Scott Nearing is a socialist.

I am devoting my entire life to conceiving, expressing, advertising, illustrating and getting dramatized and getting crowded into the business of the country—a substitute for socialism.

I am as anxious to avoid socialism for this country and the world as the Pennsylvania millionaires are.

My difference I would record with them is twofold.

First. I do not see how a university can possibly call itself

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a university unless it has every main point of view on living subjects ably and enthusiastically represented by a professor to its students.

Second. The best way to oppose class-war socialism is to have all young men in this country, especially the young new millionaires, deeply interested and skilfully acquainted with everything that socialists want and with the way they propose to get it.

A university conducted in this spirit of meeting and of not being afraid to meet either the truth or a lie halfway would soon have such a powerful body of alumni scattered through the country, men of such shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, such width of sympathy and such wealth as in the new generation can only go with width of sympathy, that the finances of the university would take care of themselves and that the students and the faculty and the trustees and even the public every time they thought of Pennsylvania University or of sending their sons there would look upon its renown with pride instead of sorrow, and the University would not be as it is to-day placed in a position where it would look as if it were trying not to be any more of an educational institution than could be helped.

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There are a thousand indications in America at the present moment of a new and effectively rebellious spirit among our people and among our professors themselves against the failure that American millionaires have made and are automatically bound to make, in trying to run the education of the American people with the money they have taken out of our pockets.

We are all asking questions and facing facts. We already quite generally see as a people that men who make their money by separating the spirit from the body and by separating their souls from the way they conduct the relations of their daily lives are inherently bound to put forward and make prominent

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in colleges men of comparatively safe and wooden and derived and imitative intellectual life as professors and as presidents.

The people of America of all classes are no longer patient with this state of affairs.

We are not going to take endowments for education seriously in America which are not and which cannot be seen daily and in everybody's eyes any day in the act of educating, stirring up and keeping alive and telling news to the people.

The educational value of the large soggy Foundation Mr. Rockefeller has thrust upon the American people has already quite largely confined itself to the people's showing that they do not want it, or at least that if they have to have it they will only take it when the ideas that made the money and the kind of professors that naturally infest large soggy lumps of money—have been plainly and loudly left out.

We are full of questions that we cannot but keep asking.

Why should we bother with Mr. Rockefeller's ideas and appointments for our education?

In a country like America why should derived men—men who speak in awed whispers of the conventions of academic thought, men who are helplessly respectable, starched up to their souls' eyes in what other people think, men who are cowed by their own Prince Albert coats, men who are slaves to their own silk hats, butlers as long as they live to the monuments they hope to have when they are dead—why should we ask or be expected in America to ask what we want for civilization from these men? Why should I or any man be expected to get these men to see things, run to them, hopefully, eagerly, desperately, as if they were the see-ers of a vast new civilization, the builders of a nation, the experts and masters and engineers of touching the imagination of a people, and framing the design and laying the foundations of a world?

We deny their right. Let the money go back to the men who have the ideas—the creative eagerness and power. Let it be scattered in the streets, put in the pockets of consumers,

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left on the doorsteps of old employees. . . . It would do less harm.

I am not without recognition of a certain value—as an anodyne in a nation—of anæmic respectability. But it must be kept poor. Its hands must be kept off the education of the young. All millionaires who endow intellectual anæmia—who help it to be impressive, who help it to keep up appearances, to mock our poor patient people with great pillars and cold hearts, with domes and nobodies—are enemies of the nation. They are making our great universities year by year, in spite of the new gusty youths that are fed to them, conventional—remote from life, from all intellectual passion, cloisters of a grave, mumbling nothingness—emasculated men-nunneries. While the universities of Europe are recognized everywhere as hot-beds of new thought, even as the strongholds of revolution and the centres of the idealsof the people,we are having spenton us inAmerica fabulous sums for supplying five hundred thousand boys with rubber-stamp education, rubber-stamp morals, and with a religion—well . . . they come out at the end mostly (if with any religion at all) with a pale, ladylike religion of intellectual propriety, all their dear little minds made up for them and laid carefully out for them like spiritual flower-beds.

And this is being done by seven thousand armoured millionaires and by the kind of men in their universities—in the huge personality-vacuums they dominate—they can bully, beg, or hire to help them. And even at their best, if they do what they try to do, they will make American culture look (as seen from Europe) one vast, interminable human prairie of Nicholas Murray Butlers.

Anyone can find out how this is for himself. All he has to do is to ask any Frenchman or Englishman or German or Russian who comes over here how it affects him to stand before American Culture and gaze pensively at our vast prairie reaching away—of Nicholas Murray Butlers.

In the nations of the older world which seem so effete to Pitts-

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burgh, to Bridgeport Connecticut, and to Grand Rapids Michigan, or to the millionaires of Cleveland and New York—one is always seeing in the great universities, grave safe Governments walking about softly with a big club and listening and eavesdropping for new ideas.

If I could imagine our Government in Washington getting suspicious, coming up to Columbia, or hanging about the Yale Campus, or slinking around the Harvard Yard, for new ideas, to pounce on them and then to crush them out, and to hurry any boys away to jail who had been seen with a new idea, it would cheer my heart.

And I do not think that I can be fairly set one side by my older readers in saying this—as a revolutionist. Every new idea in which I am interested or ever have been will be found on examination to be mortised on to an old one as tight as an oak tree to its roots.

It is not as a revolutionist that I am speaking as I do about our seven thousand armoured millionaires and the intellectually soft, effeminate, serene colleges they keep arranging for.

I am speaking as a fellow human being, as a fellow citizen of America, and as a millionaire myself—as a man with several million dollars' worth of ideas—other people's as well as mine, for which I am acting as advertising agent in American life.

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VI

ON BUTTING IN AFTER ONE IS DEAD

I have merely desired in these last chapters to suggest in a shrewd civilization like ours the hardships of being benevolent. If possible I have hoped in a small way to make the hardships of being benevolent harder in America from now on than they have been before.

I have not written these chapters for the express benefit of Mr. Rockefeller or even to say that in his day and generation there should not have been one. I have merely wished to help make provision for there not being another.

We have learned that a fortune that does not say We with people, that does not educate all its employees and the public in peace while it is being made, is going to make very poor or dangerous work of saying We with people when it is being spent for them, or, as in the case of Mr. Rockefeller, spent at them.

Men who have been essentially uncreative toward society in making their money are bound to pick out men who are uncreative toward society to spend it, who only think of superficial and imitative things. We have come to find that endowments, except by making almost violent or contradictory provision for their expenditure, are sterile. They are as barren women. Their children must be borne for them.

In a new country and in a democracy like ours full of gusto and full of the love and expectation of freedom and of self-expression, expressing dead people or having dead people all about us hiring our attention and expressing themselves to us does not appeal to us as a substitute for expressing ourselves.

In the next fifty years the only possible power or prestige any rich man in America is going to be able to get will be through the

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people he makes his money with and makes his money out of and what they say about him.

We are no longer content to take back in a great lazy lump from a man at the end of his life the too-much money he did not know enough not to make, or that he could not see any way of sharing with us or of letting us keep while he was alive.

We all know in America how to know a man now. We know we never know a man, John D. Rockefeller or any other, until we have narrowed him down to the way he makes his money.

We know that a man's courage, faith, his true sense of values in things and in men—everything important one may care to learn about him—his foresight, patience, originality—are all best and most precisely known by the men who have business dealings with him. His very ledgers, his expense day-book taken out of his pocket and filled in a little between the lines, would make a better autobiography of almost any man in America, of his characteristic failings, sacrifices, nobilities, than anything he could ever hope to write.

While they might not say so in so many words, the real reason many sterling men in America despise parlours and teas, is that they have found that buying and selling with a man has more revelation in it, gives more real spiritual communion with him —with his real soul—than almost anything else. They have learned a dollar cuts deeper than a teacup or a smile.

Most of us have had it proved to us that all the faults a man has in making his money, multiply a hundredfold in spending it.

A man who expresses his worst self in making his money has no chance to express a better self in a foundation. As a man always expresses his real self in the way he makes his money, he has already expressed himself, and he will have to let it stand at that. Any little good he may squirm in afterward with a foundation is to express other people.

The only way to express these other people with one's money is to give it to them outright, without a condition and without any advice, and let them express themselves with it themselves.

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VII

ON BEING A FATHER FOREVER

I am not sorting out good and bad people and casting especial blame on Mr. Rockefeller any more than I have on Mr. Carnegie.

I am dealing with Mr. Rockefeller's career as a part of the geology of business. He is a part of the phenomena of his period. I am merely pointing out that for the purposes of our present period, we must all of us, young and old, rich and poor—look upon Mr. Rockefeller thoughtfully as an Ichthyosaurus. He should be mounted as an Ichthyosaurus and studied by the people in our Social Museum. As long as he keeps this humble position, I wish to give him due credit as a part of the world's necessary experience in seeing its way, in ethicalizing and socializing the every-day life of our people, but the moment he gets down and begins running around and running the lives of the rest of us, building his skeleton into our civilization instead of letting us grow ours, I am compelled to cut down through conventions and appearances and try to speak out as well as I may the new heart, the new conscience and the new hope of my people.

The trust—or coöperation machine—was a great splendid discovery even in its rudimentary form of merely inventing cooperation between manufacturers and leaving the employees and the people out. It is credit enough to Mr. Rockefeller to have invented this.

It is not the Mr. Rockefeller of the past but the Mr. Rockefeller of the future I am obliged to look upon with critical regard.

The first moment I see him climbing back on to his frame (like that huge seventy-foot, thousand-legged, splendid Giganteous

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Diplodicus in the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh) I will be seen going by with all the populace and looking up to him and doing homage to him. But to have such a thing perfectly free and rushing around loose in America, bumping into and bowling over our young new millionaires, arouses in me—as anyone can see—feelings too deep for words.

Mr. Rockefeller himself (who once grant him his point of view has always had a kind of courage and bigness in carrying things through) has better hopes for the young new millionaire or for his own son than that he should be a mere replica of himself. He will be sorry not to let the young new millionaires of to-day be as new in their generation as for a little while Mr. Rockefeller was in his. And to the young millionaire to-day being a new millionaire is already seen to mean seeing through one's self, seeing that men who separate the spirit from the body in making their money cannot but separate the spirit from the body in spending it. Every dollar they spend splits and spreads apart and leaves helpless and weak—our civilization.

As the trust was a great invention, and as Mr. Rockefeller did not finish it, we are now finishing it for him, and he must leave us alone or hand his money over to us, blank, stringless and as little like him as possible, and let us express with his money our difference with him—our improvements and repairs and new spiritual and moral and social patents on his own valuable but stupendously unfinished, original business machine.

Only a world can finish such a big idea as Rockefeller's, anyway. Why should he not, without conditions, hand it over to us and let us do it? One Rockefeller was enough for Rockefeller's money. It needs other people. It needs especially people who will take back or supplement with Mr. Rockefeller's money, Mr. Rockefeller's ideas.

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The typical millionaire is not content with making a career for himself. Unless he stops to think, and has times of being a phi-

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losopher as well as an artist and man of action, he is a little apt to treat the members of his family as especially distinguished and elegant domestic animals. He wants to pick out careers for them.

He overlooks that it is the very core of a career to be picked out by the man who has to have it; and in the same way he is not content to take the important but modest and confined position of being the father of his children. He has a tendency to regard a family as a kind of highly spiritualized stock-farm.

He seeks to control not only the ideas and ideals but affections and mating.

He cannot keep from meddling. He cannot learn to step back and just be the grandfather of his grandchildren. He wants to be father and grandfather both. He likes the glory and power, the privileges and immunities of both positions.

The typical American in distinction from the typical American millionaire feels that no father has a right to found more than one family. He feels that a father who tries to found his son's family is a public nuisance. He feels that if there is anything a true father ought to be proud of in a country like America it is a son who before his eyes and against his will hacks out a career for himself. Speaking generally in America if any wise shrewd father wanted to pick out of his five sons the best one to give the bulk of his fortune to, he would pick out the son who was most independent of him. A son with even wilful vision of his own would seem more promising to him than one who had no vision of his own at all.

This is a fact that Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller in seeking to perpetuate themselves in their money have overlooked. The present wholesale attempt on the part of two old men to grasp the lives of the unborn and live in them has become a national issue. It is an attempt to shove future generations one side, and it can only be dealt with by getting the two old men to see what it is they are really doing. If it is too late for them, it is not too late for others. We are soon going to see

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and see gladly that what men with special power are for is to perpetuate others and not themselves. Their money is to go forth rejoicing in the wills and ideals of others. Their money in other men will be what they were not and be what they would like to have been (if they had thought) and see what they had not seen, and fill out their lives for generations when they are dead.

It will soon be taken as an axiom for wealth, for every foundation, that this is the specific thing it is for. A man's fortune shall return like the body of the man to that from which it came —it shall be scattered abroad to replenish the earth.

John D. Rockefeller's fortune, precisely like his body, must be allowed a decent interment.

Or to change the figure, all that a great fortune is for after a flourishing career (like any self-respecting vegetable) is to go to seed. Any asparagus bed, if Mr. Rockefeller would stand still over it and wonder about it a little while and look at it thoughtfully, would tell him what to do with his money.

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VIII

MR. ROCKEFELLER, THE PEOPLE AND NATIONAL DEFENCE

A list of Mr. Rockefeller's religious, sociological, industrial antagonisms should be made out—a complete set of the convictions of other people which Mr. Rockefeller did not understand. Each item on the list of Mr. Rockefeller's failures to understand should be checked off one by one and supplied in turn with an appropriation to get other people to understand them. The only way Mr. Rockefeller's money can save itself now—can keep from turning turtle after he is dead and from lying heavy, helpless, and flat on its back on top of the world and generally getting in everybody's way and littering up history with Mr. Rockefeller's mind—is to arrange categorically to have it spent in ways of which Mr. Rockefeller would not approve.

This principle holds good, no matter what the founder of a foundation is like.

A fortune in any form is a vast concentration, a huge assault of one man's will upon the will of the world. When he dies, this man is to be regarded by America finally and conclusively as having had his turn.

The idea that after he has been in hell three hundred years, or luxuriating around in heaven for three hundred years, he should still be allowed in a disguised, anonymous way to be running things here—is an idea which the world is about to dismiss forever.

. . . . . .

I am not in sympathy with Mr. Walsh's bloodhound pursuit of the Rockefeller fortune, nor am I in sympathy as a rule with

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the endeavour of the State to legislate from the outside millionaires or any other people into being good. All that is necessary is to put one or two millionaires in show windows, have people all about them looking through and through them, and they will be good as a matter of course.

Using force with millionaires works no better than with other men or nations. Millions of people all talking, shoving and threatening, throwing about bricks and legislatures, wildly and in the dark, will not have as much power with a millionaire as one man nobody notices over in a corner, groping around with his hand, who manages to find a switch and give it one little click. The minute a millionaire as a type finds himself standing out in a glare of having everybody see through him, he changes inside of his own accord.

The way to control every man's life for a world—is not to let anybody live in the dark.

It is all a matter of engineering attention, of attracting and holding and arranging in a world a proper pattern of attention.

This is why I have hoped it might help a bit for the next fifty years to keep our millionaires exposed to this book—everybody taking the book any time they needed to, sighting a millionaire with it, and turning it on him.

If there is enough light turned on we will not need force, and very little penal legislation, I think, for the millionaire. We will say We with him and he will say We with us.

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IX

MR. ROCKEFELLER AND THIS BOOK

All war is based on deafness, and the only possible campaign for peace is to begin by getting the attention of deaf people at home who disregard the rights of others.

I am trying to get the attention of this country to peace.

This country is practically composed of workmen.

I am saying to workmen that the way to get things is by saying We.

The workmen—millions of them—think I am visionary. They point to their employers and the way their employers get things.

They say their employers only get things out of labour by fighting their labour, and that labour can only get the attention of capital by fighting capital.

So the millionaires have locked the workmen away from me.

They believe the millionaires instead of believing me.

The employers are a huge advertisement for war.

In the same way that capital with its armoured millionaires has locked millions of workmen away from me and is putting up a huge advertisement for war by getting things by lockouts, labour is advertising war, too, and has locked away capitalists from me.

The strike is the great standard standing-advertisement for war.

And it is a very good honest advertisement, too, plausible and difficult to disprove.

Fighting works both ways.

As long as the best way to get the attention of employers to workmen's interests is to threaten them or to hurt them or to

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drive them out of business, and as long as millions of men are able to say that every new value, every new liberty, that has come to labour has come at first from fighting the employers, the people in the nation will have daily the war habit of mind with one another and the nation will have wars with other nations. As long as the rank and file of employers can plausibly maintain that the only way they can get and hold the attention of labour is by the lockout or threat of a lockout, as long as the mass of labouring men believe that the only way to get the attention of an employer to the interests of labour is by the strike or threat of a strike, nations will have to have armies and navies to get each other's attention to their interests and their ideas and their culture and to be safe on the planet.

. . . . . .

Who are the men whose attention if it were got and got most practically without the use of force and by the use of peace, would advertise peace the most to the most people the most hours every day, and the most days every year, and keep peace advertised and before people the most years of their lives?

They are the big employers or millionaire employers.

People notice them. If their attention is got by peace, they know it and all the people believe it, nine hours a day while they work.

The best place—what almost might be called the official place for advertising peace to everybody to-day, is thus occupied by our modern millionaires or big employers. America can be best defended, and without a cent spent on guns or on soldiers, by her seven thousand millionaires.

They are in a position to so advertise peace to our people that nothing can make the people fight, and that there will be nothing about the people that could make anybody think of fighting them.

All they have to do to advertise peace in this way and protect the nation in this way is to be unarmoured millionaires.

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The first day the people of this country see that the country is full of rich men and poor men who are getting things by peace and by saying We—full of people who have a national habit of saying We—the country will be safe.

In the meantime, with seven thousand armoured millionaires fighting one half the people in a country, however much the country may talk about being peaceful and about getting things by peace, nobody will believe it and it will have to have a big army and navy to protect itself.

Rockefeller and America's seven thousand armoured millionaires may be looked upon to-day as America's huge "Want Ad" placarded across the world by the people of America. "*Wanted: More Henry Fords.*" We the American people are going to shift for ourselves and get out from under our seven thousand armoured millionaires, and by advertising what we want and what we are, we can do it.

The first thing a foundation does to the men who are founding it and the men it is founded for seems to be to take them all up on a huge derrick or hoist. It lifts them up calmly in large stupid bulks or steam shovels of people and sets them soul and body off on one side in a safe empty place on the world where nothing can be made to happen to them and where all they can do is to try in a vague sleepy way to keep things from happening to other people.

The reason I have devoted so much space to the inherent failings of foundations is that I want to clear the way for the next section of this book—the Art of Making Things Happen.

The Art of Making Things Happen depends on getting people's attention. The effect of foundations on people who run them is to put them where nobody can get their attention. The effect of foundations on the people they are run for is to put people where nobody can get their attention and where they do not want their attention got.

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ACT II

THE ART OF MAKING THINGS HAPPEN
ADVERTISING A NATION
DRAMATIZING BUSINESS
THE SCIENCE OF BEING BELIEVED
AMERICA AND THE WORLD
AMERICA, GERMANY AND THE WORLD

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LOOK I

THE ART OF MAKING THINGS HAPPEN

I

WHY THEY DON'T

THE first thing I do sometimes when I arrive in New York is to step into a booth at the Grand Central Station and call up Plaza 6107.

Plaza 6107, after my name has been properly filtered through two or three secretaries and things, speaks up sweetly, even promptly and gratefully, as if all the time in the world were at my disposal—as if I were a golf course, or as if I were a running brook or a mountain with the sun shining on it, or a yacht. I respond as well as I can of course (like all of these) and say where I dropped from. Then Plaza 6107 says to me suddenly and imperiously, and as if he thought I were fading dreamily away from the end of the wire and would all dissolve in a mist in a minute, "*Say, Lee! Look! Listen!*"

There is not much to look at really. There are just those eleven little black holes in the transmitter, or there is the shelf in the corner of the booth, or I look at him with my mind's eye —at Plaza Number 6107—sitting there as I had often seen him at his desk, whaling away with his voice on those innocent little eleven black holes and making somebody two miles away or two hundred miles away do what he wants them to. *Say, Lee! Look! Listen!* Then he asks me what I can do and we make our appointment and hang up.

I often think of it after it is all over. Why does he say: *Lee!*

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Look! Listen!—aim a gun in that way at my attention, knock with one stentorian tone the whole United States off the wire and all New York, and command me to breathe, think, feel, act, and speak for thirty seconds as if there were nothing or could be nothing anywhere or ever in this world except that wire and Us—Him and Me—a kind of tunnel through New York of Him and Me—he at one end and I at the other.

Well, whatever the reason may be it is just like him. If I or any of his friends or any of the people he does business with were to look round for three particular, graceful, fitting words that would make a nice, quiet, dignified, complete autobiography of him—Plaza 6107, three words that all who knew him would look at lovingly and gratefully on his tombstone as summing up his life, as his last will and testament to this heedless world, the words that would be carved there in large, beautiful letters after his name and after when he was born and when he died, would be —through all that silent cemetery, "*Say! Look! Listen!*"

The other day as I went by Greenwood I looked at those dignified flocks of dead people up the hill beckoning to all those other crowds of people behind the windows in the trains all day and all night with their stony white fingers. I thought suddenly of Plaza 6107 and of how he and his autobiography in a kind of grim marble glory on that soft green slope up there would look, and how they would live on and on, saying to all New Rochelle, Bridgeport and New Haven and Boston flocking by, by day, by night: "*Say! Look! Listen!*"

Then it occurred to me that there would not really need to be anything peculiar or exclusive about it—about Plaza Number 6107's autobiography on his tombstone. It is what any truthful tombstone to-day would have to say about anybody.

It is a typical American life. Any man in America who does anything or gets anything done by anybody else in this magnificently heedless, massively absentminded century, could have his life summed up in these same beautiful, wistful, plaintive words.

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II

HOW THEY MIGHT

Bouck White, a little while ago, when he was going up the Avenue and saw some perfectly good attention in a church he was going by, which belonged to somebody else and which he thought was being wasted, strode swiftly into the church and stole it. He stole a whole audience-worth of attention in broad daylight in the busiest part of the day right in the middle of New York.

He was arrested and sent to jail for it for six months.

Attention right in the middle of New York which somebody has accumulated for years and got a lien on is worth many thousands of dollars a minute. Bouck White saw this attention as he was going by and wanted it for socialism. It was lying comparatively idle, it seemed to him, and not being used as vigorously or economically as he would use it, and he went in and stole it. The next morning all the newspapers in America—after he had stolen several thousand dollars' worth of the best and most powerful attention to be had anywhere—piled in and presented him handsomely and with their compliments, from Boston to San Francisco, with several hundred thousand dollars' worth more.

Bouck White ought not to have stolen it, of course, and he took what he could never have earned, and he ought to have seen that it would not work to steal it, that it would only identify socialism quite unnecessarily with stolen goods, and of course while the whole raid turned out wrong for socialism and for Bouck White, the initial estimate that Bouck White made—that if he was going to do anything for socialism he would have to hustle

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about and get some attention to do it with—was shrewd and right.

Every intelligent and effective man in our modern life who is trying to do things is making a study of ways of breaking into banks or churches of attention and of breaking in in some way that all these people who are taking care of their precious souls in them will forgive him for and be glad for afterward.

Anybody can break in and be turned out. What we are studying on, many of us, is how to break in and be asked to stay.

Every enterprise stands or falls on its having or gathering around it to-day men who have a kind of genius of making people look and like to look—men who make looking catching.

Everything civilization wants to have happen to-day turns on getting the attention of people who will attend to it and make it happen.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* fences off one million women and says, "These are ours. You cannot get at them except you ask us. What do you want to say to them?" The *Saturday Evening Post* skims off two million men from the top of the country and says: "These are ours. You cannot get at them except you ask us. What do you want to say to them?" Mr. Robert Collier takes a few hundred thousand more. Mr. Hearst has huge cities listening. They also say, "These people are ours."

Authors come and look over at them wistfully. "If you say what we want in just the way we want it said," they are told, "you may be paid ten cents a word."

Very few authors slip away sadly. They elbow in and say anything.

Every author, like every business man, soon comes to see how it is. There is just so much territory of attention, or area of possible listening, in this country in a year, and the publishers and editors stake it off between themselves. Each has his own corner plot of the spiritual real estate of the United States. It is the most profoundly real real estate there is.

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I have been trying to get a few feet of it for seventeen years—room for a fruit-stall in the street of the world, or a booth to sell thoughts or seeds in—room in the public thought or public attention for—what shall I call it? my cucumber frame of ideas, my experiment station, or what you will—my brooder or incubator of ideas—to make a civilization out of.

The fact is that practically all the really agreeable ways of attracting people's attention to what is important to them are apt to get used up. One finds that they have made all their attention arrangements themselves and have planned just what they propose to have their attention attracted to—and why—and who—and how long every day of the week from 7 A. M. to 11:30 at night.

The specific thing they want of you and, in fact, of nearly everybody, is to leave their attention alone.

Everybody is talking at once. Everybody is engaged in a unanimous uplift of not listening to anybody else all together. The most complete and successful team-work that is being done and done by all classes together is this stupendous and matchless feat of the twentieth century—of not letting anybody be heard.

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III

CONFESSIONS OF A MERELY LITERARY MAN

On a big iron gate, as I was just entering the Yale Campus yesterday, I saw this sign. I stopped and read it:

> All Peddlers, Second-hand Clothing Dealers, Book Agents, Solicitors for any kind of business, Newsboys, Bootblacks and all persons other than welcome visitors are hereby prohibited from entering these premises under the penalty of the law.

"That means me," I said to myself.

But I walked on. Nobody would know it meant me. People go by clothes mostly, and I slid through and wandered around under the elms and gazed at the statue of Nathan Hale, and read in the library, and sat on The Fence, and generally did as I liked. (To be accurate I did not strictly sit on The Fence. That would have been getting too much for nothing, considering who I was and knew I merely was, but I leaned against it respectfully.)

In the library, as I was slipping about feeling a little guilty, of course, but comfortable and safe and anonymous, with all that intellectual grandeur around me, one of the librarians called me by name and asked if he could do anything for me.

I got away in a minute. It made me vaguely unhappy. He wouldn't have wanted me there after all—not if he knew, I thought. In his heart of hearts he would side, if he knew, with that big sign on the gate.

All Peddlers, Second-hand Clothing Dealers, Newsboys, Book Agents. . . .

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I thought of it as I came back through the big gate. "That sign means *you!*" I said to myself. You know it. Yale College does not want a man like you, an unaccounted for, unclassified person, a kind of slicked-up outlaw or spiritual cowboy—a man with nobody back of him and without a license—just toting his own little ideas around—on the premises.

I did not like to admit this about Yale College, or, rather, about me, whichever it is. But I'm afraid it is necessary.

Take any man to-day who is trying to interpret or get before people what is new in his time and put him in the middle of the Yale Campus and let him try with his new little idea under his arm to ring one door-bell after the other on those great proud front doors of All Knowledge on the Yale Campus, and he would be taken for a book agent. Jim Donnelly would shoo him off.

The question I would put to the reader to-day is this: How should a man who is by temperament an interrupter, and who has to be and expects to be shooed, feel and act while he is being shooed? In other words, what is a good, practical, wearing philosophy for a book agent? We are all of us book agents in a way, those of us who are interested in ideas and in the world and in getting our ideas slid in. People are always taking us for book agents and shooing us. What would be a good philosophy for us, to have before, during and after being shooed?

Here is mine. I put down these rules for myself or for anybody for what they are worth.

But before I go on to the rules, I want to record the main philosophic principle I placed before myself for the rules to start from. My advice to myself is like this:

"Stop bothering about being a book agent and face the music," I say to myself plainly. "I am a book agent. It's all I ever was or ever will be. All I hope to be is a good one before I die. My business is peddling ideas that people know they do not want. I am spending and propose to spend my life in interrupting people, in breaking in with what good manners I have, or bad manners people may think I have, upon all institution-

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alized, comfortable people—people who have locked up the great bronze front doors of their important thoughts, pulled down the curtains, and who are sitting by the fire in the slippers of their minds. I might as well face the fact and get on with it as well as I can. Toward the life around me, toward the big severe forbidding front door of my century I am a book agent at heart. And except that I do not propose (by anybody with an apron or a degree on) to be sent around to the back door, I have a book agent's soul. I pull the bell! I hear it ringing through the halls without fear and with deep joy! Let them come on!" I say.

Then door after door.

Elijah was a book agent.

. . . . . .

Getting people to want ideas they do not want is like any other kind of salesmanship. All successful business, even all really successful religion, consists in interrupting people. As it is a matter of interest to nearly everybody—every fellow human being from a bootblack to a prophet—I have thought I would name two or three practical aids in the art of interrupting.

(I would not want anybody to lay my book down just here at the end of this paragraph. It will be appreciated if the reader will not interrupt me until he has let me interrupt him for about twenty lines more to say what I think an interruption is.)

The kind of interrupting in which I believe, and that I am writing about in this book, must conform to the following three rules:

First. The thing that has to be got right first in an interruption is its soul or spirit. The soul of an interruption is the way one feels toward people while one is interrupting them. One must wait before interrupting until one gets this feeling right. It should run as a kind of humming accompaniment or obligato underneath one's words while one is doing it. *These people I am interrupting want to be interrupted. They merely don't know it and haven't mentioned it.*

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This is what may be called the soul of an interruption. An interruption that is without this feeling has not a soul, and all the bad things we think about it and say to it and throw after it, are good for it.

This is why many strikes have failed. The strikes with souls go through. This is why Christianity has never been tried. Christians have not interrupted in a Christian spirit.

Second. One has to believe in interrupting to know how to do it. It is a kind of religion. Every new value in this world is an interruption. To believe in interruption is to believe in the law of life.

A young onion coming up in a field is an interruption.

A new baby is an interruption.

Third. One must take shooing and waiting as a matter of course. If it were not for the shooing, interrupting would not be an art, and if it were not for the waiting it would not be a religion. One must keep sensitive. Like any other salesman one must always hope one is not going to be shooed and never be surprised if one is. When one gets one's reward, one can enjoy it, and when one does not, one can enjoy thinking how one is going to enjoy it. One would like, for instance, to be let in with honours on the Yale Campus. I could not help thinking of this sadly as I walked slowly out at last past the great gate and past the book-agent sign the other day, on the Yale College Campus. The only way I could ever be got in on the Yale Campus would be as a Statue.

A statue of a man who once had an idea is always in good form.

Churches and colleges run to statues of men who have interrupted them. Bronze radicals and revolutionists in granite are much sought after and are seen everywhere in great glory in all the citadels and cathedrals of the Smooth and the Finished and in the most massive fortresses of the unchangeable. Westminster Abbey has mobs of men who have interrupted it, men who have even said Pooh! to it, standing around on the

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floor everywhere about the place perfectly at ease and in natural, graceful attitudes as if they had been born and brought up there. The Art of Getting Attention may be an uncomfortable art, but it is reassuring to consider that it is already being recognized. All life already reeks with faith in it.

. . . . . .

Attention is the drive-wheel of the world and of everything that goes in it. The department store originated in the fact that someone discovered that attention was valuable like money and should be saved.

A store, for instance, which already has attention for dress goods can very easily give the attention it already has a neat little turn to shoes, and it does not have to go out into the street and work up an entirely fresh piece from the ground up. The Mail-Order House originated in the idea that attention in a catalogue when one was looking it through, was catching and full of cross-fertilization from one column to another. Human attention is not in columns or departments. Once get it and it is easier to make it slide over from poppies to pianos and baby carriages than it would be to get it again. The Mail-Order House has come into its own because it thought of this.

The Trust originated apparently in the same way. It was an attention syndicate. The trusts say: "We have all these millions of people listening to us on kerosene and on lighting their houses. We might as well, when we have them in our hands like this, make soap and wash their hands for them, brush their teeth for them, polish their shoes, comb their hair and lubricate and soothe and smooth away their meals." The Standard Oil was America's first great Attention Trust. Others have followed.

Attention is getting to be a kind of radium. Anybody who can get some immediately is rich or so powerful he would not bother with riches. Once let a man get attention and there is

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no stopping him or stopping the good or harm he can do to a world with a look or a nod or a whisper or by keeping silent.

But the difficulties increase with the value.

It is getting to be pathetically to the point—what Antony said to the Romans when he wanted to get their attention. He said he wished they would lend him their ears. This is just what he would say now. If there were some way of having people's ears adjustably made—some way of taking a man's ears off quietly, holding them firmly but kindly in one's hand, and in this way making a sure thing of talking into them, there is not a great work in the world from the coming of the kingdom of God to picking up papers in the streets that would not be attended to this week and promptly finished up.

The reason that things do not get done is that people are so independent with their ears.

This is not a vague philosophy or a graceful little subject for an essay or an idle minute. There is an art or science of getting people's attention and of making people look. And it is an intimate, personal, pressing question with every one of us how we can do it. Our civilization to-day in America, our religion, our happiness, and the very bread in our mouths, turn upon making certain people look.

We cannot express ourselves. What are the words and actions that will?

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IV

ADVERTISING A CIVILIZATION AS A RELIGION

The spiritual secret of civilization is advertising. A civilization is a state of human society in which men make things happen to them that they want.

The art of making things happen is the art of seeing and picking out the events one wants to happen—and then advertising and picturing them to people until they do. This seems to be the way that civilization in the modern sense began. Christ picked out a certain order and kind of events for the next four thousand years and picked out the men that could call attention to them and make them happen.

If the most characteristic trait of Jesus of Nazareth was his simple and astounding faith in what could be done with attention, his most stupendous achievement was that He really succeeded in arresting the attention of twelve men to His own consciousness or interpretation of things—and in a certain sense to Himself—until He had made His own soul—what His own soul wanted and did not want in life, one of the great confidences, one of the memories and hopes of a world. He made Himself the prayer and the song of the nations through his power to attract the attention of twelve men, but He had to die to get these twelve men's really profound or eternal attention.

He so far believed that the attention of these twelve men could be attracted and was worth attracting that he was willing to die to do it. He so far believed in the doctrine of attention and in the result that was sure to come from it that he risked everything that he had upon his belief that if he could get the attention of those twelve men, they would attract the atten-

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tion of all of us. He saw that his reading of the earth and the heavens and of the human heart should cover the earth. It was the most stupendous risk of a great enterprise and the most stupendous act of faith that has ever been, this turning by one man as upon a pivot thousands of years of history upon twelve men's attention. The whole career of Jesus was devoted to what looked like impossibilities of attention, to a belief in persuasion, to a belief that if the attention of men could once be really and permanently attracted, if men could once be made to see, to look deeply upon what was good, no one could keep them from doing it.

The most characteristic, original and compelling fact in our modern life, the one that we are all born to live with and grapple with and interpret, it has seemed to me, is Machinery.

The other three characteristic revolutionary facts of modern life are the ones that come out of the Machines: Millionaires, Democracy, and Publicity.

I have wanted to write a book in which I would try to show that machinery is or must be made to be a great modern religion and an art, that wealth (which comes out of machinery) is also a religion and an art, and democracy is a religion and an art, and now I would be glad to show that the third big modern child of the Machine—publicity, the art of persuading crowds, of fertilizing and organizing what people see, and creating the visions as to what they shall be and what they shall have, is destined to be a great art also. If we determine what shall possess the imaginations of the people, we steer the energies of the world. The art of attention, of organizing, of massing, of composing the picture of every man's thoughts, is the most colossal, the most immediate, the most determining art form of modern times.

The men in this modern world who can get the attention of other men, especially the men who can get the attention that lies inside, who can put their fingers intimately upon the centre, upon the mainspring of the man—not merely upon his atten-

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tion but upon the motor nerve of his attention so that he will act—these men shall be the designers and the builders of the world. Through their power of organizing and fertilizing and multiplying attention they shall lift up their visions before the lives of men, and through the machines, and through the millionaires, and through the crowds they shall spawn their wills upon the earth.

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V

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN "AD"

The same controlling principle will be found to apply to all of us—to any man who in a small way or a large way wants to make things happen.

The art of making things happen seems to be first the art of having an idea or event-vision.

Then it is the art of getting ourselves so that we can express the idea.

Then it is the art of getting other people to express it.

One stumbles along. Gradually one discovers certain principles and tries to apply them. I can only speak for myself, but when I began in dead earnest to try to get other people in their various ways to express my ideas with me, I found that the only way to get other people to express my ideas was to try to see if I could express theirs. They would not listen to mine until I showed that I understood theirs. And they would not notice that I understood theirs until they saw I had been of some real service to them and had really expressed them for them. As a matter of fact, they would not probably listen to my ideas at all until they found I could express their ideas for them a little better and more usefully than they could.

Then I noticed that most of the men in this country are business men and have business methods and habits of thought.

I noticed that as a class business men were not much given to expressing their ideas in words.

I observed that as a result of this there had risen up rather suddenly a large new class of men in America, a whole great

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new profession of men who were devoting their entire lives to the art of expressing business men's ideas for them.

These men were called advertising men.

I became curious about advertising men. I began reading their works.

. . . . . .

Truth seems to prefer to come sideways, to take a peek at one in strange, out-of-the-way places.

People have a theory that advertising is not to be taken very seriously, but if the best advertisement in *Collier's Weekly* for the year 1915 could write itself up and tell the story of its young life, or, rather, the innumerable little personal adventures it had in the minds of ninety million people, as it went out through the nation—if it could tell how it got a grip on the man who wrote and made him write it, and if it could tell how it got a grip on the rest of us when we read it, or why it did, or how it did not and why; if it could tell what it got out of our pockets during 1915 or what it made up our minds to allow it to take out in 1916—I do not believe there would be a business man or a salesman in the United States who would not be deeply and personally interested in the story. Or any other man. Everything we are all doing or trying to do turns on what would be in the autobiography of a good advertisement if it could speak up.

Everything all authors are trying to do—all poets, prophets, painters and singers, dreaming for the world—turns on what people would learn from one full, colossal autobiography of one national advertisement that could write itself up.

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VI

WHAT READING ADVERTISEMENTS IS LIKE

I did not take the advertisements in the big magazines seriously, all at once. I fell into the way of reading them as most people do, perhaps, for awhile, in a kind of half-superior way. It struck me as being amusing. Reading the advertising department of a great magazine is a little like strolling up and down the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago Fair. You just go on and on. Nobody is saying anything of course, out loud. Just all these firms waving their arms, flourishing a little, and attracting attention to their gates.

I soon found that I was beginning to read advertisements a little more gravely. I cut in a little deeper with my attention—did not look at them quite so often just as one more idle fellow human being going by. I did not realize it at the time, but slowly I began to look up at it, at this great national broadside of bargains all these dear anxious people were offering me, in a kind of national way. Perhaps it all meant something—something about us, and about our people, and our nation, and about what we really care for, and what we are really like, and what we might be coming to.

I grew still more serious. I began going into the advertising department of a great magazine and sitting down all alone like an audience and watching it, profoundly and strangely absorbed—this vast, immeasurable pantomime of business—this silent tussle of the trusts to feed the people, to build their houses for them, to put out chairs for them to sit in, mattresses for them to sleep on, telling them what to read and what to play and how to work and how to be good and happy

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It does not seem always like a mere pantomime to me now, but it did then, and at first.

About this time I had occasion to look over a file of old newspapers with the general idea of seeing what people in Boston seventy years ago were like. I discovered that while Boston did her best and bravest in her editorials in that day, and in her literary articles, and struggled together as many interesting things that had happened to people as she could get, and put them carefully in the news columns, the news or the things that happened to them told what the people were like, only a very little, and the articles, the things that they thought about the news, hardly told what they were like at all; but there was hardly anything about them that could not be found out by reading the advertisements of those old Boston people: their motives and likes and dislikes and points of view, the inner history, the dramatic truth—the truth as they were acting it out—the naked life were all in the advertising columns.

And I noticed, too, that when I was reading the news I skipped some very important things (of course news had to be important to get into Boston papers), and through all their learned ideas and their ideas about their ideas and all their Boston State of Mind I skipped.

If I had been asked beforehand, I would have said that their advertisements would do to read probably, and would be interesting, but I would not have believed that I would find as I looked over paper after paper that the live, lovable, human better souls of those old Bostonians—their spirits, their hope and joy, and their religion and their art, would best be looked up by going vulgarly, as one might say, up and down those columns like streets of their buying and selling, and seeing how they spent their money or how somebody hoped that they would—and why they hoped that they would.

But this is the way it was. And then I began reading our own advertisements still more seriously. The next time I took up

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McClure's and *Everybody's*, I turned (begging them a thousand pardons) and read their advertising pages first.

I am more interested in the people as a whole, in the United States, than I am in the authors who write in *McClure's* and *Everybody's*—most of them. Every now and then—and indeed more and more often—one comes on an author who will seem to speak up for a whole nation in a magazine and to speak to one in the deeper, truer, more national tone, the tone that carries mountains and hills with it and far smoking cities and church bells and the sunny little villages in the plains—I say every now and then this will happen; but for the most part the authors in magazines—well, one does feel sure they would not pay much for the things they say in them the way the advertising men do.

But of course they can be confined strictly to the body of the magazine, and when I turn to the advertising section—or what one might call, to carry out the figure, the soul of the magazine—I find very soon that whatever else might be said of it, I am in a Great Crowded Presence, and that in dead earnest, in fierce desire, in grim, strange, genial, happy or desperate desire, in a voice that gathers itself up out of a thousand, thousand hills and villages and smoking cities, I hear a Nation speak.

Except when it is taken in its inferences and between the lines, it might not seem to some people our best tone, but at least it is a fine husky national voice as of some great strapping youth—ninety millions strong. It is not a little local falsetto voice of one single author before us all, piping up on his own little hill. In the advertising section all crowded up together, the Nation speaks. What we really are is there—all of us are there calling to one another, and the desire and the might of living, and the joy—the solemn and strange joy—the youth of a great people is there.

To me it is as an ocean or sky, or continent of Desire, and the smoking factories and the vast surf of the voices of cities and the echoe so fall the little hills and valleys go rolling through it.

But it does not always seem to me a voice. There are mo-

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ments when softly as I go, I think I see a Face—the way one sees one in clouds, perhaps, sometimes—a mighty amorphous boundless face. But oftener it is more like a play, a vast pageant, a colossal, silent spectacle of Us, of our people, of our ideas, of our Things—the things we pour our living into, the vast landscape or valley of Desire in the United States.

There is not a single number of *McClure's* or *Everybody's* that does not seem to me like a great romance of a great people, with touches of tragedy and comedy in it and always that mighty amorphous Desire. The portrait of a great nation looks out at me there—full of its meanness and its greatness, its doggedness and splendour and hope.

Incidentally, too, as the great billboard stretches up and one looks, one sees around, behind, partly hidden and holding his billboard up, the gigantic, living, changing figure of the American Business Man—the American Business Man as he is, as he might be, as he is going to be.

I keep on still looking at the changing, living figure. I wonder about him, and I wish—how I wish I could see his face!

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VII

CONSEQUENCES OF READING ADVERTISEMENTS

But as time went on I began to discover that I was noticing advertisements not merely as a patriot or because I was interested in a nation and in the huge, informal portrait that was being made of it every month in *McClure's* and *Everybody's Magazine.* I found I was seriously reading the advertising section of magazines as a mere author.

The advertising men interested me as an artist. This shocked me a little at first and I knew in a slinking way, of course, what Barrett Wendell would think, but I kept on. I was drawn to them. I could not have told exactly why, but in distinction from the other people—the people who wrote in the body of the magazine, they really seemed to me to be trying to do something. And most of them were trying, apparently, to do something with me. They were apt to be the wrong things they were trying to do with me. I was not much interested in the things perhaps, but I was always being interested in the way they tried to do them.

What did they think most people were really like? What were they like themselves? How much of it did they believe and how much of it did they think I would believe? What would happen to you, I used to wonder, if you met one of them on the street some day, popped out one of his own advertisements at him—one he had written with his own hand—and asked him honestly, man to man, face to face, just how he felt about it—personally and privately—what would he say?

I used to think of these things as I kept reading advertisements from time to time.

As time went on I gradually discovered that from the point of

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view of a humanist or of a man who liked to sit by and watch our common human nature in this world, working away on itself, the advertising pages not only had more meat in them than the rest of the magazine, but they had more style. Men who were trying to make their words really do things were forced to use better words, apparently, or more fit for their purpose—or the words wouldn't do them. And even when the men who wrote the advertising pages did not make their words do things, they tried to. I was drawn to them because they took words seriously. They seemed to have discovered what words were for. They knew what style was, and if they had any in them, it seemed to me, they were on the right road and were going to get it.

I noticed that some of the advertisements were written by men who had a great deal of style—a sense of fitness of words for their purpose. Others had comparatively little.

I noticed that some of the advertisements were written by good men. Others were written apparently by bad ones.

I discovered that the advertisements by the good men were the ones that had style. They did what they were meant to do. They made me believe them.

I discovered that the advertisements by the bad men did not have style. They could not make their words do with me what they tried to do with me. They did not make me believe them.

I then discovered that advertising was a great profession, because great success or permanent efficiency in it depended and was bound to depend upon the greatest gift in human nature—the gift of being transparent—of just being good inside, of being radiantly and contagiously good.

A man has to have such a genius for being sincere that even on paper one can hear his voice. One sees him when he is not there. One hears him when he is still. . . .

Another reason I have found myself often liking the ad-authors better than I do the average run of regular-line authors that all our advertising magazines have to have of course is that the ad-authors seem to me to be more independent. They are not

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merely trying to be polite to me and to everybody, slaving away all the while the way the regular authors do to make me and everybody like them and bow low to them. They are more serious, and they make me feel they are really trying to do something serious with me. However they may go fooling in that innocent-looking way about my pocketbook, I know that there is something they really care to make happen and that they propose to make this something happen to me.

Now as a matter of fact nobody ever pays very much attention to me or to what I have happen to me in the regular respectable high-collared columns of a magazine. Here is a man with some news to me about myself. Even if a man's interest in news for me whittles down into telling me some news he thinks I ought to know about how to spend my money, he is really giving me something that is certainly news about him and that may be news about me. I feel him grappling with me, with my real life—with what I will do, and with what I won't.

And I like it. Having a man say what I won't do interests me, even though of course as one does mostly, I merely talk back and say for myself and pass on. I like to see an author show some imagination about me, about himself, about what he thinks or assumes this world is that lies all about us or that is supposed to be yawning between us.

I like to watch him working his way over to me across it. And when for an hour or so I have been reading the regular authors, the ones in the parlour of the magazine, it warms the cockles of my heart to move over to the back pages and see all those ad-men crowding up the way they do in their section, column after column as fellow human beings. I always like to step outdoors into this ad-section of a magazine. I like the folks one meets there. I like to see them line right up man-fashion to my life and deliberately before my eyes, and with my full knowledge staring them full in the face, try to make a dent in my income, make a broad honest actual whack on my life. One of the best places to whack on a man's life is on his pocketbook. He notices more,

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There is a kind of moral vigour, a shrewd straightforwardness, a keenness about life and about things that human beings do, or can be got to do, that goes with being an advertising man of the real sort.

Of course I can only speak for myself. I do not know that I can quite define what it is about our regular American authors but there is a something about being a regular author to-day that is the matter. They are not serious with the reader and they are not serious with the editor. I do not really know what it is they are doing. I go up and down in the columns and watch them of course, more or less the way everybody does—our American authors—but what is it, what is it that anybody can say, they are really doing? For the most part the authors in magazines to-day—well, sometimes it seems as if they were just being authors!

It is something the same feeling one comes to have about ministers some days—that they are just being ministers.

I may be wrong in my reading of American human nature, but my main experience is that the way to get acquainted with an American man, to taste his quality, to like him, dislike him, commune with him, is to do something with him, or let him try to do something with me. If one is selecting the best thing to do, to call a man out in America, as things are now, the best way to get intimate with a man is to watch him trying to see how he can make you spend your money.

This is why I dote on advertisements. They are all or nearly all little autobiographies of American men—telling their religion, their education, their grasp on life and on their own brains and on their own pocketbooks and on mine—everything that is really characteristic and from down in the deeps of a true American comes up when he is using words to express action or is using action to express words. The less he says about his soul as a soul, a pure mere soul, the better. It is the very soul of him that he won't. It is the soul of him that he cannot.

And this is why—as bad as advertisements often are—after

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I have been all chilled through in a magazine by the regular authors, I slip into the advertising section, elbow my mind's way through, jostle along, know and mingle with people, and feel that I am at last in a fine, real world with a lot of fine, husky sinners, of real fellow human beings about me, who are being themselves.

Another thing I like about the writers in the ad-section is that when they have things to say to me they pay me for it. And of course while I can only speak for one I record the conviction that if most of the authors in our magazines had to pay to say the things to us that they are saying, they would not say most of them.

It is what a man will put up on what he says that gives it its value and its carrying power.

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VIII

MORE CONSEQUENCES

It was about this time, when I had reached this state of mind about advertising, that I made one more struggle to be literary and started my little magazine. It happened one day that an advertisement of a toothbrush which had been offered and which was well enough in its way did not quite fall in, as it seemed to me, with the more or less free and unconventionally literary spirit in which the magazine was published, and it occurred to me it would do no harm perhaps—for the purpose of the First Appearance of a Toothbrush in my magazine—to retouch the advertisement a little. When I called up the people who had sent it in and told them I would like to rewrite a sentence or so in it, I heard the factory (in the voice of ———) saying cheerfully, "Why not rewrite it all? Why not write an ad yourself?"

This was the turning-point of my life, that voice over the telephone saying, "Why not write an ad yourself?"

I tried at first pasting on, as it were, a little sentence. Of course it looked stuck on and was queer. I then tried to tone the queer place down a little by putting more with it. Then, of course, as I might have known—I rewrote it all—or rather wrote another one.

It is very comical—almost pathetic to me now as I look back over fifteen years—to remember how superior I felt toward that toothbrush when I tried to express it that first morning. If I had not half promised over the telephone to do it, I would have stopped. I might never have risen above what seems to me now the low literary level where I was that day, to the higher,

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more desperate level where daily I am living now, where expressing myself, expressing the way I really feel about anything—if I yet may be permitted before I die—seems to me a great and almost impossible feat. A toothbrush, of course, if I really had any feelings about it, would do as well to practise on as the next thing, and it might do less harm than my feelings about feminism or the fourth chapter of John would.

Slowly I began to see the light.

If what people wanted from me was my reminiscences, moods, and impressions, my hopes and fears on fountain pens—if they really had more use for the time being for my ideals for fountain pens than my ideals for a nation, I must not be any more unwilling than I could help. I tried to remind myself sternly of all my fine theories about art and real life. I had always said that the thing that was next to me was none too good for me until I had done it too well. All I had to do was to be true to my ideals about anything from a fountain pen to a victrola and I could not go far wrong.

I who love crowds and railway stations and streets, I who love machines, I who have loved and pitied, even hoped for millionaires, shall I quail before a fountain pen which really works and does not black my fingers? My ire against myself rose slowly. Should I who had taken for the name of my little magazine, my own little mountain out in my own front yard because I wanted everybody to love it, should I let my knees go out from under me before a fountain pen, before the pen in my own hand, should I be ashamed to write about it or feel superior to it—I, a lover of poetry in prose, of streets with the sky over them, of common folks, of the forks and spoons and of the chairs they sat in, of their very andirons, their radiators and their bedsteads—should I retreat now in this eleventh hour and be afraid of my own toothbrush? With the voice at the telephone still ringing in my ears, I wrote several advertisements and went on from one advertisement to another in a homely way for other people's mouths—I even broke out into

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poetry on a toothbrush (a small boy's one) and I soon became ready to declare as I do now, solemnly and without fear before the world, that though my ideals for a world be read in twenty languages in twenty nations and my name be in every mouth I shall be happy still and shall be proud and glad still to make a toothbrush as interesting to other people as a toothbrush is to me.

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IX

MOUNT TOM IS CONVERTED

Motto: (To be Sung to the Tune of "I want to be an Angel.")

I want to be an Ad-man
And with the Ad-men stand
A Searchlight on my forehead
And a world within my hand.

But with all my gladness and fresh desire to be of service, I did not find it as easy to be of some use—to a toothbrush—as I would have thought.

I had to be honest with a toothbrush. I had to struggle to realize what it was. (People may laugh if they like.) I had to go through spiritual fires to express a toothbrush as well as I could.

A man never realizes anything until he tries either in action or in words to express it to himself. If he can express it to others, he realizes it still more.

I had been writing and was writing every day about everything that interested me, trying to realize things in words and to make them over into a kind of word-living: the angleworm on the sidewalk after the rain at 206 South Street was in the same number of *Mount Tom* I was writing that week, roosters, too, and poor people, dogs, poppies, clouds and mountains, Walt Whitman—dandelions and some little whirls of dust I saw in the road. . . .

On the same principle, I might be in the middle of a book on the poetry of the future (which I was), but I could not help having off moments of being interested in toothbrushes—in the

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humanness, the homeliness—in the spiritual experiences parents had in trying to get children to use them. And in the children's spiritual experiences, too.

And the same was true of writing paper or hot-water bottles, and also, Gentle Reader, would you believe it, even of soap and of hooks and eyes and of the ethics, æsthetics, dynamics and immoralities of pianolas!

Trying to get a boy to use his toothbrush is a serious, amusing, and interesting subject. All one has to do is to get enough of the boy in. Everything is interesting when one sees it in all its bearings or enough of its bearings.

I do not want to dwell on this point too long, but the whole point of my book turns on it, on what might seem at first perhaps the telling of the little story of my own mind and of how I was brought out from a region of literary snobbishness —an art preserve, from that old private, select twilight or moonlight of the arts into what seems to me now the plainer, deeper, higher, more radiant sunshine of the common day which sheds itself with the same delight on redwood trees and milkweeds, which clothes the ocean with wonder—does off dewdrops, pyramids and nations all at a stroke, which at the same time up in the wide sky holds the stars in their places and on the nursery walls frolics with the baby in his crib.

Suffice it to say that advertisement writing undertaken in this way as a means of making practicable a good start for *Mount Tom* was too profitable to be long necessary. If I was to write with regard to other things as I wanted to, it soon became apparent that with regard to the advertisements (if I did not want to peter out into a millionaire) they would have to be dropped. So they were.

The advertisements in *Mount Tom* as they appeared from issue to issue were copyrighted. They were then sold outright for a generous price to the manufacturers interested and used and printed as they liked in all magazines.

Of course what I supposed I was working out (having the

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position of being a capitalist without having any capital) was a scheme for giving *Mount Tom* a start, but what I was really working out was very different. I was working out with bits of ink on bits of paper, blunderingly, with my eyes slowly prying open, a vision of civilization, a theory of literature—(and with a strange new gladness) one more man's life!

All the great principles that apply in literature and art, the principle of seeing the universal in the particular, the infinite in the little, the slow, deep, transfiguring or illuminating of the world which the artist lives to achieve—all these are brought into play in trying to express in all its relations to humanity, the round of human emotions, the common-looking things. They are very convenient. Everybody has some of them. And they have become common-looking things only because very common people, i. e., very tired, hurried people, or inspired people in their very tired moods, have allowed them one by one to slip over into that sea of meaninglessness, of sleep, of inattention and emptiness that rolls in our ears. Every now and then I find myself on purpose going out about me—and looking—deliberately rescuing some common workaday thing. It makes the world all over in a minute when I have done it. I wake up into that old delighted awareness once more—that old literal face-to-faceness with things; I see this beautiful young world, like some mighty youth in his gray work clothes, suddenly stripped before me, standing there like a god in the morning. It makes me strangely happy. If no one ever saw a line of what I have felt in looking at a fountain pen or in trying to make people buy a fountain pen—I would write the advertisement for what the advertisement did for me. If I can get my homely world about me suddenly touched with imagination—flooded with light—I do not care whether it is done by my thoughts in the presence of a brook, a mountain, or a typewriter, or a spool of thread. I do not care whether the light is turned on by a sunset or a button. A sunset is a button—to God, and if I am in my senses a button is a sunset to me.

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If I wanted to train a boy to be a literary artist I would have him write exclusively at first about little things until he saw the heavens and the earth and his God reflected in the little things—the praying and singing of his own life, until his life became filled with tiny, mighty symbols, dewdrop-universes, dandelions, Pleiades up over the sleepy world, and crickets in the grass chanting to the sky. What makes a man a man in this world is the platitudes he can destroy—the miracles he has stripped off of the common things at his side. He can go anywhere. There is always that perennial fresh, innocent nakedness of simple things before his soul.

And so he lives and keeps a boy and becomes a man—becomes a candidate for an artist or even a prophet.

If I wanted to train a boy to be not only a literary artist but a prophet, to become a master, a mighty lover, a magician in the human heart—an artist in making things happen, I would let him try his hand at writing about the things that human beings use and want, the things that most men despise, until they become as warm and human, as big with his soul, as touched with affection and beauty and fear and hope as the lives of the men and the women who use them.

The man who picks up a lady's handkerchief or a flower that she has dropped and who hides it or carries it around with him for days as a presence, as a smile, as a voice—has in him the spiritual secret out of which Wordsworth wrote his Ode to Immortality, and out of which any real man does any real thing.

The seeing a thing in an intense, vivid, poetic realness in its full associations, its deepest human associations, and possibilities as it really is, is what Wordsworth wrote his poetry out of. Shakespeare in writing Hamlet's soliloquy with the skull and John Powers in writing his advertisement of the Macbeth lamp chimney both played with the same divine, terrible, beautiful fire of human association, of electric human realization, the fire that burns through what they are writing about, their purpose in writing it.

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I am not sure, too, but that it is more difficult to attain the necessary purity of being, the moral transparency and artistic honesty to express a lamp chimney so that anyone will want to buy one to see if it is as represented, than it is to express death so that anybody would want to die to see if it is as quaint and curious and amusing as represented by Shakespeare in Hamlet's soliloquy.

The principle of spiritual and physical preparation and training necessary for both of these acts of expression is the same, and I doubt if there is a man who could successfully contradict the fact that this is the law of artistic expression except some man who cannot express himself and who will not really be right, of course, until he can.

This is what I mean by the first paragraph of this chapter: "I had to be honest with a toothbrush. I had to struggle to realize what it was. (People may laugh if they like.) I had to go through spiritual fires to express a toothbrush as well as I could."

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X

MOUNT TOM JUNCTION BRACES UP

The advertisements in these early numbers of *Mount Tom* were fenced off sternly, and all refined persons were warned with a fine literary flourish what they were coming to. There was a full-page picture of a road leading downhill and a big guide board with a hand on it pointing down the hill "To Mount Tom Junction." Everybody knew the minute they turned that way that they were to be in a world with railway trains, smoke, noise, business, and profits and loss, but all the while the man who was personally conducting both ends of the magazine was feeling in spite of himself like precisely the same person—word for word, motive for motive, whether up on top of the mountain or down at the Junction.

. . . . . .

Then things began to happen.

The New York *Sun*, which had never used or quoted as yet a single idea from the literary preserve on the top of Mount Tom, copied in full on its editorial page one day a modest account of the spiritual experiences of a boy whose mother made him use his toothbrush (omitting, of course, with due refinement, the name of the toothbrush).

Other papers did things of the same kind from time to time, and people over and over again when they were renewing their subscriptions would add a P. S. and would admit cheerfully to the somewhat dazed editor that the first thing they did when their *Mount Tom* came was to open it up at the advertising end, read the advertising section from start to finish straight through first.

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In other words, after they had read one after the other about each of the things I had been paid to interest them in, they turned as a last resort to those fine costly ideas I had prepared for them—the ideas that I was paying my own good money, line by line, page by page, to have them read. They just read those when they got ready and made out as well as they could. While people would say pleasant things about the restful and spiritual quality of *Mount Tom*, and about liking to have a magazine with a soul in it, I faced the truth at last. The natural approach to a soul like mine apparently was hind end on.

I soon came to the conclusion after being duly troubled about this that if any approach could be provided at all to my soul, I would be a lucky man, and one approach was as good as another.

I then began quite unconsciously, and as a matter of daily habit, to make the most of it. I soon got so that I could use my soul either way, interchangeably.

I did not have any particular philosophy about it at the moment, but after a time, of course, having tried both literature and advertising in the same breath, day after day, and having been unable for a year or so to make any difference between them —it was not unnatural if in my study of them both, turning as I did one minute to ideas I wanted people to have, and another minute to things I wanted them to have, I came to have more or less definite philosophy as to what advertising men could do for literature as an art in America, and what literature could do for advertising as a profession.

I wrote out a list of principles one day, and it was put up in the next issue on the bulletin board down at the Junction-end of "Mount Tom."

If I was going to be driven into being an advertising man, I would put up something which would stand as my ideal of my profession, of what I proposed to work for and look forward to, my Creed of Possibilities.

I found that people about me at that time largely seemed to think that writing advertisements was a kind of trick. Most

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people think so even now. They think that writing an advertisement is an ingenuity, a sordid juggling with attention, and that it is not and could not hope to be a great profession like the law, or medicine, or like the priesthood. There seems to be a formula —a glib little formula for it—which many people would make something like this. If you want to write an advertisement, you put in your touch of psychology first, then your little flourish or graceful sweep or pass over the reader's mind of sweetness and light and good-will; then your large cold chunk (embedded in solid impregnable innocence) of worldly wisdom. Then you clap your hand on his pocketbook. This is an "ad," people think. But this has gone by. It does not work.

It is worthy of all the superior feelings people have toward it, both in writing it and reading it.

But here is the Advertising Man's Creed I spoke of:

1. The Advertisements in the *Century* must be read.
2. If the advertisements in the *Century* (tucked in behind the text so) are to be read, they must be better than the text.
3. If they are better than the text, the manufacturers must get better artists than Mr. Gilder can get, or at least Mr. Gilder's best ones.
4. An artist is a man who has the power of taking anything on earth he is interested in, stuffing it into a hundred words, and making other people feel about it the way he does.
5. Men who can do this are never in the position of applicants.
6. The man who has a great commercial idea he wants expressed, and who is at the top in manufacturing, can only advertise by cooperating with the man who is at the top in writing. The man who is at the top in writing cannot be hired. He must be interested.
7. If one can get him interested so that he can do it in the same spirit and in the same inspired way that he does his other work, the result will be an inspired advertisement. An advertisement one is going to spend $100,000 on ought to be an inspired advertisement.
8. An inspired advertisement cannot be written by a man who is approached by a manufacturer as his literary servant or word-valet. A great master spirit in commerce or a great master idea in manufacturing cannot hope to be expressed by a word-valet.
9. Perhaps the next thing that is going to happen in advertising is the man who is bigger than his work, the man whose mind does its work as if it were play. The whole art of photography has been made

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over in twenty years by the men who have played with it. Its present prestige is that it has been lifted out of the hired arts and the hired men and the drudges and allowed to become a fine art.

10. Advertising in its present transition stage, while its leaders believe this, is still for the most part being carried on laboriously and carefully upside down. The still continued degradation of the ad-writer is what holds it back.

The special service of a good ad writer is that he will not be a servant, and that he is engaged in taking advertising in its highest spirit and making it a fine art.

11. Nothing in a man's religion, in his personal character, in his good taste, and his common sense and his love of human nature, is too good for an ad.

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XI

THE SPIRIT OF MAKING THINGS HAPPEN

It is particularly hard to make things happen in America because the typical American business man is using all the attention he has in business, and when his business is over, while he may graciously and good-naturedly point to it and offer us all that he has, there is none there.

Attention, as I would define it, is the power of taking a thing one sees and deliberately turning it around and seeing it on all sides, in all its relations. When a man only thinks of himself with reference to one fact, or thinks of a fact only with reference to himself, or with reference to the next five minutes, he has not really noticed it. The movement of political and industrial events is regularly arranged and carried through from ten to forty years faster in England than America, because Englishmen have afternoon tea in the middle of business hours. In addition to this the average Englishman lives in the country. The soil keeps him slow, wise, and rich in attention, so that he always has a surplus power of taking things in after he has left the office. There may not be as many people in England who own motor cars as there are in America, but there are more people who own their own minds, who own their own attention and who turn their own attention on or off as they like.

In America, a man's attention seems to be treated mostly as a highly specialized business tool. The moment an American business man leaves his business behind he leaves himself behind. He takes his personality off, locks it in his roller-top desk and the remains walk out of the office. He does not exist until he is back in the office the next morning. Any old

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new queer or stray thing that wants to come along and happen to him in this passive vaudeville state of mind just comes along and happens. After business hours one cannot get his attention because it flickers. During business hours one cannot get his attention because nothing can make it flicker. Anybody could come along, step up to the typical successful specialized American business man when he is preoccupied with business, put him soul and body on an operating table before his own eyes, put in a new stomach for him, saw off one leg and put on another, and he wouldn't really notice.

This is the reason probably that America—before anyone else had thought of it (and with all the rest of the world despising it)—invented advertising.

We had already, because we had the poorest teeth, invented dentists, sent them out like missionaries to all the world, and now because we had the least and the poorest attention we have invented an entirely new and special class of highly trained and highly paid men, to attract our attention for us. We have been driven by our very defects as a people to the discovery in a special degree of the greatest art of modern times—the art of making things happen. Other countries less bankrupt than ours in attention could worry along with amateurs, but we have rapidly been forced to see in America that if we propose to have things happen that we want and then deliberately leave it to amateurs in making things happen to arrange it—it will be things that other people want that will happen.

The soul of advertising is the soul of America. We are not disposed, in a new country, to let things happen of themselves. Nearly all the characteristic inventions Americans have presented to the world are inventions in keeping things from happening of themselves. If we find we cannot get word to people by letter on time, we reach down some lightning from a cloud and send word on a wire, and present the world with the telegraph. If we find we are unable to send words to Europe because we cannot stretch poles along on top of the sea, we make

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the words go on the bottom and invent the Atlantic cable, start up an entirely new idea of convenience for a planet—begin fitting up all our oceans with cables. If people try to prevent us from going where we like on top of the sea we dive under, still keep on going—and present the world with the submarine.

Our English cousins have felt all along, not without justification, a little high-toned and superior to us about it, but after all the chief reliance of England in getting its recruits for the sudden war was American advertising for the defense of the king and the country. It is interesting that the other two inventions which have been to the people of all nations the leading features of the war—the submarine and the aeroplane, were invented by the one big peaceful people the war has left out, as a part of that people's mood and will—its daily, grim, dogged, incredible will of keeping things from happening of themselves.

The spirit that is back of all our more characteristic American inventions seems to be this advertising spirit—the spirit of not letting things happen, of taking them in hand ourselves and of making them happen.

There has been a boastful, inept, and often unlovely side to this national trait—especially in its first beginnings—but if it has blundered us along at last into the spiritual secret of touching the imaginations of men, of taking the aggressive, ascending, masterful, and creative note toward all men's thoughts and visions and lives, the note of getting their attention—of emphasizing their souls, of controlling their bodies and their actions through their souls—we shall have worried our way through at last in our blindness and crudeness to the most triumphant, the most spiritual truth of modern life, the inner mainspring of all religion, the secret of the peace of the world.

We have not come to this way of working out our own salvation through our faults all at once, and we have not come to it consciously at all as yet perhaps, but we have at least come, through these same failings and our desperate cures for them, to recognize, as no other nation has done as yet, the new truth

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that advertising (partly as it is, and partly as we are making it to be) is the greatest, most spiritual profession, the most spiritual-minded and practical profession of our time. We might not say that this is true in so many words, but the degree to which we already act as if it were true is shown by the fact that we have been the first of the nations to realize how great the art of making things happen is, by expending extraordinary sums upon it, by setting apart as nowhere else in the world a very highly trained and especially gifted body of men who devote their time to nothing else, who are spending and making incalculable sums of money every day in making things happen to us and in making us make them happen. At present in America not only our newest but our most powerful profession is the profession of making people look.

We have found that the profession of making people look can only be practised by men of special and drilled genius, by profound students and experts in human nature, by men of high intellectual training who have set themselves apart as a class, as a great group of engineers in getting the attention of a people.

There are certain things that all men who are interested in literature or in art or religion or reform could learn from watching the principles employed by the best experts in making people look. I have wanted to dwell a little on what we must do, some of us, if we would succeed as well as they in advertising our ideas, in putting our religion, our news to men about themselves, on the market, but before doing so I would like to show, if I can, how much indebted we already are in America to this special class of men, and how deeply and overwhelmingly we already acknowledge on every hand around us the value of attention.

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XII

NEWS TO PEOPLE ABOUT THEIR OWN POCKETBOOKS

I have been sitting and looking at my typewriter. I have been dividing up the hundred dollars I paid for it into what I got.

I paid out in having my own attention to it attended to—forty dollars to C & C's supply house for having one where I could run in and look, thirty dollars more for my share of the national bill of expense in sweeping the country and getting me to want to run in and look, and, say, fifteen dollars to pay for food and sleep so that people who made it would be free to give their attention to making it. What was left over went for the typewriter.

$40	$100
30	85
15	
	$15 worth of typewriter

$85 worth of attention

As I figure it, forty per cent. of what a thing costs me is spent in getting it placed, in putting it in a store or some place where I can ask for it and go to see it if I want to; thirty per cent. more of what it costs me is spent in making me want to go to see it; fifteen per cent. is spent in actual cost of making the thing itself—food for people while they are making it. The fifteen per cent. that is left over can be put down as the value of what I get—the part I look at, oil, feel of and play on with my fingers.

It is my attention-bill for my typewriter I pay most willingly of all, on the whole. If I could pay people in general eighty-

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five dollars apiece for attracting my attention to things, for telling me bits of news about my own life half as important to me as this news about fifteen dollars' worth of typewriter that I am writing this book with, has been to me, I would go on paying people eighty-five dollars apiece for fifteen-dollar things all the rest of my life—or as long as the money or the people held out.

And of course if the right people would step in from day to day and get eighty-five dollars' worth of my attention to news about myself at just the right time, I would soon be rich, as well as wise.

The bills of most intelligent people are eighty-five per cent. attention-bills.

To-day as I was going to luncheon at the club, Mr. ——— held me up a minute and introduced Mr. A. He was introduced as being the head of the Research Department in the National ——— Company. He is paid a very large sum every year by a multimillionaire for keeping his attention attended to, for attracting his attention and keeping his attention attracted to news about himself and about his own mind and especially to books and parts of books he wants to know—to ideas and trends of the time that he can anticipate, adopt, master, fight, or do team-work with—in a business of fifty million a year. Perhaps if I could pay just the right people at just the right time to attract my attention I would soon be in a position to afford to pay them a great deal more than eighty-five dollars apiece for news items about my own life.

And this is what advertising is—honest, important news to people about their own lives.

. . . . . .

The value of an automobile rolling through the street is the number of people going by that it can get to wish they had it.

If the same people can be got to wish they had it without seeing it at all and by looking at two hundred words about it

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standing perfectly quiet in the middle of a little piece of paper eight by eleven and a half inches in the back part of *Life*, the value of the automobile is very much greater. The more people can be got to read the little piece of paper, the more frequently and ceaselessly the automobile will be seen rolling down the street, getting more people on the sidewalks to wish more and more they had it.

It is only a limited number of people that a real automobile can go by on a real sidewalk in a day.

The huge and incredible crowds in this country are all paper crowds—the still minds of vast unseen hordes of people stretching away, and going ceaselessly up and down, with their thoughts and their pocketbooks, up and down the pages of newspapers and magazines.

If the spiritual basis of all property is the amount of attention and desire that one can get heaped up about it in this way, and if the really great and incalculably important spiritual corner-lots of attention are in the hands of two sets of men—the hands of the men who own prominent pieces of paper, eight by eleven inches, and in the hands of the men who can pick out two hundred words for them that will make people look at the pieces of paper very carefully—it not unnaturally follows that these two sets of men, those who have commanding tracts of paper and those who can pick out two hundred words in just the right order to make people feel commanded by them, are in position to create, determine and parcel out the real values of all property in the United States.

This is why I have taken the position that picking out words is the greatest, the most still, terrific power in modern life and the most noble and colossal of all the professions. Daily and nightly, big with fate, these men who can pick out words are silently building before our eyes, and silently tearing down before our eyes, the fabric of civilization, putting in the foundations under all our property, parcelling out the values and determining the powers of all our ideas.

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XIII

NEWS TO PEOPLE ABOUT THEIR OWN BUSINESS

There are three groups of men interested in word-pickers. There are the owners of the tracts of paper—the magazine proprietors, there are the business men who want room in these tracts of paper to sell things, and there are the people who frequent tracts of paper and do their buying in them.

The magazine proprietor wants the word-picker—the man who has the power of grasping words like living symbols out of the heart blood of people's lives, who arranges the patterns of the inside of people's minds—to be the best word-picker that can be had. He wants the advertisements for the people whose attention he has fenced off in his magazine to be such arresting and holding advertisements that the advertising enclosure in his magazine will make all the people frequent it, that every business man will know that all the people frequent it and will egregiously long to put his head into it—even if only for a little peep—if he may, and will be willing to pay as much for a little advertisement in his magazine as he would for a big one in the others.

The proprietor of a magazine insists with the business man, who wants part of the space in the public mind he has to let, on his employing a word-picker of a high degree of engineering power in getting attention.

The business man places the same emphasis on the word-picker. If he is to pay five thousand dollars for a square of commanding paper eight inches by ten he would rather, if he could, find some man who by putting words on it can get as much attention for four inches by six as someone else could for eight by ten.

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This puts the man who is a master of the technique of words, of making people look with ink, the man who is an engineer in focussing attention, who has the power of making a present to a piano of its own value, by picking out words that make people want it, in a singularly intrenched and indisputable command of all business men who have something to sell.

So it is coming to pass at last that the plain sons of spiritual toil, artisans in imagination, word-fitters and plumbers, humble sons of Homer, Cervantes, and Shakespeare, are becoming before our eyes the natural determiners of values, the rulers of the material properties of the world, because all the spiritual property is already theirs. The property of what is going on in men's minds and of what men can be made to want and of the way men feel about what they have, is already theirs. So everything is. All that other property can do is to tag along behind their property and take the value their souls pass out to it—automobiles, sewing machines, glass, iron, stoves, aluminium, skyscrapers and soaps—all material forms of property must hark back for any value they may be allowed to have to the spiritual property—the vast territory of unreal estate that is now and forever the empire of unseen men with fountain-pens—who by tracing quiet little quirls of ink on white paper, touch the feelings, chain the imaginations and rule the desires of men.

The twentieth century is the most spiritual century the world has ever dreamed of before—because before our eyes—even while we look, we can see on every hand the iron and brass, the bread and corn and stone and coal of the business world—placing themselves wistfully in the hands of the seers and artists, into the hands of the spiritual specialists, the imagination-experts, soul engineers, the faith-builders, the religion-makers, the masters of the spells that shall sway the thoughts of men, the choosers of the ideals that shall be the drive-wheels of the world.

It is true that I do not now know any advertising men who are

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living up to within twenty per cent. of what I am saying their profession is, but the moment we have an advertising man sufficiently touched with the genius of literature—that is with a pure, high, sincere technique of touching the imaginations of men—everything that I claim for the advertising man will be seen going into his hands.

The moment the attention-engineer or word-picker has the necessary technique, and really delivers to a business man the territory of attention he commands, really hands over the insides of the minds and cores of the wills of crowds of people, the situation between him and his supposed employer might be stated perhaps something like this:

First. If by picking out words better than the next best man you can get, I can make it possible for you to spend fifty thousand a year on space instead of a hundred thousand, and if I thus save you fifty thousand dollars a year, I want either a large share of the money I save or a share in the business I create.

Second. As an expert in touching the imagination of crowds I guarantee that I can sell you twice as many goods if I were to say these goods were sanitary as you can now sell by the things you are trying to say now.

Third. But it would not be true, and if I said it, it would merely advertise ninety million people into an opportunity of finding out that what you said could not be believed, and this would ruin your business. It is not true because your men are housed in a way which makes it impossible for them to be clean and because their working hours keep them in a degenerate condition. I would have to make the stipulation—if you want your sales doubled by the way I can make people believe me, if you want me to write your business—that you reorganize your policy and your factory and make it what I must say it is.

In this way the advertising man controls not only the attention of the men who read the ads but the attention of the man who pays for them and the attention of all the men who help him run his business. In other words, he controls not only publicity but

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manufacture of what is made and the ideas and methods and personalities of the men who make it.

. . . . . .

The third party interested in the word-pickers is made up of people the words are being picked out to serve—the consumers, the people who follow along behind the words with their pocket-books. I am dealing with the point of view of these people a little later. It has been enough for the purpose of this chapter to call attention to the fact that what might be called the spiritual balance of power which under the organization of our modern life, has been supposed to be held by the magazines on the one side and the business interests on the other, is being daily handed over to the artists, to the seers and the discoverers and makers of furnishings for the souls of men. It is these men, the outfitters of the Unseen, of the thoughts, songs, prayers and ideals of men, who are now to be placed in control at last of their horses and chariots, their houses and barns, their factories and stores, and their streets of buying and selling. The price of their steel and wood and coal and bread and butter, the profits of their millionaires, the wages of their workmen, the time when the bell and whistle shall call men to their work, all the important policies and all details of the business world, shall be placed in the hands of the masters of attention, the men who conceive the ideals and control the spiritual energies that grip the values of the world.

This has never quite happened before. It has only come to pass since the invention and general use of advertising or salesmanship on paper.

A great public-service corporation trying to save millions of dollars by getting the good-will of the public and more millions of dollars by getting the good-will of its employees, is engaged in an exact science. It is studying every day the words and the actions that can do it.

The most striking development of the last ten years in business is the forging to the front in one big business after the other of

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the salesman. It is the salesman or the salesman type of man in one big business after the other to whom the high offices and the most powers are being implacably handed over. A salesman is a scientist in the exact science of getting people's attention—an expert in being understood.

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XIV

NEWS TO PEOPLE ABOUT THEMSELVES

As I look back now upon this period I do not think I really knew exactly what it was that was happening to me, or to my world within me. Anyone could see now that it was what would be called my own clumsy private personal experience with attention-engineering, with literature as the art of making things happen, and with beginning literature by making very simple things happen first.

Then came the next stage. It came rather suddenly and from around the corner—at least it seemed so to me.

Any other person—any kindly, half-amused and half-praying person like William James for instance, looking on and watching me flounder away at life and literature about this time, during my spiritual ordeal with toothbrushes—what some would call perhaps my spiritual teething period—would have known all the while what was going to happen to me next. I need not go into details. But here at least is the philosophy or conviction back of what happened next.

Any country that pays two or three times as much more for advertising its food as it does for advertising its brains or its happiness or states of mind or its religion is bound to be second-rate in material and spiritual things both. This puts in one sentence the conviction that I found myself fronted up with and that I had to begin to make things happen out of.

I began by trying to think what would happen or could be made to happen if as much money and brains could be spent in a year in getting people to know as much about coöperation between capital and labour as they know now about soap.

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When one once begins thinking of a thing like this the thought is very apt to come back in one form or another nearly every day. At least it did to me.

While Mr. Rockefeller is spending a million dollars on advertising through the South how not to have a hookworm, one falls to calculating what it would mean if during the next year some other millionaire would spend a million dollars on the present hookworm of the millionaire class and of the labouring class—the sick, slovenly poor-white idea, the hookworm that capital should pay as little as it dares to its workmen and the hookworm that workmen should work as little as they dare for their money.

If I could have the money spent every year in getting me to use one kind of soap instead of another, both of them fairly good, or one breakfast-food rather than another when I really would not turn over my hand for the difference, and if I could go through the country and collect all the fortunes that are being spent in snatching me away from one chewing-gum to another, or from one cigar or bathtub to another, if I could collect all the money and use it to keep before the attention of the country one single successfully governed city, one city that is keeping house with self-respect and decency until every city would know how it did it, or if I could spend the money lavished in getting me over from one chewing-gum to another on some really great genius of a teacher, or in having everybody know about him, or some great industry in which the Golden Rule works, I would soon be doing more good than all the colleges and all the churches combined.

It is true that colleges do spend endowments in advertising ideas, ideas that have been advertised for four thousand years. But the colleges are at a great disadvantage in advertising new ideas because they have to stop to begin with raising up professors at least twenty-five years old to teach the new ideas, and by that time the ideas are old. And the kind of advertising that most presses to be done, and that it most richly pays society to have done, is the advertising of the ideas that are new, the latest experiments in human nature, the great newspaper, the great

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publisher, and how he manages to be one, the one great man in each industry nobody would have believed in five years ago—I would spend millions of dollars every year in organizing the attention of the nation until men should be as well informed about what they are and about what they want to be as they are now about what they want to buy.

What is there a man could not come to in America if he could have his heart as well informed as his purse?

Everything is being advertised to-day except the things we want to know about ourselves.

We have but to take a look—any man of us—and here we all are running around, nine men out of ten of us, almost, not knowing what we are for or what we want to live for. We want chairs, beds, parlours, food and clothes for our souls and furniture for our minds.

We do not know how to work. Work is civil war. We do not know how to play, how to fall in love, or how to be happy, how to get on with husbands and wives. We do not know how to get on with ourselves.

It is wonderful to think what the world would soon be like if the news about one's soul were suddenly to be as expensively and as eloquently placed before one as the news about one's purse. Why does not someone hire the back page of the *Saturday Evening Post* for five thousand dollars a week and tell me five thousand dollars' worth in that glorified bit of publicity, that sixteen inches by ten of fierce light, of news as to how to spend my life instead of merely news about how to spend my money? New kinds and new sizes of men instead of new sizes of toothbrushes and safety pins?

Instead of endowing merely hospitals, colleges, and libraries, which almost anybody nowadays would know enough to do, millionaires are going to spend fortunes in advertising new kinds and new sizes of motives in business which work, and in advertising how they work.

Some millionaire will take up any one of these four illusions

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that people have to-day and see what he can do to destroy them.

Illusion I: All that business is for is to make money.

Illusion II: Workmen will always fight their employers.

Illusion III: A private corporation will give as little service to a city as it dares. I would spend a fortune in having every city know all there is to know about an electric light company I know.

Illusion IV: To get what you want in business look out for yourself. Let the man you deal with look out for himself.

Every one of these illusions would be removed by some man of genius or attention-engineer, by some expert in touching the imagination of crowds. He would take up these illusions one by one and go at them the way men go at Quaker Oats.

The reason for this course of procedure as a constructive policy for all live men in a nation to act on, lies in the nature of news.

All news that is of the greatest originality and the greatest power over the lives and destinies of others is of the nature of an invention. It is seen first by individual persons.

The three thousand editors of America cannot be expected to be in the habit of seeing en masse the most important things about this country and about what has got to happen in it or what needs to be invented to happen in it first. Nor are they, the three thousand editors of America, struggling under their vast routine, pinned under their printing presses and corporations, tangled up and held down in the common observations and common interpretations of their more or less chronically amateur news-collectors, off-hand reporters and boys out of college, to be expected to make known of themselves en masse the most important inventions in nation-building for this nation.

Individual men will have to think of things first.

And individual men will have to pay to have everybody know about them first.

There is no reason why in a mighty and resourceful nation

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like ours we should wait for three thousand editors to see things before the more important, the more amazing and revolutionarily hopeful news about this country and about human nature in it, is put before the people, and acted on by the people.

One millionaire and one inventor between them could make a short cut between events for this people like the Culebra Cut, like the Panama Canal, which would make everybody know in a year what would get around to them through three thousand editors en masse, in a century.

It is not that the editors in America are not doing as well as any other body of men to perform their function, under existing conditions.

It is merely that Wilbur Wrights and Marconis in discovering news, Luther Burbanks in events, Luther Burbanks in thinking of things to happen to a nation, and Edisons in getting people to know about them until they do, do not come in large lots of three thousand.

The big nation-building inventions are thought of by individuals first, and in a democratic country like ours where we believe in individuals and where we expect great things of individuals, where we make individuals great by giving them sublime opportunities to do great things, the big ideas or news about people which is thought of by individuals first must be advertised by individuals first.

There is no reason why the country should be obliged to wait for three thousand editors to see them en masse. Brand-new news is for all kinds of people. A whole countryful of free men which is depending upon the kind of news that one kind of men pick out for it—that one kind of men try to express for it, wastes nine tenths of its resources in discovering, telling and interpreting news. We must have a way to do something that will make news in this country cut across to everybody.

The recognition and interpretation of real news—i. e., of new news—is a common right and common service of us all and of all the people. The natural convenient short-cut to the

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people and to getting news quickly before the people where the most men and kinds of men can get to work on it is to have two men act promptly in the advertising columns of the press—one man inventing, discovering and selecting an idea for a nation to be great with, for a nation to make happen, and the other paying the necessary expenses for their knowing it and for their being followed up and pursued by it in the reading world as quickly, as vigorously and aggressively as they would be by any of the greater more prominent bathtubs, silk stockings or union suits.

Perhaps I need not say by way of warning in opening up a free field like this that it would be a great mistake for an angel or any other egregiously proper, prematurely noble person to think that this idea of mine is a little opening for him. Any man who would do a thing like this with a sense of virtue or as a noble character, instead of because he doted on it, would not know how to do it and would probably pick out the wrong idea. No man who would look noble or feel noble or allow anyone to call him noble while he was carrying out an idea like this, could help making a mess of it. Noble-looking characters or mere philanthropists have spoiled so many good ideas that it would make me very unhappy to think of them as taking up this one. I think a good deal of it and I want it saved for people who love ideas and to whom advertising an idea is a simple, ordinary, matter-of-fact, sensible, happy human self-expression. My observation is that real public service is like eating. It is either a self-indulgence or it is nothing. And it seems to me this is the only practical way to introduce my idea to people. If I were a millionaire and if I wanted to get if possible one final little touch of fun into my life before I died, if I wanted a real man's adventure with a nation or with a world, I would do something in the way of advertising—but I will not dwell on it. My own personal choice would be probably to try to advertise the idea of coöperation between labour and capital until it at least catches up to the Murad Cigarette in its prominence before the eyes of

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the people. The idea of coöperation—the idea of the way coöperation works and of how it gets things in this sordid world—is one of the daily pleasures of my life. I can imagine no greater daily luxury than making people believe it. On the whole, in my life so far, the pleasures of belief have been the main pleasures I have had. And the first million dollars I get I am going to spend on them. Thousands of other people must feel about their beliefs as I do about mine. There are thousands of us reading daily the side-columns in our newspapers—who are already covetous of them for the news which means most to us—news which if in these days we cannot die for, we can at least pay for. Even already before anybody has particularly thought of it as a deliberate policy, it is being quite generally recognized that the quickest way to get news that is important to other people or to the public to-day—public-spirited news—into a typical newspaper is to hire space next to the editorial column and tell people at a dollar a line the things the editors that same day in the next column ought to be telling them for nothing.

Any man to-day filled with a sense of news which he would like to get people to want, news which will get people to want brand-new improved lives, news that will get them to want to earn money to pay for new and improved souls, for comfortable thoughts, for good solid happy motives, instead of paying big prices to get them to want new and improved mattresses, gravestones, gowns and cigarettes, and little new wrinkles in breakfast foods—any man who would go ahead and do this in partnership with some hitherto uninspired millionaire, buy space in all magazines and papers throughout the world, would be felt around the world in a week.

A millionaire who would engage the right author and who would proceed to buy space in all magazines and papers throughout the world, advertise new happy insides for people and who could supply them or who could show them how they could get them supplied, would be so swamped with business in a little

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while, that he would have half of the rest of the world as his employees—all busy making and arranging and fitting in for people new happy insides.

In twenty years we are going to have thousands of authors, men who will make themselves trained experts, who will have trained themselves in advertising new kinds and new sizes of men that men can be, so that men will want to be them almost if not quite as much as new sizes and kinds of safety pins, automobiles and pianolas.

I want to prophesy that in twenty years we are going to see scores of men spending fortunes in advertising the new kinds and new sizes of men, to the sizes of men we now have.

There is not a man of us who in his own individual business would not like to see the success and practicability of new sizes and new kinds of employers or of employees. It is a personal, practical, daily business need as well as a national one. And we are all going to help as we can on it.

. . . . . .

But while I am expressing or trying to express my philosophy about advertising ideas and how I came to have it, I cannot quite turn my face away and go on to advertising a nation without once more paying tribute to that voice over the wire (now still forever) that asked me out of the darkness—out of the obscure, out of the Unknown—to write an advertisement for his toothbrush; nor will I be seen taking back or turning under a word, or be caught feeling superior one minute to one motive that in those early days, with a labour no one would believe, I put into making those advertisements serve their purpose as faithfully in their way as any line in this book. I number myself with the advertising men. I will not admit a shading of difference either in spirit or technique between the best page in this book and the best advertisement years ago of a toothbrush or a fountain-pen in *Mount Tom*. If anything, it was a great deal harder to write advertisements about toothbrushes in the

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same spirit and point of view and faithfulness of technique with which I have written on a perfectly plain, easily disinterested, lazily high-minded theme like the peace of the world—in this book.

But as I have said before, I did not know what was happening to me. I could not understand why people read the advertisements in *Mount Tom* before they read the text, and I was a little grieved.

I think I do understand now.

I see or think I see now that people read the advertisements more than the text of *Mount Tom* those early days because there was more pride, courage, fresh enthusiasm, and sense of discovery in them for me while I was writing them. Also they were more incorruptible. It would have been so dangerous for me both as an artist and as a man not to believe every word or to be lured a sixteenth of an inch out of my way. I was on the edge of a precipice of self-interest along every adjective and noun and verb I wrote. It touches a man's imagination desperately to be exposed like this. . . .

The next thing that happened, of course, was that I made up my mind that I would write the other pages of my magazine so that people would read them as they did advertisements.

I would see if I could not get people to spend money on my ideas.

I would see if I could not get them to spend money on my ideas about God and Nature, and about People, and spend fortunes (as I would myself, if I had them) on my ideas about business men and the material value of spiritual powers and of imagination in every-day American life.

. . . . . .

I have tried to state the principle I have believed in by telling the story of how I came to believe it. It seems to sum itself up something like this:

First. I tried to express myself in literature.

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Second. I discovered ad-writing as the real literature of our people.

Third. I rediscovered literature—in the real life of my people, and have tried to deal with literature as the art of making things happen.

Fourth. My main ambition as an author since then has been to write plays or business outlines or plots for business men to act.

Business men would have to be expressed in this country before anybody else could. We would express the next things, the honest, plain, fundamental things about us with nobility, power, and conclusiveness in America before we would have a right to try to express the others.

As long as our fine arts in America try to evade or slur over our mechanical arts, we shall be a superficial people and our literature will continue to be as uninteresting to other nations—almost—as it is to us. Literature that does not face and express real men as they are, that does not make the real men arresting, cannot hope to accumulate the power, the concreteness, grittiness, to express ideal ones.

True honest American literature must go back to what it calls the bottom, stop calling it the bottom, and then work up.

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XV

WHY AN ADVERTISING MAN (WHEN NO ONE IS LOOKING) PRAYS

About this time when I was having a rather long blue-and-black period in which the things I have been saying had been (as often in my life) overawed once more, whelmed under by the apparent meaningless blank look of the material success I saw about me, I came in from the meadow one morning as usual and sat myself grimly down at my desk to write about how spiritual material things were. . . . I was making myself sit still a few minutes before beginning and was facing the world I was writing about. I was feeling once more—almost as never before—that old, hard, impervious stare of Things in it, of Things everywhere, lording it over me and the men about me, looking me out of countenance, when there came a knock on my door, and my mail was handed me, and in the letter I opened on top postmarked Philadelphia, I received an intimation that "Inspired Millionaires" (rejected by seventeen publishers, printed merely by the author, and skied by artists, critics, and littérateurs as visionary) was being read by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"If you were the manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad," the letter from the executive offices of the Pennsylvania said, "and had to write a letter of New Year's greeting from the offices of the Pennsylvania System to the two hundred and fifty thousand trainmen and workmen on all the lines, what would you say?"

When a man off on a mountain two hundred miles away (really a mere disguised poet addicted to plain working-clothes words) receives from a great railroad a call for help in expressing itself to its own employees—two hundred and fifty thousand

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trackmen, engineers, train men, along its seven thousand miles of road—the man off on the mountain thinks.

If a voice on a wire about a toothbrush had changed the course of the man's life and his whole view of a world and made him think, certainly the voice of the Pennsylvania Lines—seven thousand miles of gleaming track, two hundred and fifty thousand men—might naturally be expected to jostle the same man settling down on the same mountain, into seeing things, into thinking of doing things he had but dreamed before.

What I saw first and thought of first was fifty years—the next fifty years.

I would like to say in this chapter what it made me think. What it made me do—partly remains to be seen in the fifty years, at least in its outlook and beginnings, and partly remains to be dealt with in a later chapter.

It is hardly necessary for me to confide to the reader that I could not write for a great railroad like the Pennsylvania Railroad a letter expressing its soul for seven thousand miles to its men—that I could not express from its Broad Street office the motives and feelings and objects and promises and hopes and fears, the feelings and ideas it would express to its men and that it would like to get its men to share with it if it could. . . .

It was because I could not do it that I was compelled to think. I tried to make myself answer four questions:

"Why can I not do it?" "Could some other man do it?" "Could he do it now?" "What will the Pennsylvania Railroad have to do or will the man who expresses it have to do, before a great railroad can be expressed?"

These questions brought me sharply up against a situation which is, and is becoming more and more to-day, a personal daily problem that every man in business has to meet.

It is to this situation and to the next fifty years in which we are to meet it, I wish to devote this chapter.

As I have already tried to state the main aspects of the situation with which our railroads and our factories are now brought

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front to front, in a previous book,* I will merely state here the principle that seems to me meets the problem—in a sentence—without repeating or enlarging upon it.

The bigger a machine is, the more genius for being human it takes at the top to run it.

And it not only takes a genius at being human to run it, but an artist to stand by him and to express him and to express his being human and to make him look human.

In one way or another all efficiency in a machine-civilization is bound up in making machinery look human. The modern business manager has a problem in the art of expression—of sheer expression to thousands of men—that would have made Shakespeare himself knock his knees together.

If the president of the Pennsylvania Railway were to ask Kipling to share his office with him and if it was agreed that the president would do all the hard work of telling each man on the line from Chicago to New York just what to do, and that Kipling would attend to the job of making him want to do it—the job of expressing the president's conscience, his will, his humanity, his sense of oneness with his men—so that the men would do these things he told them to, the amount of money Kipling would save for the stockholders a year would make paying him a salary for it seem frivolous. And what is more, Kipling in expressing a great railroad—a huge, typical, modern property—would have done a bigger thing than any story he has done as yet and a more important artistic feat and human miracle than Shakespeare ever dreamed of.

Civilization hangs to-day like a thread on the world's producing a man within the next fifty years who can express the genius of a great railroad. If a railroad in the twentieth century cannot express itself to its own men and to the public, it is not going to make any difference whether the passion of love is expressed or the passion of religion. There will not be any love or religion—not until a great railroad can be eloquent. Until a

*"Crowds," page 253 and chapter following.

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great railroad, a typical modern property, the thing that wears down and grinds up all men who use it and run it into being like it, can be eloquent, why, in a world like this, should any man tell a woman he loves her or be glib and happy in expressing himself to his God?

The woman will soon despise him and despise his world, and their children will hate to be borne in it.

And God will not care or not seem to care. He has heard these things before and heard them in worlds where there was some reason for them over and over again. It is as if to-day and for the next fifty years God said—were daily saying—to the men of America: "These grim speechless railroads are *you!* You are expressing yourselves and what you really are and what you say you really want to be, in these. If you really wanted to be all these beautiful and noble things you say you do, your railroads —your most powerful expression as yet—would express them. I will listen to no less words from you in America than your railroads and your factories next!"

Everything in civilization that we hold sacred rises or falls with this—with the power of man to express himself through his machines, make his machines say across his continent what he is like, and be human as he is human. He is responsible for his machines, and if his machines are not being human he is not being human.

In the last analysis the art of expressing a man to two hundred thousand employees so that he is just as human and near as if he were always around with them on the spot, is best and most cheaply done with printed words. Actions express, too, of course, but words make people believe the actions mean what they seem to mean, and in the long run a picture or a tone of voice will do more in smaller compass than any other way of reaching men. Conveying a tone in printed words is a great art.

Men's souls are reached through their eyes and ears. Official language in America, if it is to be practical and do what it tries to do with the men to whom it is addressed, will always have to

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depend not on the propriety in it but on the poetry in it, its liveliness and humanness, and its power of conveying personality.

So here it has come to pass—or I see it coming in the next fifty years. I behold the property interests and the industrial interests of a world turning to painters, to artists, and to poets at last; and in the teeth of the greatest cataclysm that history has ever known, asking poets to protect their property, poets to oil their business, poets to make their way with the people and help them do their work!

Then we will begin building a world!

People often quote to me as if it were on the other side—when I fall to trying to say a thing like this in this chapter about the Pennsylvania—that famous remark of Paul's: "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

But that is just it. On its practical side what Paul means is that only spiritual genius can express material genius. The spirit of the Pennsylvania Railroad, such a majestic brute sprawling out in the middle of our modern life, so bewildered and humble, so wistful, so godlike-childish before God and man, before the twentieth century and the reach of the years ahead—the Pennsylvania Railroad is a spirit that could only begin to hope to be discerned, comprehended and expressed by a master of modern spiritual genius such as this clumsy big-infant world as yet has only begun to begin to guess.

But it is what is coming to America. It is what America is for in literature. And if literary artists of our time do not face toward it, and do not stop facing away from it, there is soon going to be nothing in this world for which either railway managers or artists will have to live. American railway managers without their poets are soon to be as lonely, as shut in and inefficient in their own century and in their own country and in their own calling as poets are.

We poets are always saying we are lonely. It serves us right. We should be busy making a world in which we can feel at home and which will feel at home with us. The more our American

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poets persist in cutting off as unpoetic the actual lives of two hundred and fifty thousand men on a railroad and looking beautifully and sweetly past them for some poetry to hand gracefully out to them, the lonelier they are going to get.

The word poet—I have just looked it up (to be sure) in a very lively book at my side by Noah Webster—means "maker."

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XVI

WHY HE SINGS

I am making a stand or trying to express as I see it the stand about me a whole world is instinctively making to-day for the material value of the soul, for the grip on the fate of the physical world of the human spirit, or the empire at last of spiritual things—of things that can be only discerned and that can be only expressed by spiritual men.

If Isaiah, the supreme master of expression among his people, were living to-day, he would be in a position owing to the invention of advertising to do what he tried to do.

All that Isaiah's power of expression needed was capitalizing, to have saved his nation from destruction, from being scattered over the face of the earth, from living two thousand years in the despised quarters of other people's great cities, and from cringing about in the moral backyards of other nations. Capitalizing Isaiah's power of expression, printing what he had to say so that it could be read aloud to the people in the streets, read over and over to the people in the great houses, in the little huts, in the tents, and in the fields, would have turned the whole course of history.

History turned as on a pivot for a little while there in Judea on the power of a man named Isaiah to use words. But without capital to buy and engage millions of little beginning wedges of attention with, and without a printing press to carry his voice to thousands who were not there, Isaiah had—the usual tritely discouraged respectable fate of all prophets of not being heard by his own people, of speaking on paper after he was dead—the fate of being mere literature, a mighty resounding voice through

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all nations, through all times, of a nation that might have been.

In America we will not do this. We will write the literature of a nation that shall be.

If Isaiah were in America to-day, and one single one of our seven thousand armoured millionaires were to step out from the other six thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, hand him twenty million dollars' worth of attention-space in this country —hand him as it were a sky to write on, hand him a great landscape of men and women, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and all the hills, mighty valleys, mountain-tops of attention—he would write on the earth as with an iron pen, as in the blood of great cities the word of God. Then the other six thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine millionaires, before the Word and in the presence of the will of the people, would do what Isaiah said.

. . . . . .

I desire, claim, and announce the right of the soul in the world to control and master the body of the world as the soul of a man controls and masters the body of a man.

I announce a masterful world.

The men who hold themselves as the masters of this world are not masterful men.

Look at their world!

It is slovenly and unworthy of the men of the spirit to fall back on the claim that the soul on any subject, item by item, masters—always masters the world—in a thousand years.

I announce that it shall master the world now, that before our own eyes and while we each of us yet live, the balance of power among men and all the affairs of men shall be held and wielded by the see-ers and by the artists, by the word-pickers, the radium-owners, the symbol-choosers, the men who can pick out the little magical symbols in the lives of men that express

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their souls to themselves, the men that make men the masters of their fate, the lords of their own attention, the authors of their own history, and part builders with God of the future of their own nation—steerers of attention to great peoples, and helmsmen of a world.

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XVII

WHY HE WORKS

When I had presented some of the ideas in this book about the Ford car to an audience of business men the other night and was coming away with one of them, he asked me if what I had given them about Ford was a part of my new book.

I said Yes. He thought it would not do.

When I asked him why, he said such things were not done, that it would upset the whole business world to have authors get into the habit of butting in, of going about sorting out wholesale, national or international advertising in this way —hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of it perhaps for nothing.

I made a rather lame answer to his objection. I brooded on it on the way home that night and wondered what I should have said.

Then I sat down the next morning and wrote this—the last chapter on The Art of Making Things Happen.

. . . . . .

I ride daily in a Ford Sedan car up and down the roads around Mount Tom. Every now and then as I watch the cars go past I think what it would mean to me if all the people in the Fords could be thinking the things that I am thinking. I know that this is a highly improper thought and is really taking liberties with the people in Ford cars, but in flashes I do do it. I even venture into other cars, the Coles and the Packards and Raniers, with thoughts of how fine it would be to sit snug and tight in my little Ford chugging along way over on my side of

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the road and have them—the great, noble cars—go lunging gloriously, dazzlingly past me, full of my Thoughts!

I wish my interpretation of the way Henry Ford gets his car made, the gist of former chapters in this book boiled down into ten words, could be posted up in white and blue porcelain letters on every car with a little American flag on it.

Of course I could select other manufacturers.

I would like to.

I would like to put up a few words in subdued decorative lettering on every Packard piano, telling every man who buys a Packard piano or who sits down to one, things about the way the piano is made that would make him feel like almost breaking out and singing while playing on it.

I might have selected the Packard piano. But the Packard piano does not fly about everywhere for me like the Ford car. I could not hope to use it as a ready-made, illimitable, omnipresent billboard for my ideas—as a vast flock of sandwich men on every highway of the world fronting up my religion before the faces of men. It is stationary and unobtrusive and comparatively few people know about the Packard piano yet.

In the same way also I have often wished there were some way of making millions of McElwain shoes go illuminatingly up and down the pavements of a thousand cities, telling millions of the people trooping by in McElwain shoes what the workmen and foremen in the McElwain factory are doing to change the face of the earth by the way they make shoes. But nobody notices shoes as compared with automobiles.

I want the best billboard there is. I want a billboard that flies innumerably about, that flings itself up in vast stretches, which in illimitable, ceaseless little black waves streams into people's faces, across people's lives—a billboard which hums and murmurs in everybody's ears like the Ford car every two minutes a day—as my bulletin board on which I would post my interpretation of the human heart and send my inmost hopes and prayers thronging through the streets. And here is Henry

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Ford's car ready-made to my hand. It would be a mere convention to keep from using it. To use it would be to give my religion every morning, noon and night, millions of free rides around a world. If incidentally I am giving a Ford car a free ride and an open road on my religion, I am more than glad.

. . . . . .

This is the situation as I see it.

It is a definite situation I face—as a man who is making a career out of expressing, interpreting his own age, and who is trying to possess his soul, in the world as it is. Every time I take a look at this world as it is, I find that our regular conventional business in America is being run on a poor, lazy, scared Wall Street theory of human nature.

I see everybody about me already seeing, however gropingly, that our regular conventional business in America ought to be tilted up and lifted over bodily, ought to get new foundations, get Wall Street pried out from under it and get Wilbur Wrights, Luther Burbanks, Edisons and Henry Fords put in instead.

This prying Wall Street out is a matter of news, a huge masterpiece of getting the attention of the world fixed. What is the main thing this man needs to do his work? He needs Henry Ford.

Henry Ford has pried out Wall Street from under his own business—(the scared part of Wall Street) and is running his business successfully on the theory that human nature is good. In other words, Henry Ford has expressed my soul for me in his factory. And now I want to turn it around and express Henry Ford's factory in my book, relate his factory to a century, to a nation, connect it up with the peace of nations and the fate of a world. I would like to put the factory under a sounding-board or in a megaphone, shout it from the housetops and upon the roofs of Boards of Trade, and even upon the slow, dreamy steeples of the churches that here, at last, in Detroit, U. S. A., there is a factory that is saying We, that is based on peace

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between classes, and that the factory is making fifteen hundred cars and eighteen thousand men a day. And that for every bit of work, every good helpful stroke the factory puts in on the men, the men are putting back three strokes on their factory work, one stroke on the Ford car, one on their employer's and employee's mutual belief in men, and one more little extra blow on their own lives and on themselves, until I have seen or seemed to see at last the whole piled-up huge institution, all its glass and iron, all its smoke and sunshine in it, and all the men and machines in it putting in the biggest stretches of work in shaping out a great nation, except George Washington's, or possibly Lincoln's, that has been started yet.

America is in a state of revolution, and the revolution has got to be put into a book so that all men to-day shall know and understand and believe what is happening to them and that when we are dead there shall be a record of it, of how human nature in the year 1915 rebelled, lifted itself up and broke into the business world, began to make business the biggest and happiest, youngest and most powerful of all the great human arts and professions—as full of ideals as falling in love, and pursued as shrewdly and as passionately and with as high enthusiasms and with as noble hearts.

. . . . . .

The best and most legitimate advertisement of the Ford car is the way the workmen work in the factory. It is an advertisement that renders a personal service to the daily life of the people to whom it is advertised. The Ford car tells every man something about human nature and about business that he would like to believe and does not dare.

Owning or driving a Ford car is a mere incident in the way one feels about the world when one rides around in it thinking how it was made. Henry Ford's workmen are the best advertisement of his factory because they make the kind of an advertisement every man takes personally and talks about as a

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personal affair. Every man feels his whole life, his life's theory, the underpinning of his life, the way he does his business, assailed and attacked and overhauled by Henry Ford, the way Henry Ford and Henry Ford's workmen, together, are making a Ford car. Mr. Ford instead of doing the conventional thing and advertising his car is advertising his employees. Mr. Ford has done away with a forty-year deadline for a workingman. He makes him keep on living. In other words, the advertising that Mr. Ford gets in this way is free advertising and has a right to be free, because it is personal, national, international news to every man living. The people who are advertised to are filled full of news too good to believe at first. Then they go ahead and do the advertising of the Ford car themselves.

The question is how to start people up. There are hundreds of thousands of us who are as much interested as Ford is, in answering the question: "How can we get a hundred million people on five continents to acting as the advertising agents (free) of the Ford car?"

Who is there who can start the public up, who can startle the people everywhere in clubs, in streets, in restaurants, and in good faith set them to acting as advertising agents for nothing of the Ford car?

Only a man who is doing it for nothing himself can get other people to do it for nothing.

Who is the man who can be found to do a thing like this for nothing? He will have to be a man who cannot be given a paid look and who is obviously working for a reward bigger than any company would think of trying to pay him.

He will have to be believed in by people automatically. People must see that the work he is doing cannot be done without advertising Ford, that he will have to make Ford known as an organic part of his own work, whether he wants to or not.

Who is this man? and how can he be found?

This is where I have innocently thought that perhaps I and my little book might come in! I cannot help writing about

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Mr. Ford and calling attention to Mr. Ford, to express my belief of what is going to happen, any more than I can help writing about Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie to express my belief of what has got through happening.

Every time I go out upon the streets and see that vast homely happy family of Ford cars, their crowded overflowing faces flocking past or every time I go flying out on the country roads and see all these countless crowds—these hopeful beginning people, just grimly holding on by their fists to the Motor World, the countless boyish motorists practising away at being motorists on their little Fords like little boys on tin whistles, I am happy thinking that perhaps some day everything I believe about Henry Ford for the world and for myself, they will believe for the world and for themselves, too. They will roll about believing it. I look in their faces with a strange gladness. . . .

If every man who rides in a Ford car or who has things delivered to him in a Ford car, or who meets a Ford car in the road would see Henry Ford as I do, would read these chapters, believe what I say about him and remember it next time he makes a deal in his business, I shall not have lived in vain. If he does not believe my interpretation of Henry Ford I want to follow him up with a book and ask why. If he does not believe in what Henry Ford is doing, I will ask him to criticise by going Henry Ford one better. No one would be better pleased than Henry Ford to be criticised in this way. In the meantime I have selected Henry Ford because the thing that he has been doing is the largest one single, mutual, industrial, economic and great common spiritual experience a whole world has been having together, is the plainest and loudest and most credible general statement of the idea that in this book I am trying to express, to apply, to connect up, to make happen, to modulate into every business in the world. To the Henry Ford each other line of business is going to have, and who is working out his technique in his own

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special kind of workmen and customers, and who is now as obscure as Henry Ford was ten years ago, I send greeting. As an advertising agent for men who are making money out of raising the credit of human nature, for men who are making disinterestedness work as much better than selfishness as it was intended to work, for men who are making their business as great-hearted as they are themselves, who are making their business an art-form for expressing themselves and expressing the American people, for men who are making their business to-day go around the world as one of the flags of the nation, as one of the symbols of the freedom, the peace, dignity and mighty-heartedness of the American people—for these men I shall be in the field with a new book all the rest of my life. In speaking for Henry Ford to-day I am speaking for them.

All any manufacturer has to do who criticises me for advertising Mr. Ford's factory is to do things that will drive me into advertising his.

In the meantime as I go riding about in my Ford car, I reek with pride! It's a Rolls-Royce to me! I feel as in a ship of State! I feel gathered about in the flag of my native country . . . and when I see on the long shiny State Road all the great glorious silent cars go past—those graceful, serene sailing swans of speed, I am not afraid of them any longer now, and when I meet or when I join in with all that vast hovering flock or flutter of my brother forders paddling gayly in their little fordlets up and down the streets, I feel at home and proud and happy. I sit still behind my wind-shield and watch my native land go by. I feel as if I were looking my queer, happy, hopeful country in the face. A composite of the people in the Ford cars in America to-day would be the best photograph America has ever had taken yet.... After all, I am a boy at heart, a bread-and-molasses boy. As I watch the big proud bitter cars go by, I glory daily in the little one—the one Lincoln would have begun in. I watch the stream of their faces and pray and sing—(rather low, of course) . . . all

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that hopeful, homely family of onwardness—onward any old way, but onward . . . how I know them and love them! I want to be inside and at heart like them and belong with them . . . their joviality, their defiance of laughter, their forgetting of the Ford jokes in the Ford comforts, laughing back at the small boys jeering at them from the curb for being in Fords—thousands of them glad, busy, unconscious, God bless them! They are not ashamed of the little straight-away car in its shirt sleeves! They are not minding the people in half-paid-for Coles who would ride in Fords if they dared. . . .

I have seen my vision flowing in the streets of those who shall believe what I believe... who like a vast shuttle of my faith shall go weaving my prayer for me and my song for me up and down the roads of a world!

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LOOK II

ADVERTISING A NATION

I

WITH GUNS AND BILLBOARDS

WAR is the failure of a world's spiritual billboards to advertise what each nation really has for the others that the others really want.

The time is coming when great engineers of each nation will lift a super-dreadnought from out of the sea, transport it to each nation's capital, put it in front of its palaces of kings or of the people on huge stays, or upon a drydock in a park, one in Washington, one in Berlin, one in Paris, and in Petrograd. In a hundred years people in each nation will go by it, will stand and look up at it with wonder as the nation's monument to Peace, or rather as the world's monument or reminder for each nation to have. Across the Monument will be the words:

> **TO NINETEEN FIFTEEN**
>
> **—a Monument to the Supreme Failure of the Advertising men of all nations—in 1915, to make their Nations Known to one another and to get their Nations to Express Themselves.**

People will look at the dreadnought and say: "Because we could not express ourselves, because we could not make any nation look, we had to try to get nations to look at us with monstrous stupid attention-machines like this."

People will go by as in a museum, and with their heads thrown

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back will stand and stare at the dreadnoughts like mastodons —curious colossal archaic engines with which their fathers expressed themselves, thundered their religion at the gates of nations and blew their souls about the world.

In the meantime, the dreadnoughts are not engaged in being monuments. Daily before our eyes, on the high, sunlit seas, they go about. The *Queen Elizabeth* spends a million and a quarter dollars an hour (with all her guns in action) in trying to get noticed.

She cries in the sunshine on the high seas to the sky: "England! England! England!"

Nobody notices. It sounds rather feeble on the sky. The sky is of brass.

Germany has another crying to the sky, too: "Fatherland! Fatherland! Fatherland!"

They drown each other out. Nobody listens.

And even if they did, what of it?

Is the voice really the voice of England?

Is the idea it voices really the idea of England? Is it like England?

They have an Idiot Whistle on the brush factory here in Northampton (a lingering, leering, mocking howl or siren) which rolls around on the air for five miles at seven o'clock every morning and which is supposed to be the voice of the Florence Manufacturing Company lovingly, respectfully calling their men to their work.

I often think of it as the voice of Mr. ——— the president (a pleasant, harmonious gentleman I occasionally see in evening dress at a symphony concert), and I wonder why he doesn't have this ghoulish unearthly tone he represents himself to his workmen with and that he represents the dignity of Labour with—modulated or stopped.

I feel the same way about England's trying to express herself, trying to shout about herself, make everybody notice her, be afraid of her, see what she is like, in these pathetic, helpless,

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wistful million-dollar croakings on the sky—from a dreadnought!

What made anybody notice the sinking of the *Lusitania?* What is it about the *Lusitania* that will be eloquent forever?

It was not the physical force in it. It was not the mean little cowardly thrust and shout from a boat hiding under water.

It was the joy of the German people—the ringing of the bells in a thousand steeples—over the drowning of twelve hundred innocent men, women and children. It was the editorials in a thousand German newspapers. It was Germany's cry of joy as she committed suicide, as she lifted up twelve hundred innocent men and women, a hundred and fifty babies, flung them aghast upon the sea, and then swung her hat before the world and said: "Look! Look! Oh, World! This is what Germany is like!"

The only thing that gives any value or power to physical force is what people think about it. The only force is Thought. It is not Germany's guns that Europe is fighting. It is Lissauer's chant of hate on the lips of her people.

It was a terrible thing for Germany to kill twelve hundred innocent men and women of other nations because they got in her way, but after all it was only a subtle, almost delicate and slight, expression or self-revelation of the heaped-up thoughts and feelings of rage and joy and hatred, Germany has had about it. It was Germany's soul that counted. It was what Germany meant by the *Lusitania* that was impressive. It was the last despairing self-destruction of seventy million people—of a nation—with one speechless, awful, immortal crash of cowardice and howl of victory, falling back before the heights of the human spirit into eternal defeat!

. . . . . .

This nation does not propose to believe or to take seriously or personally some of the things that are happening to other nations to-day. We propose to have different things happen.

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And by advertising for enough people in this nation and other nations to join with us and make them happen, we shall yet share with God, as America was meant to share, in the shaping of the destiny of a world.

We decline to believe that Germany and England and Russia and France are engaged to-day in expressing German men, Englishmen, Russians, Frenchmen, under the forms of expression which they have chosen to use. America at heart to her last man will stand up for German human nature and for English human nature. We will not judge nations in the moments of their despair and dumbness when they stutter in the language of force, in the language of ages long gone by, ideas of truth, liberty, of social and industrial need and power that have only begun to be conceived, in the age in which we live, and which can only hope to be expressed in the latest forms of expression and the latest means of attracting attention the age in which we live can command.

America believes what the North German Lloyd ships have been telling us all these years what the Germans are like. We only propose to believe about Germans what Germany says when she is speaking about herself in her senses and when she is using the latest forms of expressing the latest powers of a great people. The ideas about herself she is trying to express with guns we do not believe about her. The worse muss in expressing German human nature Germany makes, as long as she is trying to express it with guns, the better for Germany and for all of us. We like to think of Germany as she was. We look forward to Germany as she will be when she again expresses herself.

If it is true, as many say, that she is expressing her real self with guns, we will wait to judge. We will let her prove it to us by keeping on with the guns very long, and by clinging to the guns more than other nations when she is through. In the meantime we will stand by her and hope (even though we fight we will stand by her and hope) for Germany to express

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herself. We want her to unloose her ships by the wharves of New York once more and let their mighty funnels beckon to the sky and beckon to us—of what Germany is like. Perhaps we shall yet see her ships sailing in and out the harbour contradicting Bernhardi to the skyscrapers, taking back Lissauer's chant of hate up and down the cities of a world and sorrowing for the *Lusitania* in the middle of the sea.

War is a crazed expression and it drives people into crazed ideas to express.

War is the tragic breakdown of the art-forms of nations, the collapse of international advertising. War is the failure of the nation's spiritual billboards to advertise the qualities and powers of her people, to make known what each nation has for the others that the others really want.

I am going to stand out for America's getting the attention of the world the way Detroit has got the attention of America.

America will advertise the way Detroit advertises.

Seventy-five per cent. of all cars in America are made in Detroit. When I get into my Detroit car and roll down the street, on the average the first three cars I meet are from Detroit, Michigan. "Detroit does all these," I think. When I meet the fourth one, I look at the fourth one and think, "It takes all the cities of the United States put together to do this one."

One puts in quite a little time nowadays on the road, whizzing past cars. One spends three fourths of one's time whizzing past Detroit, Michigan. That flash of whistle and whir, swift shadow—that voice as of many winds, of boundless little echoes one just passed, now half a mile back down the road in a kind of businesslike halo of dust (three chances out of four), was Detroit, Michigan!

On a lonely road at night you see four big eyes and a glare ahead out in that long aisle through the blackness. A second more—a glorious buzz—a vast innumerable swish of air. . . . You look back: a little faint red dot . . . a roar . . .

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and what was it . . . three chances out of ten—this thing that flashed past you? What was it? It was a radiant bit—a flying fragment of Michigan. Forty thousand men at work through all those little cities of machines—of windows—making fragments of Michigan for a whole world to ride around in. Hundreds of thousands of people seated in them, night after night, flashing about, laughing happily—on those escaped comets, those mighty little whirls thrown off Detroit, Michigan.

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II

WITH FACES AND BOOKS

Mr. Gardner seemed worried in Boston the other night because the *Blücher*, the German ship that was sunk because it was slow, was five miles faster than anything in the American Navy.

Mr. Gardner was also scared apparently by our little army of seventy-five thousand men.

He asked how we proposed to meet the enemy. He said, with fire in his eyes and a roll in his voice, to a poor helpless audience: "What do you propose to have us do? Do you propose to have us stand up and meet the foe, when it comes up to shoot, with a roll of Sunday-school signatures and an address from Chautauqua?"

I think it would be just the thing. Let the Sunday-school children stand up with their signed petition in their hands. Then let the enemy aim their rifles at the Sunday-school children. Then let this enemy shoot the Sunday-school children if they dare.

There are certain other arrangements for such a battle I would want to arrange, I think.

First. I would have several sets of moving-picture machines placed on the hills up on both sides and others at close range, so that every village in the whole world would be provided for a thousand years with pictures of the soldiers shooting the children with their petition in their hands.

Second. I would have delegates from all nations up on the hills in reserved seats. They would return and give descriptions at home of the soldiers shooting the children.

Third. I would get together two companies of poets (if I could find any who believed in poetry enough to do it) and have

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them stationed on the hills—one poet from every nation. They would pour out the courage of the soldiers shooting children into song. They would make the soldiers shooting the children a part of the living literature of all nations.

Fourth. I would spend a million dollars in getting the names and addresses of as many soldiers as possible pictured in the act of shooting the children. The money could be spent in going about the enemy's country and matching up the photographs with their originals, and then distributing about their native towns, where everybody knew them, the pictures of each soldier shooting the children.

The way to do with an enemy is to annihilate him before attack begins. What really works is to attack the soldier's imagination before he fights. England is spending ten dollars a day per English soldier already. Suppose she spends five dollars on each German soldier—hands five dollars a day over to the German Government to be spent on travelling expenses and reading matter for this German to know England. Let England say: "Come over here and feel friendly, make us feel friendly and have it out with us—we will pay you five dollars a day for it." This would not only be cheaper than ten dollars a day spent on having each Englishman stand up to be shot, but it would be precisely to the point and would get the attention, if not of all Germany, of enough Germans to swing the nation.

This may sound vague, but it takes organization, a huge mutual-attention machine. Even if it cost $50,000,000 a day to the nations contributing to it, it would be cheaper than the present mutual-inattention machines, or machines for shooting attention away, that are being used now.

Fifth. Mr. Gardner would probably not be impressed by pamphlets and books or by moving pictures as a means of keeping an enemy off.

He would probably be particularly sarcastic about a paper book.

He would probably say that a book is too vague and slow an

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influence, a kind of literary dribbling through people's minds, and that a book could not be concentrated to the defense of one great nation from another.

Mr. Gardner would not rely much on a book to defend America with, as a substitute for a dozen dreadnoughts and half a million men.

But I do not think the facts would back up Mr. Gardner in this attitude toward books. Books do things. They are even to-day before our eyes the supreme concentration, the supreme materialization in this world, of human power. The material things they do can even be weighed off in the eyes of a world in dollars and cents. England is spending ten million dollars a day —every day now—indefinitely in fighting three books: one book by an obscure German named Bernhardi, another book by a philosopher named Nietzsche, and another book by a professor named Treitschke. Certainly as long as the nations of Europe are every day before our eyes spending fifty million dollars a day on doing what three books have made them believe they have got to do, it is hardly an opportune time for Mr. Gardner or any one else to scoff at what books can do, to feel faint-hearted about the power of books to defend, assail, or endanger mighty peoples, and to cast into the balance the fate of nations.

This war is to be known in history as the Three Books War.

It is an interpretation of the German character that the world is spending fifty million dollars a day shooting at. It was only because people believed these three books that it was possible to start the war, and it is only because people believe them now still more and because the German people seem to be backing—poor people!—the books up, that it has become possible for the Allies to have the moral backbone, the religious fervor, that alone could keep the fight going.

. . . . . .

I believe that a single book in America which shall be strewn and sown by our Government through all the world—a single

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book which shall be a living portrait of the temperament of America, of the daily mood, the genius of hope, of the peaceful deep and quiet and busy fearlessness that runs through the hearts of our people—would defend this nation from all other nations.

Dreadnoughts and armies would only expose it.

As a single book, Bernhardi, for instance, has exposed Germany, so could a single book defend America. The problem of peace the next hundred years in America is the problem of finding a man who in expressing and revealing himself shall express and reveal his nation.

A crowd of seventy million men and women called Germany could not hope to know a crowd of ninety million men and women called America, but if they knew more or less vividly and personally one man who is essentially the spirit, the temperament of them all, we would have the spectacle three thousand miles wide—three thousand miles across the sea—of seventy million people all being intimate with ninety million people.

The English are fighting Germany because they believe that Bernhardi has given a precise portrait of what the Germans are like. Many German officers are fighting the English and shooting them down as snobs and hypocrites because they have believed and passed on to the people the idea that Thackeray has drawn a precise portrait of what Englishmen are like.

If eleven nations can be set to gathering themselves together in a stupendous crash, in a national concentration such as the world has never dreamed of—if eleven nations can be set to spending fifty million dollars a day to fight a book or so in Germany or a book or so in England—it is hardly necessary to suggest the bottomless material energy and vastness of reach of little spiritual quirls of ink, or of what could be done by really great books, by books which with real genius and lovableness and contagiousness could be thrown out by a nation to defend itself, books that paint the portrait of a nation so that people in the nation would be defended by being known and loved, by being

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revealed to men of other nations as blundering but trying, provoking but lovable fellow human beings.

Of course this power to paint the portrait, the true portrait, of a nation out of the huddled-up chaos of seventy million faces turns in the last analysis upon the imaginative power or genius in some man to fight out for himself in spite of his environment a true perspective. This fighting quality in the man of genius which makes it possible for him to be a personality, to have a free, noble, unenslaved imagination so that perspective at last becomes possible to him and can become at last a daily habit with him, so that he can make a sketch of a great people that will make them feared and loved—that would make all a world stand by them, serve them, and protect them—a man like this is not a form of self-defense a nation can hope to have without prayer and sacrifice, experiment, hope, and, above all, without seeing what such a man is for, and what he can do. But a nation should at least begin to provide such a man by seeing and making him see how much he is needed.

A nation that wants a vast standing army and a huge navy like this, as it were—a line of coast defenses like this—all concentrated, all done up in a few thousand words on paper by one man, can only hope to produce such a man by seeing what he could do and what he would save the nation's doing and by looking with expectation and with challenge upon its literature.

I have believed that as time goes on it is to the artist, to the nation's expert in perspective, and not to the soldier, that this nation and Mr. Gardner will look and be glad to look for the defense of the country.

Nations are endangered and attacked because they cannot see themselves and see one another and see the events that are happening before their eyes in perspective.

Only a man who is an expert and specialist in seeing perspectives in human nature can hope to see two nations and what is happening to them in perspective, and only a man who is a trained master in expressing a perspective when he gets it can

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hope to get anybody else in a time of stress to notice his perspective or to use it.

The power of perspective in this connection may be said to be the power of seeing and expressing what two nations would wish they had done fifty years afterward.

Perspective always has regular provision made for it by people. The newspaper furnishes perspective a few hours afterward; the magazine a few days afterward.

Perspective fifty years afterward can be got for us by the historian. What a poet seems to be for is to hand over to us bodily our perspective now—to express to two nations what they would wish they had done in fifty years, so that they will see it and do it now.

This makes the poet or the artist to-day rather more important than he has usually been to nations before. A nation's literature is ceasing to be looked upon as one of the national graces.

Literature is the art of taking what has just happened and, by sheer lift and range of imagination, laying it out in its perspective in spite of itself and in spite of everybody. Literature is the art of arranging, out of what has just happened, what has got to happen.

I have spent twenty years and written six books exalting every other man's profession, in trying to show that every man's profession and every man's trade and calling in this world is an art-form, capable of expressing him vigorously, deeply, intimately, and of fulfilling him and his nation together.

Perhaps I may say a word now for my own calling and my vision of my own profession in the next hundred years.

Literature by modern nations, after this last fiasco of war, is about to be taken seriously. It is to be taken in the twentieth century as the nation's means of self-defense.

I have seen that after this war is over the artist is through dallying. I have seen that the man who works in literature is no longer to be regarded as the national paperhanger, or decorator, or painter in water colours of the friezes of nations.

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Literature after this war, is to be looked upon as a man's business. It is the art of arranging out of what has just happened, what has got to happen.

It is to be the most colossal, most subtle, penetrating expression of a man's will, of a man's will and of his vision wrought together, that men know.

It is to be the life-calling of the artist to melt and weld in his heart the fate of nations, to work in cosmic spiritual forces, to precipitate new spiritual and new material worlds. As stars are struck off and swung out, he shall create new worlds, he shall set his will and his vision in motion together, light and heat, dynamo and apocalypse, whirling and revolving together, until at last, his will and vision working together, he shall create new wills for men, new visions for men—shall whirl up new men and new wills, new mutual wills, new nations on the earth!

He shall whirl up the new nations by expressing intimately, colossally, with fear and with love, the nations that are.

The reason that the soldier is going by is that by temperament and training he is the man of all others to-day who cannot do this. He does not represent and cannot express people. People can only be defended in this machine world by men who can express them and by men who can help them to express themselves.

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III

WITH HYENAS

Ages ago the best men in the world were soldiers. When men looked up to them there was something about them that made all other men want to be soldiers, too, and expect to be soldiers. Ages ago soldiers expressed nations. It was because soldiers expressed nations that they secured results for them. A nation's soldiers were the best advertisements of what the nation was like.

The memory and anticipation of her soldiers, the sight of her soldiers marching peacefully through the streets with colours flying and bands of music playing—ages ago—were the best and most true presentation or portrait of the spirit and temper of a people, of the representative virtues and gifts of the men of a nation to be feared and loved, that the nation had.

In a machine age, an age of invention and organization, an age of machinery for acting together, all men of special power in getting results are experts and geniuses in team-work, in expressing themselves and others together. It is the inventors of machines, of organized ideas, the inventors of power-houses of mutual attention, the builders of engines of seeing together who secure results for nations.

Only tenth-rate men can be hired to be privates in war today, and only fifth-rate men can be found to organize men against one another or to lead men against one another.

Leading men together is interesting and powerful and throws a man, instantly and for life, with the men who are worth knowing. Leading men together expresses a man, helps him to express his world, and makes his career great and happy.

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And all men envy him and want to be like him. He becomes a Crowd-man.

Everybody understands him. He understands everybody. It is this man or type of man who is becoming before our eyes in every nation its most national, its most representative man.

The weakness of being a soldier is that to-day there is not really anybody in a nation, not even himself, that a soldier can be said to represent. He represents a narrow extraordinary and momentary idea or mood in men—the idea of killing people as a way of impressing them. This extremely rare idea, which most people have never even had a flash of more than once in their lives, is all a soldier represents and all he can express.

A soldier is so unrepresentative that truly modern men feel lonely with him. As it is his business as a soldier, his special profession, to make men feel lonely with him, he is supposed to like it and to do it very well.

Mr. Gardner's idea that the United States should hunt up and gather together and train in its schools and colleges from now on a very large number of men like this, that the United States should set thousands of young men in every State to thinking in uniforms and arguing with guns in this lonely way, and keep them engaged all the rest of their lives in making America look impressive to other nations, is not practical, for two reasons: the first is that we will not look impressive to other nations in this way, and the second is that the men Mr. Gardner wants in a country like this, for this purpose, are not being produced by this country.

It is hard to find anybody in America who understands himself so little and understands others so little that he will be a soldier.

The reason a soldier does not have any real power to-day and does not represent anybody is that he does not begin to represent himself. At best he is a real, honest, flesh-and-blood man who has forced himself, or let himself be forced by circumstances, to be a monster—a man who has entered into a pathetic absurd

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task of trying to be as good a hyena as he can for God and humanity.

Of course a man can only hope to make at best a very poor and somewhat mixed imitation of a hyena. The hyena is to be looked up to in his way. He at least takes the best possible means at his disposal of accomplishing his particular end, and a man who is being a hyena to serve the ends of humanity does not. His end is to make men keep from attacking him. He throws away his best means of making men not want or not dare to attack him—his brains—and takes up means that specifically make men make up their minds that they will attack him, means that make men feel (with all these dreadnoughts and claws and things he has and that he believes in) they must wipe him and wipe all his people off the face of the earth.

Not representing anybody or expressing anybody in America in the twentieth century, the soldier is losing his value as a means of national defense.

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IV

WITH FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS

It seems to me that in these next few pages I am going in a straight line, almost a short cut, to my subject, but I know that to Professor ——— or to Judge ——— it will surely seem and be one of those little guilty but half-happy detours I make and always seem to have to make when I see a Subject, a stern Subject, set squarely and honestly in front of me, glaring at me, right in the middle of the road, that has got to be dealt with.

Anyone can skip to—I should think—to about page 274.

I am planning to have roses, growing wild and of themselves down the terrace in front of my house and reaching down over the wall to the road where everybody goes by. If people tell me that my rosebushes will be stripped, I will put up a sign which will say to people:

> PLEASE TAKE ONE ROSE
> IF YOU THINK THERE ARE ENOUGH

I have been wondering what to do about the people who enter my little piece of ground or who cross it before my eyes. (I do not love all crowds everywhere all the time.) My first idea had been to put up signs in the curve of the driveway. What gets the attention of one person does not necessarily get another's, and I had thought I would have several gears of signs with which to reach people—people with slow-speed attention for instance, those with neutral attention, and those with high-speed attention.

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I would have this sign first:

Private!

If anybody came in beyond the first part of the curve in the drive after seeing this sign they would face this one:

PLEASE DO NOT TRESPASS

And then, if they still went around the next curve, they would see:

ANY PERSON TRESPASSING ON THIS PROPERTY WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW

Next curve:

BEWARE OF THE DOG!

Next:

BEWARE OF THE LION!

I thought that this was rather good at first—at once considerate of people's various feelings, discriminating and polite.

Then I began to think about it more. Why bother, after all? The first sign is the best and most practical—I appeal to any reader. When you say "*Private*" at the end of your drive and people know who you are, and how kindly, even humbly perhaps, you are asking them to let you keep an engagement with yourself awhile, and when they know you have written a book standing up for Crowds, and that of course all you really mean is that you want to be alone to work for them or think about them or eat a minute or take a nap, they accept the sign, take it over as their sign, as if they had written it for you themselves. They turn away glad to do you a favour, thanking you for letting them know in time.

The whole problem of self-defense turns on having people know who one is, and what one is like, and how one feels.

All there is to self-defense is being known and being ready to be known.

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This principle holds as true for a nation as for a man.

But the argument for armament is that this would not work with criminal men or with nations.

Possibly criminal nations—i. e., nations which propose to get what they want by force—are best managed the way all the other criminals are, or are coming to be, by appealing to their intelligence and self-respect and observation of human nature and their loyalty to the human race.

The other day in Sing Sing, for the first time since the use of the honour system, a prisoner who had been given unusual liberties took advantage of them, broke his vow to his fellow-prisoners and to the warden, and escaped. The prisoners held a kind of Hague convention and passed resolutions of shame and sorrow and condemnation. It is the warden's character in Sing Sing prison that throws up walls all around it—daily amazing walls not made with hands, all around, implacable, invisible walls of the voluntary wills of men.

The practical way to discipline another man, however bad he seems to be, is to be known by him stoutly, respected and flagrantly trusted by him, until before he knows it, with a kind of soft astonishment he sets himself to disciplining himself.

And what is true of a man is true of a nation.

The people of the world appeal to-day from the *Lusitania*-side of Germany and the Belgium-side of Germany to the best in the German nation. We know at heart that this is the way the whole muddle is finally going to be solved, of course, by appealing to the best in the German nation and by getting Germany to discipline herself. We know that this is what Germany (and each other nation, too, for its share) is going eventually to do, and the more nearly we can come to taking this for granted and saving a place in our hearts and minds even while we fight her—for the Germany that will do this, the Germany that shall come to her senses herself and shall appeal to ours—the better and the more quickly will the trouble be over. England and France are not using force with Germany to-day. They are

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using force with the crazed people who are in control of the people of Germany.

. . . . . .

And even crazed people are better handled now by mind power than by force. There are seven hundred crazed people up on a hill not far from my house. Force makes them crazier. As it is force and fear of force that start the craziness, violence is practically going by in managing crazed people. It is going by in managing crazed nations next. We have merely not arranged statesmen and diplomats as yet apparently who have the genius for it and put them in places of power to do it.

There is nothing so very wonderful about this power. Any ordinary man who believes in this power as a matter of course can operate it, and the less fine moral flurrying he makes about doing it, and the more quietly he takes it for granted, the better he does it.

Henry Ford, standing in the marble lobby of the Hotel Belmont the other night, was asked by a reporter to explain his idea of employing ex-convicts in his factory. After being prodded awhile he said the plan of giving employment to ex-convicts was so simple that there was nothing in it to talk about.

"I can't see what there is to explain," he said, very quietly. "You just put them to work, that's all."

"Do you conceal the ex-prisoners' identities, Mr. Ford?"

"Why, certainly not. Why should that be done?"

And then he went on to say that the men working side by side with the ex-convicts treated them as men treat men.

"Everybody will stick to a man who wants to work," he said.

There was a pause while Mr. Ford left the reporters searching for another question to put to him. It was:

"Would you take ex-convicts, put them in a row and pick out the best of them, rejecting the others? Would you examine their characters?"

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"No! Take 'em all," was the laconic reply.

"They usually make good?"

"They have to. All they want is the chance."

"I suppose you'd try them out, and put them through your clearing-house until they saw where they fitted?"

"Yes."

Nothing in this world arouses or holds a man's attention or a nation's attention like being believed in. The best, most arresting and permanent way to get a man's attention is to set a very shrewd man (a man he knows is shrewder than he is) to believing in him before his eyes more than he believes in himself. This man will almost invariably turn out to be a man who has the deeper belief that takes for granted, that does not seem to notice, that merely does some little thing or keeps from saying some little thing which reveals that his big belief (which has forgotten to feel it is a big belief) is there.

Henry Ford dares to disarm with his convicts. And they, of course, dare to disarm with him.

In this way, I believe—and on this principle—in due time, America will make it as hard for criminal nations to fight America as Henry Ford makes it for convicts to fight Henry Ford. The convicts let themselves be helpless in Henry Ford's hands.

Our enemies will be helpless. They will gratefully and handsomely make themselves be helpless before our eyes.

And as the Chinese when they meet others shake hands with themselves, so will our enemies be seen everywhere faithfully, hopefully and in our honour and in a great light, jumping up and down with joy before us, before everybody, jumping on themselves and keeping themselves jumped on, day and night in our behalf.

This lets a nation off of course very easily and cheaply.

This is the only thorough and satisfactory way to fight that has ever been thought of.

. . . . . .

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Self-defense for a man is the search for self-expression.

Self-defense for a nation is the search for self-expression.

The self-expression America will have to try for would have as the main drift of it, or undertone of it, something to this effect:

Nobody shall fight with us! Let them try! We are too eager to get what we want. We will not give up to people who want to fight us. We want their love and their respect and our way all at the same time, and we propose to make our way so right and so fair, God helping us, that they can afford to want us and our way together. We have proposed to find a way to keep people and to keep things and have our way thrown in (if we can) besides. It is not merely our own way we want to get in America. We want our own way of getting our own way.

Our getting them to understand that this is what is back of our not fighting, our getting them to respect and coöperate with our not fighting, is a matter of national advertising. We will pick out words and actions that will prove it to them that they are wrong about us. And then when they find that they have got us wrong, we will be in a position to suggest that as they have got us wrong, a fundamental part of the issue, they may possibly have got some of our ideas, and some of the things we want to get from them, wrong, too.

Then will come America's chance.

And our chance will be their chance.

The problem of peace, of peace without compromise, of peace without giving up an item of essentials, of peace with joy, of peace without threatening, without regretting and without despair, is the problem both in a nation and a man of asserting and attaining individual self-expression.

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V

HOW CAN A NATION GET WHAT IT WANTS?

Looking at it from a world point of view and as a matter of ordinary plain sensible planet-housekeeping, it would be highly desirable to have Germany step in presently and give Constantinople the first real spring house-cleaning it has had in two thousand years. No one could begin to do in behalf of the rest of Europe as well as Germany the hard, capable rough work of setting Turkey, Armenia and the Balkans to rights, and of keeping them from fighting with each other long enough to live, and of keeping them in behalf of all nations where they can no longer throw around matches in the powder house of the world.

And nothing would suit Germany better than to do this.

Her heart aches with efficiency as she looks around Budapest, Sofia and Constantinople.

Why is it that all the nations who want Turkey and the Balkans attended to are not asking Germany to-day with one accord to do it?

They believe that Germany, if she were given control of Constantinople and the route to the East, would not make them the highway or great open street of all nations, and they believe that instead of governing them in the interests of the freedom and power and convenience of all people, she would govern them for her own.

Germany's problem of getting control of Constantinople is an advertising problem—a problem of making other nations believe in her and trust her.

How can Germany most quickly do this?

Partly by words, partly by actions. First: By listening to

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other nations and to what they think of her and of the way she treats the rights and liberties of others. Second: By reaching her hand over into all the nations and undermining and disproving before our eyes the accusations we make against her.

Germany in her present dilemma and peril has a more pressing need of experts in advertising than she has of soldiers.

A nation which overrides and which has overridden and which seems to other nations (however unjustly) to have taken up with overriding as a kind of national religion has a plain expert feat of publicity engineering before it. Germany must prove to all nations that she is not an overriding nation by becoming before our eyes a winning nation—a nation that gets things out of people by presenting facts, ideas, actions and convictions to people of other nations which make people believe them, want to believe them and hand their belief on to others.

The moment Germany begins to think of our modern, international machine-world as it really is and the moment she reckons with the grim unyielding team-work genius of the people of a machine age and substitutes advertising for fighting, the moment she organizes and substitutes efficiency in understanding and being understood for efficiency without being understood at all, her whole tone and gait before the world will change. All the things she is saying now and doing and justifying and defying now will be turned around and she will present a new face and speak in a new tone to a world.

Germany has already shown her own latent national recognition of the explosive and relentless power of advertising in modern life.

With what magnificent and unflinching faith in herself and in the integrity of her own workmen, in the moral sincerity of her people and her common shops and factories, has Germany already flung that stupendous challenge around the world of those little three terrifying words **MADE IN GERMANY**. For years she has posted on every tiny thing which she has made, and which she has sent boasting and singing into the

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homes of a thousand nations, this little penetrating innumerable advertisement. The solidity, the thoroughness, the penetrating, grim, faithful, sterling quality of the German national character have been innumerably, ceaselessly dramatized in aniline dyes and in dolls, in kitchens and nurseries, and acted out in the daily life of every man, woman and baby on the globe.

Germany will never be a courtly and insinuating nation, but she can be so sublimely serviceable, so single-hearted, big-spirited, bluff and honest with us all in doing the things she does and in saying the things she says in behalf of a world, that we will be compelled to acknowledge her. We will first dislike, then believe, then defer to her—to the bluff and honest nation. We will all flock together to get her what she wants. But Germany must ask us to first. As long as she has the spirit of helping herself, the world will see to it that no one else helps her and that she is kept crowded into a third-rate power, lonely, hated, enraged, helpless and unhelped.

I have tried to illustrate what advertising could do to give Germany a chance to defend her rights and to get what she wants in the world because many of my readers would rather see Germany try it first.

Then we would.

It is natural to us all perhaps to be a little less nervous with the truth when we see it being applied to other people. We relax and realize a little more freely.

Then, being honest, we move it over a little slowly to ourselves afterward.

I do not mind people coming to my truth with me the longer way around by way of Germany if they like.

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VI

HOW CAN A NATION BE NAÏVE WITH A WORLD?

The general idea of being a soldier is that the less human you are, and the less human you act and look, the more people will be afraid to fight you.

I think it is just the other way.

The way to make people afraid to fight you is to be human and lovable.

Of course there are details to be considered.

The details are technical and consist in finding out the particular revealing words and actions, revealing one's self as one really is, so that the more human and lovable (i. e., full of love for others) a man really is, the more people will be afraid to fight him.

A nation's defense is its genius for self-revelation, its power for being able to afford to be naïve with a world.

If a nation once has the serenity and strength to dare to live (as all democracies are supposed to do) with its spiritual doors open, there is not likely to prove to be any magic or miracle necessary in successfully using national exposure as a means of national self-defense. It is a matter of seeing the main points in the nation to be revealed, and then item by item and in order one after the other, on the block-signal system, driving through the actions and swinging up the signals and picking out the words that reveal them.

This calls, of course, for experts and professional specialists. It requires of a nation that it shall pick out and employ men of revealing and interpreting genius with the same deliberate recognition of their function as a great profession of modern national

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defense, with the same deliberateness and the same expense that it is now devoting to a stupendously inefficient and incredibly bygone profession like being a general or admiral.

The things that our nation wants to understand and have understood in dealing with other nations, are things that cannot be expressed for us by generals and admirals, by experts in impressing people with how frightful we are or how frightful we can be when we try, by murder-students or by men who seriously and professionally believe that nations should defend themselves by hurling cemeteries at each other, by battering each other with dead men.

All one has to do is to think how it comes out when they succeed. And suppose after all that they do succeed, suppose these incredibly expensive experts do precisely the one narrow, mean, speechlessly sorrowful, empty thing they know how to do, and suppose that with their leadership we do finally succeed and do fill the other nations' cemeteries more than they fill ours?

It cannot be said that these men will have expressed us and revealed us in doing this. They will have caricatured us to the people of the other nations in mounds of dead men. Every hillside of graves will be a lie about us for a hundred years.

As a matter of fact, filling their cemeteries is sadder to us, more dreary, guilty, more unmanning to us, than having them fill ours. If they fill ours it is their responsibility. When we have filled theirs we have no escape. We may still take some comfort in hating them after we have filled theirs. But why do we hate them? Because they have made us hate ourselves, have made us do things which make it daily, hourly, a hateful task to us to live and to have to live, to have to eat, drink, sleep, get up in the morning once more with ourselves!

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VII

TWO AMERICAS AND ONE MR. ROOSEVELT

But of course if a nation is going to depend upon getting attention, upon advertising itself to other nations, and upon exposing itself as a means of self-defense, it must first get its own attention very seriously to itself, and to what it is exposing.

In America we face the fact that if America is to advertise itself successfully, to Germany for instance, by using a policy of simple exposure to-morrow morning, it would end in a muddle. If all the men who are living in Germany could see all the men who are living in America, and see us all precisely as we are, they would want to start to-morrow morning to sort people over in America, divide us off, and then fight half of us, or a quarter or a third of us.

There are two Americas. Germany looks at my America and feels one way, and it looks at Colonel Roosevelt's and feels another.

So the question of self-defense for America narrows down at last to the question of getting Americans to line up to the America they want, look everything over in the next few months, and decide once for all which America they want to belong to—Colonel Roosevelt's or mine.

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VIII

JACK JOHNSON AND MR. ROOSEVELT

I am linking in this way the name of Jack Johnson and Mr. Roosevelt not as fighters but as philosophers. They have come to the same spiritual insight with regard to a man's making himself plain to other people, and expressing his ideas. In the last resort, they both believe naïvely and solemnly in the beautiful, essential, fundamental fistiness of Thought.

Standing carefully and looking at a thought or finding a word for it, and keeping one's hands folded quietly or in one's pocket while one uses the word, does not appeal to Jack Johnson and Mr. Roosevelt as forceful.

Mr. Roosevelt thinks he appreciates the force of thought, but what Mr. Roosevelt thinks is less accurate about Mr. Roosevelt than what he does about what he thinks.

In what he does, Mr. Roosevelt acts as if he did not believe in Thought. Mr. Roosevelt would not rely on defending a nation with a look. Mr. Roosevelt is always by temperament a little puzzled and scared when he thinks of the Quakers and their ways.

A Quaker has always been safe, Mr. Roosevelt has to admit, with the wildest, most superstitious and most uninformed tribes of Indians.

A woman who is going about among the loneliest mountain tribes, who goes obviously, plainly, or almost loudly unprotected, is as safe as a baby in its cradle.

A Quaker seems to Mr. Roosevelt to be without adequate provision for self-defense. To me, a Quaker has provided himself with the most difficult, elaborate, long-prepared self-defense any man can have.

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All a man has to do is to take one single look at a Quaker's face to feel the hold-up he has, and to be kept instantly from wanting to fight him. This is the most thorough whipping any man could hope to get. Also the most agreeable, conclusive and permanent.

What makes people's faces peaceful is a long, elaborate, accumulated preparation of their inner works of self-defense.

It takes all their lives, the ideas, motives, and feelings they have kept crossing and recrossing their faces, growing into them and blooming out of them for seventy years.

In America we will not fasten on armour, we will grow it, sleep with it, laugh cry love and grow rich with it.

Carrying a gun makes a man or a nation a target.

All that is necessary is to be glaringly peaceful, stand out with as fine, convincing, as absolutely unmistakable a plainness without means of protection, as other people stand out with it, and everybody, including the enemy, will protect us.

The real truth about Mr. Roosevelt and many others who assume to be our modern spiritual leaders to-day is that they have not the clear-headedness, the courage, the spiritual gusto and thoroughness of nature to be unarmed with this terrific sweeping and unmistakable plainness.

Some years ago the Finnish people in Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, all came quietly one day, the children and old men, fathers and mothers, and stood in a great, silent, unarmed army of defencelessness in the Common, before the Russian army drawn up to attack them. The brave Russian soldiers were so afraid of them, so stricken in spirit and humbled before them, before this sublime silent broadside of their fearlessness as they stood up to be shot, that not a soldier would shoot. And every soldier knew and every officer knew that the first officer that ordered the soldiers to shoot would be turned on and shot himself. Finally two men went out from each side with white flags. In that mighty battle everything was granted to the people.

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Brave men and true fighters in the Russian army would rather stand up and be shot, or rather shoot one another, than to aim and shoot at men who would not shoot them and who dare to stand up to be shot.

The Finnish people knew this. They had the courage to know this. They used this courage as their weapon.

If Finland at about this time had been thinking up or trying to think up a splendid and gracious national tribute to the bravery of the Russian soldiers, a tribute that every Russian soldier would rather die than not respond to, it could not have done better than to have the whole city of Helsingfors go out to the army, the little children from out of the schools, the women from out of the kitchens and the churches and the men from out of the shops, and all stand together there and bare their breasts to be shot.

If ever a nation had a face and if ever a nation's face shone and defended a city by a look, it was ten years ago, one day, when the city of Helsingfors stood up to be shot.

All the United States would have to do to defend itself with one cent's worth of armament as well as it is now defending itself with a hundred million dollars' worth would be to make its disarmament as loud and unmistakable, as fearful in its plainness, as its dreadnoughts are now. One big, simple, heroic monosyllable of peace that no nation can ever possibly hope to misunderstand will be all that is necessary.

As a means of self-defense, standing with one hand held out to shake hands and the other on a pistol in one's hip pocket, is not quite bright. Real defenselessness is courageous and conclusive. It makes the enemy afraid.

All our trouble, and the trouble of all the other nations with regard to war, is that we have not the courage to be uncompromising. Our nation is to-day still trying pathetically to compromise. It is because it goes about among the nations like all the others with its left hand held out to shake hands and its right hand on its hip pocket that it is in danger.

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IX

HIP-POCKET PEACE

As long as we think we have to fight, or as long as we have a Government that represents us, as acting as if we thought we had to fight, we are cowards. We are not cowards individually—we still go about unafraid and unarmed in the streets—but our Government which we consent to let represent us has all one side paralyzed. Its whole right side (from the hip pocket down and up) is paralyzed with fear.

It would be an unthinkable thing for America in the moment when eleven nations are all fighting against fighting, for us in sight of a whole world wishing it had our chance to be fearless without fighting to begin to fight, to slump back into being afraid not to be ready to fight.

Of course it is generally admitted that the less broadly the spiritual has to be materialized by a people in order to get the attention of others, the higher they rank in civilization, but I am not recommending this more intangible way of fighting as a matter of national pride. I am merely considering what is practical. A man's fist is his broadest, most lumbering materialization, and it cannot in the nature of things hope to be as economical, as convenient, as light handy or efficient a form of materializing an idea as a still look in the eye. It is because the eye in a nation or in a man is light handy and powerful, that I am making this stand for it. It is easier and more practical and spiritual for a dog to express his idea of self-defense with his bark than his bite, but his sense of smell is a dog's most powerful weapon in protecting himself from danger. It is the

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most subtle and spiritual strength he has, and therefore the most flexible convenient and practical.

In the same way it seems reasonable to hold that it is a man's five senses that were given to him to defend himself with and not his muscles. The more refined the sense, the more economical light convenient and effortless it is, the more powerful it is.

I do not see why this principle does not hold as good in defending a nation as a man. If the eyes of this nation have half as much spent on them as we spend on a huge logy navy or army, on dreadnoughts and muscles, no one would dare touch us. A face for this nation, a face that shall make nations love or fear us, that shall sway a world as it is swayed itself, by seeing and by being seen, shall yet be our national defense.

How can America fight with its Face? As Finland showed its Face on the Common at Helsingfors and drove back the enemy by looking and by being looked at, how can a vast nation like America have a Face and defend itself with its Face? I am dealing with this in detail in later chapters.

In the meantime I make the claim for America that American self-defense is to be by self-revelation, by advertising partly by our artists and national interpreters, and partly by men of action, by the revelation in action and in business dealings of the keen, farsighted, self-contained, attractive, terrific, imperious, unconquerable peacefulness of the American character.

We will at least try to live up to the ideal of a big dog with a little one, or we will be like a big shrewd bear. If people try to attack us and fight with us, they will get a big, peaceful, quieting hug—banks and markets and inventions and Ford cars. We will prevent war not by threatening violence. We will hug nations with services they cannot give up, with wealth for them, for us, with vision for them, for us, with our overwhelming sense of identity, with our gusto and skill in saying We, with a surroundingness, a world-patriotism no nation can look us in the face, or any other nation in the face, and withstand.

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We will base our defense on our shrewdly critical, self-searching, grounded faith in our own characters, in the ability of these characters to make themselves understood to others, in our keenly observant, well-grounded, expert faith in the ability of others to understand.

Here are the two ways: self-defense by self-expression or advertising; and self-defense by threat and armament—Mr. Roosevelt's way and mine.

America cannot use them both.

America cannot love and trust and be loved and trusted with its hand on its hip pocket. Unless we can make people believe our peace is not a mere Sunday-school peace, we will be shot. We must not say "Come to Jesus" to the other nations—with our hands on our hip pockets. Our hour has come. America is about to choose, and let the whole world watch us choose, between Mr. Roosevelt's way and mine.

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X

EVERYBODY STEP THIS WAY

I am not in favour of having America defend herself as Finland did, by a kind of heroic and tragically helpless act of peace, by standing up to be shot with a magnificent unflinching faith in the manhood of her enemies. But if the little nation of Finland by showing its Face to a few soldiers on a Common could defend herself as she did, I wonder what America could do by revealing her Face to a world—by advertising and dramatizing her soul as she really is, by a stupendous campaign of words and actions, unveiling the countenance and the will of her people, setting up her national self-expression among the peoples of the earth.

I am not making a stand against preparedness. I am as much afraid of unpreparedness as Mr. Roosevelt.

I merely would substitute for Mr. Roosevelt's army and navy a tremendous advertising campaign, in the hands of geniuses and experts, which will make all peoples know what we are like, what our peacefulness is like, and what our peacefulness is doing and is able to do for them and for us.

If every man in every nation knew that America is a country where all the people have a habit of getting what they want at home without fighting, they would not have to be afraid of us or get ready to fight us.

Our national self-defense is to be made up of an actual every-day contagious reproductive peace which flows over from us into other nations.

A preachified peace would not work, I admit.

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The only peace America has really tried or really stood for as yet is a preachified peace.

It is because the two things that Mr. Roosevelt can do best are preaching and fighting that he takes the vociferous stand he does for armament.

Preaching always leads to fighting. If all one can do to a man is to tell him what he ought to do, if one is not shrewd enough to express it, to get him to see it so that he wants to do it, one has to be ready to fight him as a matter of course.

Anybody would know from the way Mr. Roosevelt always pounds on a table when he talks, the way he bears on and rolls people under with his voice, the way he sets his teeth in a subject and shakes it, that he would be driven to the idea of a large armament for national defense. All an armament could possibly be for in this country would be as a substitute for our power to express ourselves.

Not being able to express ourselves leads to preaching. Preaching leads to pounding, and pounding leads to fighting.

There are a great many people like Mr. Roosevelt.

I more than agree with Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gardner that this nation if it cannot get ready to express itself must get ready to fight. And I believe that the best and most arresting, capable and conclusive way for this nation to express itself to all other nations at once (speaking from the point of view of advertising and of touching the imagination of nations) is for us to throw down our arms, give up the conventional act of self-defense and substitute for an act of self-defense an act of self-revelation. The secret of advertising is doing the thing that will arrest and hold attention. The conventional act of self-defense will not attract any attention. Everybody is doing it. We shall be one in a row. Nobody will notice us or notice our character one way or the other. We will have made every possible arrangement not to stand out. It would be better to substitute national plate-glass windows

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for fortresses and searchlights for guns and say to our enemies: "Look at us! Look us in the eyes!" Then they will look.

If we are not ready to say to our enemies, "Look at us!" If what they saw when they looked would make them want to fight us, then we will spend an immense appropriation at home on getting ready to be looked at. We will present to the world a country which has already achieved such a difficult, incredible, stupendous peace with itself (between capital and labour, i. e., between everybody in the country and everybody else in the country) that a little matter like not fighting another nation would not seem complicated to it. International peace is a by-product of peace at home. National defense consists in fronting the world with ninety million people who get everything they want to get by peace, whose only skill and shrewdness is known to be in getting things by peace, who like all artists, like all expressive or convincing people, have succeeded in expressing themselves, their ideas, in their own personalities and in their own lives.

I do not want to be personal, but I believe that the reason Mr. Roosevelt feels as he does about armament is that he has been driven to it. He has tried to express himself all his life, and because he cannot do it, he thinks no one can. He does not really believe in expression very much. And now because he cannot express an idea very well except by office or action himself, and because he has to get very red in the face and pound on the table himself to express an idea, he thinks the nation should.

There are others of us who have kept out of politics (which is largely a preaching profession at best) and who have found some art-form for revealing ourselves, our own business, for instance, whatever it may be, who have had a contrary experience in making our intentions, desires and feelings plain to others.

I have said that I like to think for one, down underneath of course, that this nation can be so expressed in a book or in a series of books, that all nations will know us and dread to fight

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us. I like still more to think of the way our factories, our millions of peaceful workmen and our countless tons of peace-made goods which are filling the world with a sense of what American character and American ideas are like, will do to express us.

On the other hand, in a sudden exigency and for the time being I do not want to deny that Mr. Roosevelt's way of expressing himself is quicker than mine. There are various gifts and temperaments in the American nation, and it seems to me the fair way to put it would be something like this. If Mr. Roosevelt will say he does not want to try to coop this nation up in his temperament, I am free to say that I don't want to coop up ninety million people in mine.

And I see only one way open to us of having the same nation in a great crisis of national defense express its Roosevelts and its Henry Fords together to a world.

It is a way at which I have hinted before.

The best way for this nation to defend itself or express itself effectively to all other nations is by having everybody in it express himself in the way that is most natural to him.

If Mr. Gardner and Mr. Roosevelt have a natural gift for preaching peace with a big stick, the United States ought to supply them with a big stick and let them preach with it.

If Mr. Ford and others have a natural gift for going about with nothing in their hands, and a knack for walking softly and speaking low in getting what they want noticed, the United States ought to supply to them as good a chance to walk softly and to speak low, as it supplies to Mr. Roosevelt to threat and thunder.

I do not say of Mr. Roosevelt as he would say of me that he is not a patriot. Even a pacifist is a patriot. All these people about us who disagree with us will have to be allowed to have licenses as patriots and be allowed to help defend the country. We need everybody. I need Colonel Roosevelt and he needs me.

The country can only hope to defend itself with the people that it has got. We might imagine better, more convenient, or less

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lopsided ones, but if we are all honest and if we will all act precisely as we are, the nation is going to reveal itself and make itself known and understood.

The question seems to be: "How can a nation which is in this mixed-up state of mind, and which wants to be fair to everybody, and which honestly wants to carry a big stick and a soft voice, and which wants to express its temperament with a big stick and a soft voice in the same breath, do it?"

By combined self-disarmament and armament for world-defense.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gardner with their natural gifts of being scared on time and of threatening and shooting, America will employ to defend the whole world. Mr. Ford and Mr. Oswald Villard and Mr. Wilson and Jane Addams, and the people who really get things done by expressing their good intentions and characters in words and action so that people believe them, America will employ to announce to all nations that she throws down her arms and forever declines to fight for herself, that America believes in peace and believes in getting all she wants to get for herself and in keeping all she wants to keep for herself, through peace, through an imperious, indomitable, unevadable peace.

In this way America and everybody in it will be honest and everybody will be employed in expressing his nation in his own way.

Gradually, of course, we hope (even Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gardner hope it, probably), that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gardner year by year will be less and less necessary and yearly less relied on, and Mr. Ford's way will slowly, courteously crowd their way off the stage of the world.

Mr. Roosevelt is a peace man. He has always said he was. He merely does not want to be peaceful yet. It would be very bad for the nation if a man just like Mr. Roosevelt were allowed to go about being peaceful. He would make rather dangerous work of it. We can only give him the chance to do the best he

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can. Only people should be allowed to be peace people to the full limit who can express themselves. The rest—at least until they gradually dare not to—must fight, or what is spiritually the same thing, be ready to fight. There are still, after the war is over, parts of the world and corner-nations on earth where this spirit still lives, and in dealing with corner-nations and very rude people very suddenly and firmly, and with other people who are as scared and suspicious as they are, it is to be admitted that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gardner and their way would be very useful and would work better for a little while than the way of the rest of us would.

While we would not choose Mr. Roosevelt just now to express our feelings in defense of ourselves to other nations with our army and navy, any emotions and powers we have of fighting in behalf of a world we will be proud to have him express for us.

On the other hand, when it comes to having Mr. Roosevelt slashing around with an army and navy defending us, it seems to us it would be very dangerous for us. We cannot afford it.

What is more, it does not represent us or represent the way we feel. We do not feel like defending ourselves, like declaring to other nations how we distrust them and have to. It is not true.

We demand from Mr. Roosevelt, if we let him have his big army and navy to play with, to express the will of all nations and to defend all nations, that he shall stand one side and shall let us throw down our arms and push forward our factories to defend ourselves.

World-defense from Roosevelt and Hobson.

National defense from Henry Ford, Luther Burbank, Theodore N. Vail, a reformed Steel Trust, a reformed Standard Oil, from fleets of corporations businesslike enough to have souls, from newspapers that open up the hearts of the people, and from the first authors in the next generation we shall find writing real American literature and expressing real American character, revealing to us and to all nations the spiritual forces of American life.

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XI

THE PLANET LOCKUP

While I am in favour of having Colonel Roosevelt's gift for hunting lions (for museums only) utilized by this country, and while I want to see every whit of the lion-hunting temperament the country has still surviving in it duly recognized and duly used as a part of our national preparedness, I do not like to take this stand without making very plain under just what conditions I believe the use of force is justified.

I believe in the force of the sword of the spirit as much as any one, and I believe the spirit should have a sword of one sort or another. It is the force of the sword without the spirit that I am dealing with in this chapter.

Speaking theoretically, God alone has a right to use force, because He always uses it to express intimately and accurately (as in a lily or in a thunderstorm, a sunrise or a winter night, or in a great man) His spirit as a God. Force is spirited and beautiful and is always an art-form to God. He leaves Himself free to use force, because, being a God, He automatically never makes a mistake with it.

If He made mistakes with force or knew He was liable to make mistakes with it any minute (as a man does or as a nation does), He would doubtless feel obliged to make some provisional arrangement with Himself, have some understanding, by which He used it either very economically or very slowly.

And as a matter of fact, strange and humble as it may seem, this is very much what He does. When one thinks how economical, procrastinating and slow God always is with a man (sometimes He only finishes up punishing him in several genera-

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tions), when one considers how magnificently He waits for people almost holding back again and again the laws of Nature with one hand over a man—over a drunkard, over a rake—throwing him back on himself again and again, once more and still once more, and not letting his sins slay him still once more, it does seem as if the Emperor of Germany, who is trying to be such a close imitation, would have thought of it before this, would have realized that if God Himself, who never makes a mistake in using force, still feels obliged to use it so modestly, so economically, and with a kind of vast, roomy, easy, slow, experimenting thoughtfulness, it might just possibly be suggestive to the German Government.

If the German Government admits that it regularly makes mistakes, that it has in fact like other governments a regular habit of slipping into mistakes, all it can logically do is to be very economical and slow in using force that can only make the mistakes louder, more humiliating and dangerous.

History is full of models.

All a nation has to do to demolish itself is to use enough force to fossilize, statueize, immortalize enough mistakes, to use enough force to make unforgettable and unforgivable enough mistakes, and it slips back into the second or third row of nations.

The fact that is standing in the foreground of the world every day while this war is going on, is that no one set of people this world has produced yet, is or can ever be, good or beautiful enough to use asphyxiating gases to convince or to improve the others.

If God Himself merely has a right to use force because He automatically cannot make a mistake, and if God Himself in running four thousand years of the history of the human race has always been observed using force with a reckless economy, with a painful slowness that could not but seem scandalous to a German officer, there is but one conclusion possible to all thinking men to-day, to all men not yet crazed by patriotism, and not yet unmanned by self-defense, and that is that the only right on the

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earth to-day to use force is the right of the nearest approach to a God that the world affords.

And what is the nearest approach to a quasi-infallibility, to a pro-tem-absolute, pro-tem-godlike Truth, that this little ridiculous whirl and whirry of dust spinning vaguely through Space we live on, could hope to have?

The only Voice that has the right to use force to back up its will with any nation, on this earth, is the Voice of all other nations.

This star is going to be a democracy of nations. Any nation on it that uses force against any other nation shall be arrested by force by all the nations, imprisoned and shut in by itself, locked up as in a hole on the planet, thrust down into the hole of being with itself. There shall we keep it, keep it sick with its own sickness, small with its own smallness, fevered with its own brutality, until it is weary of itself, weary of saying I, i, i, i, i, to itself until it looks up and pays some attention to the rest of us, and asks us from down in the subcellar of its own patriotism what there is it can do to come up and say We with us once more and be allowed once more in the sunlight on the floor of the world where strong nations of the earth, like young children in the sun, run and play all together as one family, run and play with the seas, with the continents, with the sky and with the air and with the stars, on Our Little House.

Every small boy has to be shut up in a closet once in so often. All the Boys are going to attend to it together now. For the first time in history one nation is not going to say to another nation: "Now, I am going to take you and shut you up and punish you." The first nation that begins talking in this tone to any nation will be taken hold of and shut up promptly by all of us.

We will bang the door of a whole planet on it and let it sit and think.

We are going to have the planet fitted up with a suitable planet-closet now in a few years.

The peoples of this earth, made in five colours, living on seven

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seas, begotten in five zones, are about to form themselves at last —all these nice, growing, funny, cocksure, adolescent little nations—into a kind of George Junior Republic. We will keep each other straight, all of us together, when it comes each one's turn to be naughty.

It will not need to be a very large closet and it will not be used much. The bare thought of the planet-closet will be enough. The bare thought of being in the closet will be enough. It will arouse other thoughts. And when one little wicked nation out of a hundred begins thinking, with all the other ninety-nine looking on and wishing it well and wishing it would hurry, and hating to lock it up to think, it will be good.

It will remember how the last naughty nation looked ten years ago in just these circumstances, have its international sense of humour touched, have its international imagination piqued. It will not want to be locked up to be good.

God alone has a right to use force.

Next to God, humbly and in the name of God, a whole world alone has a right to use force.

And the only right the whole world has to use force is to use force to keep force from being used by anybody except by a God or by a whole world.

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XII

FRIGHTFULNESS AND THOUGHTFULNESS

But when I bring forward the idea that a nation can better defend herself by advertising, that she can attract more attention by being human and expressing it than by being frightful and expressing it, Mr. Roosevelt will remind me that Germany in the last year has received, by fighting, more notice than all nations put together in this world.

But notice is all she has got. She has not got any attention. Anybody in any nation with a little intelligent sympathy, with a little power of taking Germany's best point of view, with a grim, fighting desire for being fair to Germany and a desire to keep on fighting for being fair to her in the United States, has been turned back in defeat and sorrow.

The attention that Germany had got through her artists, philosophers and poets, her great scientists, her mighty merchants covering the earth and her peaceful sailors steering a world about the seas, is not hers now.

A great clutter and heap of rage is all that Germany has got —an overwhelming, unsurmountable, undying rage of shooting and not listening.

Nobody is paying any attention to Germany, and nobody will, until she stops trying to impress people by her Belgiums and by her *Lusitanias*.

Germany has been busy all the last sixteen months postponing any power she may have, or ever have, of getting the attention of other nations—five hundred years.

The only people in Germany who will ever be able once more to get attention for Germany, i. e., to bring to pass a practical,

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working, spiritual understanding of her by other nations, will be the Germans Colonel Roosevelt calls cowards, the Germans who are and were against the war, who have been momentarily betrayed and who will say that they have been betrayed by their experts in being scared on time, and scared first, into believing it could not have been helped.

The constructive business men in Germany believed in advertising. So did the social democrats. People did not understand Germany, they claimed. "Let them be told," they said. "Let everybody wait and see what we are like and can do."

But Germany's business men and democrats and masters of ideas and of modern weapons went under to her experts, her narrow specialists in force, to men who made a stupendous blunder in interpreting and estimating human nature and what would work with human nature in other nations.

Germany has allowed herself to be taken over soul and body by the military man's glib, ordering mind, the soldier's short-sighted, blunt, flat, heavy, pile-driving, machine-minded idea of what are the real elements of power in her own people and other peoples.

She got human nature wrong in Belgium. It was only a specialist's view of human nature that supposed Belgium would not fight because it was little. The German military party, a group of specialists, would not have fought. So it thought Belgium would not.

The *Lusitania*, too, was a soldier's highly specialized blunder, the shortness and narrowness of judgment, the failure to see the longer, wider consequences, viz., the dismayed admission wedged against their wills into the minds of peaceful men around a world that there was nothing to do with a nation that would do a thing like this, that would ring bells of joy over doing a thing like this, but to gather together over her, heap up a world against her, throw a world upon her and crush her.

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Germany was led by her soldiers into advertising with guns because she thought she could not help it.

Probably America would have been led by her experts in guns into advertising in the same way, under the same conditions.

What can America do and do now to avoid being trapped as Germany was into advertising her guns instead of advertising herself?

If our nation is to defend herself by self-revelation, by a campaign of attracting the attention of other nations to what America is like and by studying and practising the art of making nations look, I wish to admit that I have not ready off-hand an advertisement for America to stop war with. I am not claiming for advertising that we can hope to make the twenty nations all busy and crazy with fighting now look very hard all at once. I am not counting on their having a beautiful, divine understanding of us and of one another and plenty of sweetness and light (between murders) all at once.

I grant to Colonel Roosevelt that if I am proposing a substitute for immediate armament I must propose an especially prompt and efficient self-revelation with which to defend the nation at once.

As an amateur researcher in the art of attracting attention and of advertising and of controlling the thoughts, motives and moods of others, I have seen the situation, the nation-advertising situation, as it stands at this crisis, as described in the next chapter.

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XIII

THE ELEMENTS OF A GOOD NATIONAL ADVERTISEMENT OF AMERICA

As we look up from our daily work in the United States we find suddenly that twenty nations just across the water from us have apparently gone crazy. Expressed more precisely, just what has happened to Germany and to France, Russia and Italy, is that in each of these nations people are all crazy about other people's being crazy.

The first and most arresting and amazing thing one nation can do to attract, grip and wield the attention of twenty crazy nations is not to be crazy, too.

This is just plain, ordinary, human common sense.

Any man would find this way worked wonderfully with another crazy man, and a nation (with so many kinds of people all boiling up and down in it) would be still more arresting and commanding in dealing with craziness, in standing still and not being crazy, too.

Most of us have already noticed that being self-contained and self-possessed is what always impresses and convinces people who are not self-possessed. We have all had our moments of not being self-possessed. We have worked the principle out by experience. It is always the self-possessed people we let possess us first when we are under the domination of anger or are being a little crazed.

I think that if we can keep Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Gardner in the background for a little and employ them in getting ready for world defense, this course of tremendous national self-possession, slowness, clearheadedness, will attract more at-

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tention, make nations look respect and listen to us more, hope for us and thank God for us more than anything else. This is the first step I would have America take in getting the attention of twenty crazy nations. We will meet madness with inexplicable arresting self-possession, with an unfathomable, personal self-assertion—assertion of ourselves as we are. We will fight in our way and drive others if they want to fight with us to fight our way instead of fighting theirs.

We will not be dictated to on our broad plains, our fresh valleys, and our high mountains and across our mighty seas, by the ideas and habits of the older nations, nor will we meekly let them place in our hands strange weapons that we do not know, that do not belong in our world, and that are merely left over in theirs. We will assert our own souls. We will defend ourselves with things that we have and that we want to have, and with things we naturally make and want to make, instead of defending ourselves with guns and shells, with things we do not have, things we do not want, and with men and kinds of men we will not beget and will not conceive in a clean fresh land—strike-under-water sneakers, chlorine-gas heroes—men that go about stinking cities to death, aiming at a fort and a baby-carriage alike, at dreadnoughts and at women alike. The bombs and the mines, the thousands of ways and things and people in which just for the moment noble and beautiful civilizations think or seem to think they are expressing themselves, shall not express us.

The noble and beautiful civilizations are wrong in thinking they can express themselves or need to express themselves in this way.

They all say they are themselves.

There may be nations so placed either by circumstances or by their leaders that they may be obliged to think that the best way to fight war is with more of precisely the same kind of war.

Our nation is not. It is only because there were so many

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Roosevelts in Germany and France and Russia and England that they were dragged into it.

All that has happened to Mr. Roosevelt now and just lately as a peace advocate, happened to Emperor William as a peace advocate first. Emperor William has felt for forty years precisely as Mr. Roosevelt does to-day. And what happened to Emperor William forty years ago is now happening to Germany and to all Europe, and now Mr. Roosevelt is letting it happen to him.

But the United States will not—not for twenty *Lusitanias*.

The United States will keep to the main point and hold to the motto: NOT A DOLLAR A YEAR FOR SELF-DEFENSE. BILLIONS A MONTH TO DEFEND A WORLD.

We would spend our first billion in engineering and on engineers and experts in attracting and focussing the attention and touching the imagination of all nations, in organizing the attention of a world on how it can defend itself and on how it will let America proceed to defend it.

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The next principle of attracting the attention and touching the imagination of other peoples, which the nation can use to advantage after an act and word of self-possession will be an act of striking unexpected national individuality, an assertion of our national temperament, of some real, honest, robust difference between America and other nations, a difference which, partly by geography, climate and birth, and partly by our methods of education, by our struggles, privations and opportunity, we have grown to have.

If what we are specifically trying to do is to attract attention in a distracted world and make distracted nations look, we must follow the principle of all good advertising and do the one thing of all others that among the nations as they are expressing themselves to-day will make America stand out as in raised white letters on this great, strange, new, black billboard of the world.

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It is quite obvious, when twenty nations are all fighting each other with guns, with massive steel and concrete, and with clouds of chlorine gases, with boats sneaking under water, and with huge clumsy birds of murder preying about upon all the air, it is quite obvious that this nation has got to do something at once and something very fearful-looking, awe-inspiring and blood-curdling, to be safe from being attacked and from having us all murdered in our beds. In fact, it is so obvious that about sixty nations have already hustled themselves together in big armaments and proceeded as quickly as they could to look terrible.

But when a thing is so obvious that sixty nations have already thought of it, is it not also obvious that the best, surest and cheapest thing for a nation to do would be to think of something that sixty nations had not already thought of—something, in fact, so true, so simple and so original that in the nature of things possibly only one or two nations would be likely to think of it?

It is because each one of these nations has thought of defending itself in the same way, as a matter of course, that that same way is not working, and that none of them, as anybody can see at a glance (losing thousands of men a day), is really defended.

It seems to me that President Hibben of Princeton, when he got up a little while ago as a member of the Mohonk Peace Conference and proposed the rapid and immediate training of all students and young men to bear arms, must have overlooked this principle of what makes a nation stand out. I do not deny that the natural humdrum thing for President Hibben to think of for the nation is to have the students of Princeton armed, and pile up ships and armies, bombs, murder-birds, death-fish, and gather them all fearfully up all around us and try to keep all our enemies scared the way everybody else does.

But that is just it. Everybody else does. So it does not work.

And yet I more than agree with President Hibben that this is what we must do if we cannot think of anything, three thousand

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miles off over here by ourselves—that the other sixty nations tangled up together were not free to think of.

I think we can think of something, and that we already have, and that we have merely to express it. I ask every man in America to face this question for himself.

Do you not think we owe it to the other nations and that we owe it to ourselves, selected as we are out of all the clutter of the world to have our own way, placed as we are way off by ourselves on a vast three-thousand-mile fort between two lonely oceans, to have an individual, modern idea of our own, an idea that goes with our three thousand miles, to confront a world with, an idea that we shall stand out for like men, and express and back up like men until all the nations shall thank us for our idea, shall see it, have it proved to them, and shall come over to us at last and stand with us at last and take our idea for theirs?

The disagreement I have with President Hibben and his idea of a thousand Princeton students armed with Presbyterianism and guns, and of a whole nation following suit, is that it is not only a humdrum idea but a hand-to-mouth idea of getting the attention of nations.

If the next thing to do was all a nation had to think of when it did a thing, President Hibben would be right.

But it is the next thing after the next thing America wants to think of when it decides on the next thing to do.

When a nation with as much room as ours moves, it should see and move at least two ideas ahead.

The problem of self-defense in this nation is to focus the attention now of this nation, and focus it quickly on its second idea ahead.

It ought not to be difficult.

With all Europe, with twenty nations across the sea all engaged day and night in spending fifty million dollars a day in pointing out any sensible nation's second idea ahead, we ought to be getting it by this time.

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The present war between nations is supplying us by force, and before our eyes, with what our first idea is.

What the nations are thinking, as they are beginning to think, is something like this:

First idea: Let each nation settle down on a policy, after this war, of arming itself against other nations. Then after this idea there will be some history. Self-defense for fifty years will be all any nation will do or be interested in doing or have time to do. It will be all money will be for in nations after this, to prepare the men in the nation to be prepared to fight, to stand with guns and look frightful and be ready to fight.

Presently there will be very little money left.

Second idea: The money that will be left will be spent on organizing world attention and world defense instead of national defense.

America, to-day, to attract attention and to help, shall cut across to the second idea first, shall cut across to it now, shall cut across to it before any other nation does, and found the modern world.

President Hibben broke out at the Mohonk Peace Conference as he did because he did not have and no one had proposed a definite substitute, a technical, practical substitute vision of how this country can defend itself by advertising and by advertising its temperament, its services and powers, by reasoning nations into friendliness, of how this nation will soon be in a position to oust nations out of hostility by lending them money, to bring them to terms by aiming huge mutual markets at them, by exchanging ideas, inventions, arts and machines and parts of their religions.

If President Hibben would look two ideas ahead for the nation and would see that this nation is in a position to defend itself by advertising itself, I believe he would soon agree with me that the most amazing, sensational, blood-curdling advertisement this nation could have of what it is really like, of how terrible and self-contained it is, would be to refuse to fight with arms, and then

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proceed to whip everybody in sight by having what we have and by being what we are, and standing and looking at them and folding our arms!

These are the first two methods of attracting attention which I would have America employ to defend herself and to get and hold the attention of crazy nations. First: she will conquer and get the attention of their craziness by not being crazy, too, by being absolutely and inexplicably self-possessed; second: she will get the attention of nations that are destroying themselves by all having the same monotonous idea and by all being exactly alike, by an original idea that will stupendously stand out: "*Billions for the defense of you all. Not a dollar for self-defense.*"

The third means America will use to attract attention and to authoritatively reveal herself will be her famous men.

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XIV

THE USES OF FAMOUS MEN

The uses of famous men in a country are not always quite appreciated at first by thoughtful people. Thoughtful people—at least those of us who like to think we are thoughtful—often feel a little suspicious and dubious in America about our famous men. There are so many of them that America does not really seem to need to have famous. "Who's Who" is nearly half of it wrong. What is it in a democracy like ours that makes crowds act as they do about famous men?

I have only recently come to guess or rather to apply in my thought what lies behind this eager reckless and rather meaningless way people in America seize on a man, make him famous, plump him into fame almost in a day. We do not seem to care much about details, even about the little detail of who the man is or what he is like. We can be seen everywhere in America—vast crowds of us every day, moving ruthlessly along, scooping people up out of nonentity, out of little villages and making them famous whether or no, whether anybody sees why or not, or whether they want to be or not.

It seems to be one of the little mannerisms and peculiarities of crowds.

My explanation of this little peculiarity of crowds is that crowds want and insist on having famous men as advertisements of themselves. Crowds seem to be seized by some kind of unfathomable, elemental passion for compact self-revelation, self-consciousness, self-expression. By their own unknown, immeasurable hunger to exist, to express, they are driven into crystallizing themselves into famous men, into rolling them-

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selves up in little samples, into taking all this huge, nebulous, impotent everybodiness of theirs, and putting it up in a small shape where they can see it and gloat on it, and watch themselves exist.

This nation already instinctively knows it can only be advertised, and can only attain its right and its power of self-expression, through famous men, through typical men everybody knows.

A famous man need not be so much worth looking at for himself. Many, and in fact most, of our famous men are men in whom crowds merely let themselves go. Famous men in this sense may be said to be a nation's luxuries, or orgies. We have an egregious longing in a great flat prairie of folks for famous men. We will have this longing satisfied. Someone has to attend to it. And if no one attends to the famous-man supply in a country, people must expect to find themselves being drafted into being famous whether they fit the position or not.

Their not fitting may even help. We do not care. We go on fondly and make them still more famous for not fitting it.

Any one out of a thousand of us might have fallen into being a public character, a criminal, a governor, a film, a byword, a bishop, as well as the man who does and who is being steeped in fame for it. But a crowd is so happy in looking at any one thing together, at a dot, at a fly-speck on a wall, at a man on a steeple, that it does not mind. What is looked at in the man is his being looked at. He serves in a representative capacity as a peg to hang the wandering minds of a crowd on and pull its attention together. The crowd cannot think of anything to do together, as a crowd, and it will pull up or pull down anybody to rescue it from not doing anything together to announce itself to itself with. Making a man famous is like smoking for a crowd's nerves.

In these newspaper days, when a man may be jerked out of bed by a reporter any morning, made famous while he rubs his eyes, have a national issue made of his beard (like Ham Lewis), or of his legs (like Walker), or of his knuckles (like Jack Johnson), or

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of the way he parts his hair, we are slowly coming to see what famous men are for. It is not for a man's whiskers or his legs we love or abuse him. It is for the man's perfectly bare meaningless-looking fame itself that we dote on him. Why is it that if a man has been noticed by enough other people, millions of people go about in a kind of soft glory thinking about him? Why is it people will stand in rows before a dining-room door to see Rockefeller's hat? Why is it a man who looks up on Broadway at a sparrow eight hundred feet up on a cornice will soon have crowds looking with him? It has seemed to me a mistake for America to overlook a fact about itself like this as of no practical importance, as a mere peccadillo of crowds. I have come to feel that nearly everything our nation dreams of and hopes for turns on its recognizing the bearing of this mighty, idle, ungovernable habit of mind of crowds, this vast park, common, or vacant lot of attention crowds hover around. I have believed that it is this very self-same wandering, eager absent-mindedness of crowds which shall soon be seized by true leaders, by great men and used daily as a mighty tool for the nation's self-revelation and for the nation's self-defense.

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A real great man is a crowd fulfilling itself. The crowd will have him.

A famous man is a crowd twirling its thumbs, but it will have him.

One sees the same principle at work in a group of people in a dark room looking at a fire together. They converge in the flames and enjoy it. A great man is a kind of crowd fireplace.

He must be put down as the first necessity of a nation if it proposes to defend itself by self-revelation.

It is only through knowing persons nations can be known to themselves or others.

Nations are defended by self-revelation, and it is the revealed men who reveal the nations.

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The way people feel all over the world about a country's famous men illustrates what I have to say about getting things done by advertising.

Famous men are advertised men. They are the nation's national advertisements, the instinctive, unconscious risks and self-defenses of the people toward a world.

During this last twenty years in which this nation has been going through the tremendous new spiritual experience of becoming a great nation, of finding itself, it would be hard to overestimate the value of four huge familiar conveniences it has daily had the use of—four colossal looking-glasses: William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and (with Mr. Roosevelt to set him off) Mr. Taft.

These four pictures of America stand out vividly and for the rest of our lives in the working imaginations of all of us. We instinctively use them with ourselves and with one another every day to express what we do or do not want. We may not be quite conscious perhaps how dependent we have come to be on them, but there are very few of us I imagine who are not ready to admit that whatever else we may deny to Mr. Roosevelt, he has rendered an indispensable service to the nation as an advertising genius. This liveliness and ferment there always is in him, this colossal fury of not keeping out of sight, mounting up in him and overflowing him, so that even when he was supposed for once to be tucked safely out of sight, out of mind, five thousand miles away, hunting lions in Africa, we took up our papers every morning, day after day, and read one half column telling what the President of the United States had done yesterday in Washington, and three columns and a half of guessing what the ex-President of the United States might have done, or might not have done yesterday, or thought he thought he might not have done in Africa.

Mr. Roosevelt whirls up publicity and throws off public ideas everywhere he goes almost like burrs, and they are always sticking to people; he cannot help it and they cannot help it—

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this bristling quality in him, both in speech and action, which has made him the great, homely, every-day convenience the nation has used to point out to everybody the definite radiating bristling pictures of what it will or what it definitely will not choose to do. Mr. Roosevelt in this regard is equally valuable and works equally well backward or forward.

Mr. Taft—since Mr. Roosevelt last set him up at Chicago as a picture of certain ideas he wanted the nation to drop—may seem less to illustrate my point for the present moment.

But Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wilson, though in very different fashion, can be shown to be as valuable as Mr. Roosevelt as pictures of the nation, or moods of the nation.

And even Mr. Taft, while of course (like a miniature on a locket) he has been laid away, still represents in this country the typical stand-patter-patter, or stand-putter-putter, with whom we must be ready to reckon almost any day. (I use the last part of this word twice because it sounds the way I feel.) But standing and puttering and pattering always needs to be represented to the rest of us in America so that we can keep reminded what we do not want to do.

But as this advertisement has been withdrawn for the time being, both in America and abroad, it need not be dwelt on.

But I would like to dwell for a little on Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan as American characters, as convenient available films to distribute to foreign nations of what America is like.

What are the respective merits of these men as America's advertising men, as defenders by self-revelation of our American life?

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XV

57 VARIETIES—BUT ESPECIALLY FOUR

If one were to settle down to it and devote one's life to it, year after year, one could not describe the flavour of a single raspberry.

All one can ever do apparently is to refer people to their own raspberries or to raspberries they have known.

In trying to convey what the quality or taste or flavour of a nation is to another nation, reams of philosophy, acres of White Papers and Blue Papers, Notes and Ultimatums will not count as much as one single fellow human being known and seen for himself.

In trying to express an abstract and comparatively new idea like a peaceful nation, everything turns in the long run on the flavour in the idea. If it does not have one, and a penetrating one, it will not be safe, of course, for the nation to depend on the idea.

As the flavour of a nation is expressed by its public men and by its personalities, I am going to try to express my point of view in this chapter by appealing as well as I may to some one great common personal experience we all have had, like the respective flavours of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan.

It would be hard to find three flavours in the country that would seem more unlike to most people than Mr. Wilson's, Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Bryan's. The one point that the Wilson flavour and the Roosevelt and Bryan flavour may be said to have in common is that there is so much of it. There being so much of it may be said to be practically almost a flavour

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of itself. They have become the natural, instinctive advertisements of what America is like. In anything that either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Bryan or Mr. Wilson would do or say, the flavour would average from ninety-six to ninety-eight and one half per cent. In most people flavour runs, say, from seven and one half to eleven or twelve per cent.

This is why there can be found in the world to-day not more than four or five living men who can write a really great advertisement, one that would cover the earth and defend a nation.

This is why we are able to find in America only here and there and once in a great while a man who can take what had been before a staid, worthy, and rather helpless position like being President of the United States and make it interesting, even piquant, make it everybody's fear and hope, and make it morning, noon and night the gossip of a world.

Mr. Roosevelt did this. He did it first. And now Mr. Wilson is daily extracting out of being President of the United States a flavour, too. And Mr. Bryan has extracted enough flavour out of continually and regularly not being President of the United States to flavour up four or five regular Republican Presidents, and the flavour he got out of not being (any longer) even Secretary of State is one sixty nations are still tasting.

But having said that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan are alike in being highly concentrated extracts of America—or of elements of American life, I have finished saying they are alike. Nothing could be more different than the essences in the men themselves, or more different than the way the essences work, or in the effect, when a little of either of them has been put into an idea, the idea will produce upon America or upon the world.

These three leading widely different American advertising men or nation-revealers having between them accumulated this enormous national asset for America, this huge public property of attention which this nation can now turn on and

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use any day, what are the things these three advertising men can each advertise for us best?

Nearly everybody must remember, I think, that vast portrait of Roosevelt, almost as one might say landscape of Roosevelt, published by *Collier's Weekly* several years ago—a huge broadside of him two thousand faces strong. The faces had been crowded together from everywhere: platforms, drawing-rooms, carriages, the tails of trains, and all massed genially into one frame.

Roosevelt with just one face in which to express himself would seem, as most people go, to get enough in, but a whole convention of him like this picture, a kind of great shout or chorus of his personality, one had but once to see, as I did in a shop window, going by one day, never to forget.

A similar portrait of Wilson, two thousand faces strong, would not show up in a shop window quite so well. And if it were there I could hardly imagine that there would be (as there was that day I saw Roosevelt's) a kind of chronic crowd standing in front of it hour after hour, and then moving on or going in and buying copies. One felt as one came up the street, meeting people, that something had happened without knowing what it was. One saw all those men and women walking away from the little news shop in a kind of moving exultation and glee, each with his big roll of picture under his arm, friends and foes alike, all tickled to death, and all because Theodore Roosevelt's real likeness, at last, the very way it made them feel about it—his very inmost self mounting up, culminating, bursting with strenuousness—had been collected in fifteen by eighteen inches on a piece of paper.

While no similar portrait of Mr. Wilson hung in a shop window would get the people to stop and look at it as they went hurrying by, I imagine that if there did happen to be a portrait of President Wilson in a shop window, one single countenance of him enlarged would do as well as two thousand.

And I think that the kind of people who really looked at all

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would keep looking at it again. By and by they would not need to keep looking at it again. There would be etched upon them, and there would become a part of them, the man who is there, a look of stillness, full of a kind of tremendous not-saying anything—or almost not—and just looking you through and through. If he is fully responding to you there would be, I imagine (I have never met President Wilson), a kind of happy apprehendingness spread upon his face, or, if he does not, just the silence and the thinking and X-rays, searchlights, microscopes, telescopes, wireless telegraphs, all playing on you and on your immortal soul and taking it quietly over for his, seeing down through you into your hell a little and seeing up through you into your heaven a little. . . . Then a word perhaps or perhaps not. He knows you and you know he has arrived at his idea of you. You are wishing you knew him. You feel it is a kind of One Way Street you have been on with the President. Still it is this human penetration in the President which constitutes his value and power for the people and, while it is bound to seem to many people a rather chilled and immaterial power and they are apt to look askance at the highbrow in him and watch it reaching away and away . . . it still has to be admitted after all that it is this One Way Street power in the President, the power of standing a little out of sight himself and keeping on seeing the heaven in people and keeping a lookout for the hell, which made it possible for him to write the first *Lusitania* note—the finest single written advertisement of what a great, far-seeing, big-spirited, quiet nation is like in the face of the panic and wrongdoing of a desperate world that this country has ever had.

If the President had been the kind of president people feel that they know, the kind that could be dropped in on at the White House and snuggled up to, he never would have drawn one side, locked himself up in the four walls of his room to find himself and then written from one nation to another a letter no nation could really retort to, a letter that has not, will not and

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cannot be answered for a thousand years and yet which served the purpose of holding the world together for another day.

Perhaps holding the world together for another day was all that could be expected of one little note.

I am not shutting myself off from the right in this book, of criticising the President, and I feel as keenly as he does that he has fallen short as yet of his vision for his country, but a vision for a great nation cannot be finished off, worked out, presented to a people in a day and thrown upon the world in a week. Or in a year. The policy and spirit and faith of a nation for a thousand years, the stupendous feat of a national imagination grappling with its own destiny and with the fate of a world, may well have taken for it by a president more time than the New York *Sun*, of course, or the New York *Tribune* would need. In the meanwhile, the President has shown that, as a writer of advertisements for this nation, he has more imagination about other people at home and abroad and about himself and about his enemies and his friends than the White House has had in it for fifty years, and there is reason to hope that the slow, steadied quality of imagination, the quality of humanness and sincerity, of aloofness and perspective, bigness and keenness which made it possible for Mr. Wilson to write the first *Lusitania* note, throw it out into the appalling fear and hush of twenty nations and make the whole world draw a breath of relief, will yet lead the President to act and speak for the people of this nation and other nations in such a way as to make his administration one of the great landmarks of history and his name one of the great memories of the world.

While from my point of view he has seemed as yet over-legal-minded in handling international situations and has fallen back too much on canned international law and dried precedents in trying to state America's hope and will and America's political religion to other nations, and has not struck out and expressed the new free soul of a great people and of a new century, and while he does not quite let himself go (I do have a guilty wish

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that he might forget himself and miss standing by his chair at luncheon at precisely fifty-nine and a half minutes past twelve) and while he does not allow himself quite fling enough, from my point of view, still, after all, it is impossible not to sweep one side mere intellectual theories and personal objections, and little temperamental nigglings when I think of him, for I have seen that he is a man apart, that he is the one public man before the American public to-day who commands or seems to command a background in his own life into which he goes, who gives the sense of having something Not Himself, something Not Us into which, when the need comes, he slips away and from which he comes back with his face cleared and his hand firm to act for the people. It is the something Not Himself and Not Us to which he goes that makes him a man to express in due time a great people. There are moments when there is a touch of the seer in our President.

I have always (in a comparatively calm safe position) wanted to be a seer myself and, when I see a man being a seer or almost one in a cluttered-up place like the White House, exposed to Congressmen and to New York papers, all day, all night, and still trying patiently to be a seer, to look and to see and to hold steady the field glass for ninety million people, the one thing I live for in the world is to do what I can to keep people from joggling his elbow and from getting in his way. . . .

I am not without criticism. I am more than critical. I am revolutionary with hope in the President's behalf and in the nation's behalf. I have seen the revolutionary thing it means to us and to the dazed, stumbling governments of the world to-day to have a man like this—a semi-concealed seer—as President of the United States.

I am a little relieved, of course, that our President does not look like a seer. It is only because the touch of the seer in him is so American and practical and because he is so plain and unconventional for a seer, as seers go, and so without a halo or anything, that he could ever have been allowed to steal in on the

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country as a president. Mr. Wilson has a careful instinctive way when any one is around of keeping his halo (at least for most people) in his pocket.

But I think for myself I have caught a glint of it at times.

Not being a Presbyterian, I do keep wishing it could be warmed more, and I even keep thinking that when the crisis comes, it will, and when I look down Washington way, as I do every day now, and see him—see our President standing grimly there with that kind of half-suggested, faint, cold rim around his head that might fire up into a halo any minute when the crisis comes and then fade out again—I want to be quick and ready to help.

It is not common to have seers or near-seers in government positions, but when we do and when other seers or semi-seers are tolerated on the premises and some team-work-seeing is being done, great events, great nations and great presidents are bound to happen.

I have always felt that Mr. Roosevelt would have made a great president if he had had a Lyman Abbott to be a seer to him instead of trying to be a seer to a Lyman Abbott. Even now I cannot quite give up thinking what great things Mr. Roosevelt might yet do for this country with a seer handy to put his finger on his lips or to sit with him in feverish moments and hold his hand.

It is hard to imagine Mr. Roosevelt entering into the spirit of this, but if he could—if Mr. Roosevelt could always go around with a few seers about him, like secret-service men, a kind of personal body-guard of seers—there would be practically no limit to the big events he could gloriously, serenely chop out of Fate and lay before his country.

But Mr. Wilson has the advantage of being in his own way and time his own seer. My feeling is that this being the case it would be well if Mr. Wilson should be asked by America to lay out the line of campaign and write the most important copy in advertising America to other nations and to itself, and that Mr.

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Roosevelt should be employed by Mr. Wilson to do special orders in publicity, the special bearings on and batterings in, on particular points Mr. Wilson should assign to him.

Theodore Roosevelt has in him, I believe, without qualification, the devotion, the dogged, honest desire to serve his nation, which would make him accept a comparatively unimportant-looking but amazing opportunity of team-work like this. He would make a stir against it at first, perhaps, but the first moment he really saw his assignment as it was I believe he would accept it with joy, bang into it with a grim, true, irrepressible, humble faithfulness that would make us prouder of him than ever. But I do not think we should look in this country upon Mr. Roosevelt just now as our worker in clay, or as our sculptor, but as our chief chiseller, as our American National Hewer.

A colossal statue of Theodore Roosevelt hewing out Columbia would be one of the sights of all time.

But if America wants to represent to the world and to other nations a figure of this nation as it is, a simple, sublime, true figure that shall be set in place, that shall be known, loved, and looked up to, in all the countries of the world, it will hand over with trust and with pride to Woodrow Wilson the clay, and to Theodore Roosevelt the block of stone.

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XVI

MR. WILSON, MR. ROOSEVELT, AND GIDEON

I would be grateful if the people who are trying to read this book would rest themselves at just this point by reading their Bibles from the first verse to the twenty-third verse of the seventh chapter of Judges.

It is the story of what Mr. Gardner or Colonel Roosevelt would call, I suppose, Gideon's funny little army—three hundred people with pitchers. They looked nearly as funny as Chautauqua people do to Mr. Gardner and Mr. Roosevelt at first, I imagine, and yet—everybody remembers how it came out.

2. And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me.

3. Now therefore go to, proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from mount Gilead. And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand; and there remained ten thousand.

4. And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there: and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go.

5. So he brought down the people unto the water: and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink.

6. And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men: but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water.

7. And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand: and let all the other people go every man unto his place.

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8. So the people took victuals in their hand, and their trumpets; and he sent all the rest of Israel every man unto his tent (Colonel Roosevelt, Mr. Gardner), and retained those three hundred men.

Americans would divide off a good deal like the Israelites, I imagine. Some Americans think with their heads. Others butt. Some Americans lap. Others gulp.

Mr. Wilson (I am sorry to have to be personal) Mr. Wilson, if I may venture to guess, likes to taste water when he drinks it.

Mr. Roosevelt just likes to get it inside, the most water, the most promptly. One cannot imagine Mr. Roosevelt's letting water sink in, or letting it coolly, subtly, slowly percolate the soul and the meaning of its being water along his tongue. When Mr. Roosevelt reads a book (as everybody knows) he takes it up in scoops, the way a Pennsylvania locomotive drinks water—breathlessly, roaringly, sixty miles an hour. Probably everybody would admit that Mr. Roosevelt, if he was drinking from a brook (all alone and nobody looking), would not be a lapper.

This little difference between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt is what might be called a very big-little one. It runs through everything that either Mr. Wilson or Mr. Roosevelt ever does or thinks in trying to defend this country.

There is something about this last verse I have just quoted from the Old Testament that rather haunts one when one falls to thinking how Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt respectively can best defend a country. "And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you . . . and he sent all the rest of Israel every man to his tent and retained those three hundred men."

The last thing that it would be wise for America to do, or for Mr. Wilson to do for America just now, would be what Gideon did—dismiss all these thousands of people we have in America who never lap—people like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gardner, and leave them out of the struggle of the nation.

The only moral a democracy like ours has a right to draw from Gideon's more or less high-handed treatment of gulpers and but-

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ters in the crisis of his nation, is the insight into human nature that was back of it. We do not want to dismiss anybody in America from active and valued service in defending the nation.

The best America can do in applying the Gideon story is to make up its mind definitely just what Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt are respectively for, just what Mr. Roosevelt with his butting style and Mr. Wilson with his quieter, slower, deeper lapping style, can express for it best.

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XVII

ADVERTISEMENTS BY MR. WILSON
ADVERTISEMENTS BY MR. ROOSEVELT

If Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt were to undertake to-morrow to do team-work together in advertising the peaceful character of this nation, what kinds of advertisements should the nation assign to Mr. Wilson and what kind to Mr. Roosevelt?

I have been looking over their pictures and studying their faces and thinking.

Mr. Wilson's countenance as a national film, as a revelation of what an American is like and what he means by what he does or says, has the same kind of quality in it as Mr. Roosevelt's as regards its liveliness, but it is the liveliness down underneath, of an Atlantic cable, not of a Panama Canal, nor of a fleet around on top of the world, nor of flags and guns and roaring lions.

This would seem to suggest that Mr. Wilson should be given the more difficult, delicate, skilled, and less obvious things to say to particular persons, to persons he has studied and listened to and that he understands.

The liveliness in Mr. Roosevelt which one sees in his face has the same validity, the same immense sincerity, the same international advertising value in it, but it seems to be more adapted, like Mr. Bryan's, to politics and conventions, to brass-band things, to moving over on great occasions, in big lifts, or as on huge escalators or moving sidewalks, from one idea to another, crowds of people.

There is in Mr. Roosevelt a power, a lift-over and move-up genius in making people believe him, which could not be overestimated in its national advertising value in dealing with crowds

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of people, but one does not quite like to think what would have happened if Mr. Roosevelt as President of the United States had had it assigned to him to write the note about the *Lusitania* to the Emperor of Germany.

He would probably have given the Kaiser a feeling that would have been very far removed from what the American people wanted or intended.

I have been thinking what it would be like if Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt were in the employ not of the United States, but of Lord & Thomas. If Lord & Thomas had an advertising contract come in from the president of a great corporation, what part of the copy would they assign to Mr. Wilson and what part to Mr. Roosevelt? One can easily imagine what Lord & Thomas would have to do. It would result in Mr. Roosevelt's copy being used largely for billboards, for county fairs, sandwich men, megaphones, or for places where great swoops of ready-made attention, of attention going by, could be had, and Mr. Wilson's copy would be reserved for the harder places, and he would so conceive it, make it so interesting, that, while it was embedded, or practically embedded, in a crevice in the solid rock of other advertisements in the middle of the advertising section of a great magazine, it would gently pry through and open out its way through the other advertisements and make people read it. This is the kind of thing Mr. Wilson is practically doing every day.

To Colonel Roosevelt, herds of adjectives addressed to herds of people are necessary, because not being a lapper, an assimilator, with a powerful sense of the qualities and meanings of words, he does not really notice the first, second, or third adjective in a sentence at all. Neither do the herds of people, of course. This makes Mr. Roosevelt very useful. Naturally all that America can conclude is that Mr. Wilson should have his subjects to express us on and Mr. Roosevelt should have his. There are some subjects for instance (like subjects of diplomatic notes) that seem to make their appearance naturally in this world, one adjective

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at a time—the way human beings do. These should be Mr. Wilson's. Other subjects naturally seem to come into the world as Mr. Roosevelt's do, in what one might call litters of words. These subjects should be Mr. Roosevelt's.

And while it would be impossible in the present crisis of the world to overestimate the moral market value of Mr. Roosevelt's skill in advertising, it should be firmly kept in mind by the country that his particular function for us, of rousing the people to their self-consciousness, of being a kind of P. T. Barnum for the United States, is such that his genius works out into being best adapted to posters, to vast circuses of people, and sometimes (I do not think Mr. Roosevelt would deny it)—in the stress of party politics—some pink lemonade.

Quantities of words, quantities of musts and duties, redness, blueness, space, time, patience in bearing on, forty thousand foot-tons of repetition, herds of adjectives—all of these are logically involved in educating and battering democracies, and making great public display advertisements of What a People Is Like.

It is impossible to overestimate Mr. Roosevelt's value in this regard to a democracy like ours. But an advertisement, in the form of a message to Congress, Mr. Wilson does infinitely better.

An advertisement of Mr. Wilson's, whether to Congress or anyone else, is known not by the number of adjectives he puts in but by the adjectives he makes people think of and leaves out. A touch of shrewd national clairvoyance—a mind-reading of a nation—a touch of curiosity, a tremendous little fact or a little figure—a vast reach of silence across half the dictionary and then the right word.

If Mr. Roosevelt were to write one advertisement in the next number of the *Saturday Evening Post*, he would really need, in order to do it well and in his way, twenty white pages, and it would cost his client for that one number, in that one magazine, for one week, say, fifteen thousand dollars, and if Mr. Wilson

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were to write an advertisement for the same firm he would put it all into one page easily, and in a sentence or so on that, and it would cost his client, say, one thousand dollars, which would save his client—well, anybody can figure it up. . . .

And I think Mr. Wilson would get the order. I think he ought to get the order instead of Roosevelt from the United States now.

But in the meantime considering the enormous advertising value of Mr. Roosevelt in a national crisis like this, at a time when revealing and vivid personalities are needed as never before in the world to advertise and dramatize ideas, we cannot think of America's defending herself or expressing herself to herself and to other nations without using to the utmost Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt both.

But I do think, as I have said before, we have reason to hope that the campaign will be laid out by Mr. Wilson and that Mr. Roosevelt should show his patriotism by letting Mr. Wilson assign him specific copy to be written and to be displayed in specified quarters at specified times.

Advertising like all other arts and forms of life may be said to divide off into three forms of power: motion, heat, and light.

If this nation can arrange to use Theodore Roosevelt as National Advertising Motor, William Jennings Bryan as National Advertising Heater, Warmer, or Incubator, and Mr. Wilson as Light, everybody will know America.

It is perhaps not unreasonable to assume that the Light should oversee and control the others, that the others should be switched on and switched off as needed and where needed by the one who is in the light.

. . . . . .

But it is not merely our great men we must use fittingly, economically, but ourselves. Not all people in America probably know quite yet whether they are primarily intended by

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nature as motors or as radiators, or as chandeliers and indirect lighting systems for the country, but if we do not know yet, the first and most patriotic thing that we can do for the nation in the present crisis of the world is for each of us to find out just which we are at once, to sort ourselves and sort one another out, and go to work.

There is no reason why an indirect-lighting-system or chandelier sort of person like me should abuse motors for not being chandeliers, and why should I feel ugly and let all the lights in me go out when motors abuse me? If the radiators in a factory instead of warming it were to break out into saying they would not be warm in the presence of such cowardly poltroonified chandeliers, and if the motors were to slow down and swear at the bare sight of the radiators, and if the chandeliers (like the New York *Evening Post*, for instance, and the Boston *Transcript*) were all to go out in a funk because the motors made a vulgar noise, the factory would not get much done in a day

Neither would a nation.

And yet this is the specific thing that many Americans today seem to think they must do every morning to defend the country.

We have dropped into it because we do not think.

But the world has made us think. We are all thinking now.

And now that we have been shocked into thinking at last we are going to think of one another and use one another. We will say We. We will begin to-morrow. We will thank God for the motors being motors, and for all of us being what we are, we will find out which we are ourselves, drop into place, and work.

If this division of Americans into motors, radiators and chandeliers seems too fanciful, anyone who prefers can fall back on the more simple primary one the Bible divides us into, of lappers and gulpers. I praise God every day as I look up (between laps) for gulpers. It does my heart good to hear them

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gulping . . . (I have just heard only this morning, with glee, Colonel Roosevelt out in San Francisco—gulping). . . .

. . . . . .

If I have not successfully made a place for every lapper and every gulper or butter in this country in this chapter I will write it over again. This nation is going to use with economy, shrewdness, joy and pride each man of us.

Those who want to butt will take the butting departments and under the lead of Colonel Roosevelt will daily butt the people for the people. We have plenty of pile-driving and emphasis for them to do at home—and with other nations.

And those who want to think and make others think will think and make others think for the people, will draw up the national design, the idea of the people, clear the idea away from other ideas, daily light it and keep it lighted in our minds and the minds of other nations.

In this way the country will be represented honestly and will use us all, and we will be in a position to express clearly and incisively our national personality to ourselves and a world.

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XVIII

MAY 15, 1915

If everybody in the United States had had a telephone, and if President Wilson on Saturday morning, May 15th, the morning after the Germans sank the *Lusitania*, had called up everybody from the White House, got the whole nation on the wire, counted off all the people on one side or the other, and if the President had then got Germany by wireless at eleven o'clock and had then said precisely and verbatim what America thought and how America felt about a nation's killing a hundred innocent men, women and children to get its way, it would not have taken the German Government seven weeks to answer President Wilson's first demand that Germany should promise to stop killing neutral men, neutral women and neutral babies of a neutral nation—to get its way.

The next best thing President Wilson could arrange to take the place of a telephone mass-meeting of the nation was—a magnificent guess, an act of personal national mind-reading which came as near to being what everybody would have telephoned the White House as he could get.

As Germany was aware that President Wilson (a man Germany scarcely knew) had made a magnificent guess, and as Germany was aware that ex-President Roosevelt (whom Germany already knew like a book, as an amazingly certified representative American) had made another precisely opposite magnificent guess, and that Mr. Bryan, the regular standing almost-President of America for thirty years, had made another still more precisely opposite magnificent guess—opposite to both—it is not unnatural that Germany's answer to President

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Wilson's message from the American people has been held back until I have just now read it in my paper this morning—seven weeks late—Saturday, July 10th.

Why is it that Germany has now decided at last that the only thing that is left for her to do is to promise at once to stop shooting at America because it is convenient in shooting at England?

She has not wanted to promise to stop. She would not have promised it if she could have helped.

She has decided to recognize tacitly the rights of individual Americans and to promise special provision for safety to Americans, because America at last through the aid of three famous men has been able to get an absolutely and hopelessly clear idea of just how ninety million people feel about her.

When Mr. Roosevelt came out with his letter before the country, stamping and threatening at Germany, Germany said: "If America feels about us like this, and is likely at any moment to act toward us like this, she is practically our enemy anyway. She is going to sink us with her banks, and her trade in ammunition and there is no reason why we should endanger submarines to protect her." So Germany listened. Was America like Colonel Roosevelt? Then she heard suddenly America, from afar, dropping Colonel Roosevelt with a thud.

When Mr. Bryan came out with his resignation, with a great, vague, soft, beautiful flourish of peace waving his sweet and yearning soul before the President and before all nations as a true picture of just what America was like, Germany said: "If America feels about us like this, she is a great dear, of course, but after all if she is merely a big, pleasant, sloppy-minded, sentimental, muddle-headed nation, why should we pay very much attention to her?"

So Germany listened. Was America like Colonel William Jennings Bryan?

Then she heard suddenly—all in a minute in one morning—America dropping Colonel William Jennings Bryan with a thud.

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Germany read how scared Colonel Bryan was over President Wilson's course—the second *Lusitania* note, one morning. Then she read the note the next morning and did not see anything to be scared about.

Then she heard the Bryan thud. Then she made up her mind that President Wilson was America, precisely, magnificently America, and she saw precisely how she would have to act with a Wilson kind of America, and completely changed the tone of her press and the tone of her answer to the *Lusitania* note, and while, of course, it is not an answer that has satisfied us, it is an answer which both in its tone and its concessions and provisions Germany would never have dreamed of making or feeling obliged to make a few weeks ago. With two big dull thuds, and with Mr. Wilson, America had asserted its character, and Germany, while she did not do as we wished, saw what we were like, completely dropped her Von Tirpitz-Bernhardi tone, and at least began to begin at last to see that the nation with which she was dealing was not insipid because she had a small army, or stupid because she was magnanimous, or afraid because she did not threat, and loomed up in a vast, slow, patient way as a nation that could not be trifled with.

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XIX

HUMOUR IN ADVERTISING A NATION

Why is it—I have often wondered—that I always begin a subject by being sedate and impersonal, by writing on the subject about the subject, and that the moment I get under a little headway and care a great deal about it, I begin writing on the subject about people?

All ideas seem to be people's ideas. I have discovered slowly and as it seems to me now with a great waste of time that it is not people's ideas on a subject that make things happen to the subject. It is the people. Most other men, I imagine, besides myself see ideas or at least realize ideas through people. Nine times out of ten one finds that the live-end of an idea, when one looks it over, is the end where the man is. If the idea counts, probably he is at both ends.

So insensibly as the years have gone by and I have tried more and more to see if I could not express or almost express ideas, I have found myself looking for people. "Who are the men that go with this idea?" I have found myself asking myself. Never out loud and always unconsciously, but always as I look back I seem to have kept up underneath this insistent demand for some man I could use as the live or working-end of my idea. And now at last (as the reader has noticed!) if I am looking about for the live or working-end of an idea and cannot find any other man at the moment, I take myself.

I do not know whether Colonel Roosevelt, as his enemies like to say he is, is or is not a self-advertiser.

I know I am. In a desperate life like the artist's in an age of machines, in a desperate undertaking like the artist's of re-

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vealing the invisible, of looming up the intangible in the great white heat of matter of an age like this, of conveying the spirit or life of ideas—I face the issue. In a crisis like the one that America faces to-day, I am ready not only to be advertised but to advertise myself to the ends of the earth if by so doing I can touch the imaginations, penetrate the minds and philosophies and arouse the clear good-wills or the clear ill-wills of nations by a vivid honest decisive revelation or picture of what an American is like or of what an American is not like. Then America can say Yes or No. One will answer the purpose of the nation as well as the other. A rejected advertisement of a nation, rejected out loud, is as clear and helpful as an accepted one in clearing the minds of nations, in removing the blurs, the misunderstandings and the chronic bewilderments about human nature that are the sole cause of armaments and wars.

I have decided that the best I can do is to accept this fact and to act on it whether it is becoming to me or becoming to my ideas or not.

I am trying to express my age and my country and I will not be silenced or domineered over by a little awkward but comparatively unimportant thing like my own personal modesty. It would be impertinent. We are all trying to save a world by clearing up the people in it. Everybody would be good and there would be no war if everybody was kept cleared up. The best each of us can do is to keep our type cleared up, and begin with being as cleared up as we can ourselves.

My quarrel with Colonel Roosevelt as a current national advertisement is that while he is naïve with other people he is not naïve with himself. He does not keep cleared up to himself about himself. I have the same quarrel with Mr. Bryan. I am in agreement with President Wilson as the most necessary advertisement of this nation just now because he is more cleared up about himself and can hold himself at arm's length more keenly (and yet not unkindly) than any other man we have in American public life. It is because Woodrow Wilson has kept

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his sense of humour sacred in standing for a nation and has kept his own imagination about Woodrow Wilson so cleared up from day to day that he is making such clear and clean-cut work with ninety million people. He gets the President right first. He takes more time for it than any other President we have had. In this way has he made of his sense of humour a great sacred national defense.

I find myself opposed to Colonel Roosevelt and to Mr. Bryan as dangerous certified advertisements for this country to accept and use just now, during and immediately after this war, because in this tragic and solemn hour of the destiny of the world in which eleven nations have so far lost their sense of humour, their power of detachment, as to grip each other by the throat because they are all precisely alike in not seeing themselves as others see them, in a time when a sense of humour is a thing for this nation to pray for, as its supreme spiritual safety valve, as its supreme means in defending itself from itself, its supreme means in removing offense from other nations and in seeing out a way between them all for the peace of the world, it would be a grave risk for America to run to allow itself to be represented by a sentimentalist of peace like Mr. Bryan on the one hand, or by a sentimentalist of war, on the other, like Mr. Roosevelt.

When Mr. Roosevelt came out the other day in front of the country, running and shouting with his little amusing excited falsetto threat, his whoop of defiance at all Germany, it was because with this great steadied quiet-hearted nation banked-up behind him he did not see how he looked. Mr. Roosevelt cannot quite be called a statesman of the first class because he is always losing and is almost in a rut of losing his sense of humour about himself. God might have helped him a little more here at just this point, perhaps, but the fact that apparently He had omitted to do this, while it still leaves Colonel Roosevelt as perhaps America's most useful and most effective advertisement, fitted to special occasions and particular national moments and needs, while it still leaves us Colonel Roosevelt as one of the big

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special conveniences of the nation, one of its machine-tools of statesmanship, a force or contrivance to be ordered about and to be assigned, like a national sand-blast, like a national steam shovel, or national dredge, it does not rank him as a statesman like Lincoln, a statesman who could put himself in everybody's place, make himself the superintendent of the thoughts, feelings, laughters and sorrows, the hopes, enthusiasms, imaginations and wills of ninety million extremely various widely scattered people.

The people of America want a President with mobility and humour enough to act, and to act all in the same breath as President of us all.

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XX

PERSPECTIVE IN ADVERTISING A NATION

"Look forward and not backward, up and not down, out and not in, and lend a hand." I suppose that a motto that has done so many people good, been on so many bureaus, that has been read between so many hairpins and hung above so many desks, that has been worked on and prayed over as this motto of Edward Everett Hale's has, ought to be regarded with gratitude by all of us. But our gratitude need not interfere, perhaps, with a fitting sense on the part of some of us of the damage this motto would do people if they really lived up to it.

Nearly all the things that can be the matter with a motto, as it seems to me, are the matter with this one.

I do not deny that from a pathological point of view, and as a prescription for some people sometimes, it has its value: "Look forward and not backward, and up and not down, and out and not in, and lend a hand."

But if anybody I know did all these things to himself and then tried to lend a hand to me I should do all I could to see that he was kept from lending me a hand any longer than could be helped.

Of course a motto (like a mustard plaster) if applied to the right person in the right spot at the right time is very valuable, but if any man would go around or up and down the street with a mustard plaster offering it indiscriminately to everybody he met any time, the way people have gone around with this motto, he would be arrested. "Looking forward and not backward" no one can deny hits precisely the right spot for backside-forward people, and "Looking up and not down" may be good for steady

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or regular upside-down people, but as a general all around motto, this motto is almost a national menace.

It is just because there are so many people in America today who are looking forward and not backward, and up and not down, and out and not in, never seeing the whole of anything, never seeing it in the round, that with all our whirl and stir so few people get anything done.

This is especially true in the affairs of the nation.

Who can measure what Colonel Roosevelt could do for the American people or be kept from doing if he would look in?

Or what Mr. Bryan could do or be kept from doing if he would look backward?

Or what Mr. Hearst could do if he would look up?

It is because Mr. Wilson, when he has been spending a day with one man after the other five minutes at a time looking out, slips off into a still room in the White House and sits all by himself and looks in, that he does so many things in rows that he does not have to take back. It is because he lays hold on his own vision, sees himself for and against, looks in with a sense of humour (unlike Mr. Roosevelt), that he has won over to himself at last one after the other Mr. Roosevelt's progressives, who had wished over and over again that Mr. Roosevelt would look in.

It is because after looking forward with Mr. Bryan a while Mr. Wilson goes off by himself and looks backward hard that he has won over for himself and away from Mr. Bryan Mr. Bryan's progressives. When Mr. Bryan's progressives watch Mr. Wilson, day after day, doing forward things with a background of a few hundred years or so, from Princeton, New Jersey, they do not feel they need Mr. Bryan.

It is because after spending a whole day in receiving practical men, men who are occupied with immediate aims and with close things under their noses, Mr. Wilson steps one side and leaves everybody alone for days (as in writing the *Lusitania* note), and looks up, that he gives the people in a wide and rare degree the sense that with all or any of his inevitable mistakes he is a man

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who has some silent listening power above him from which he draws power down—that Mr. Wilson has slowly come to have at last before us all that simultaneous touch of remoteness and nearness, of being close to people and yet being set apart from people, which is inspiration in a statesman.

We have never quite had this before in the White House except in Mr. Lincoln's days of stupendous war and of tragic crisis. Mr. Wilson is like this on ordinary days, or rather ordinary-looking days.

I write these words as one who did not vote for Mr. Wilson, as one who voted (in gratitude for his timely and indispensable service in physicking the Republican party) for—for Mr. Roosevelt!

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XXI

MR. ROOSEVELT'S FRANKNESS

There are other reasons why the advertising services America desires of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt should be carefully considered before they are assigned to them respectively. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson have very different ideas and personal habits with regard to the use and mastery of our current national stock, or property of attention.

There is one fact in human nature Mr. Roosevelt is always overlooking in his publicity orgies. He does not seem to reckon with the principle of economy of attention.

If one lets anybody know everything about everything all the time, nobody's attention is really got to anything.

Mr. Roosevelt seems to be better as a general publicity man, moves naturally in a swash and splurge of notoriety, in a kind of monotone of limelight, which is better adapted to stirring up people's minds than it is to making their minds up. It is a kind of muss of glory, of general noticeableness in which Roosevelt moves in distinction from a progress of light and of stages of public vision, a block signal system of getting attention, like Mr. Wilson's.

Mr. Wilson depends on imagination and applied imagination directed to public ends. With Roosevelt light is only a by-product of the energy of the motor and like a trolley (how often we have watched him!) his light may go out any minute when he goes up a hill, headlight and all.

I admit that in a rare degree, Mr. Roosevelt has the true American national naïveté. And so has Mr. Bryan. And without doubt, it is because Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan have both

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conducted themselves for many years like colossal boys before the people, like unmanageably disturbingly frank boys that people have feared and loved them and that they have wedged their way in among politicians, loomed up above them, as honestly representative, legitimately powerful American men.

But having said this and having said that the best national defense is to depend on self-revealing men and on national naïveté, it can do no harm to compare for the practical value to the country, Mr. Wilson's national naïveté with Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Bryan's.

It has seemed to me that to Mr. Wilson, national self-revelation or national naïveté is the naïveté of a man and not of a child. It does not mean a kind of incoherent inertia of frankness as it does to Mr. Bryan, or hand-to-mouth frankness or frankness for its own sake. It means a cumulative applied frankness, a frankness for the purposes of statesmanship, with a beginning and a middle and an end—it means a total frankness, a frankness in the long run. It is the kind of frankness a man would like to have had fifty years afterward in a history of the United States.

In the meantime, before the fifty years are up, his worst enemies would have to grant—or any man who observes—the skilful absolutely unflinching sincerity in Mr. Wilson's reserves. Not only in his plain-spoken reserves, but in his humorous and wilful evasions, Mr. Wilson has been able to keep up a high standard of personal and official sincerity and of trust in his sincerity, which alone has made it possible for the papers and the people to wait for him and let him have the power to do things.

It is the way that President Wilson has used his news and his momentary reserves together and alternately, that has contributed most to the national self-confidence and national self-revelation we seek, and that has won him the conscience of the people, until he has been able at last to build up slowly and culminatingly out of a few words, a few deeds, and a few silences —this still trust in him. It grows like the trees in the night.

It seems to me to have been a supreme feat in far-sighted,

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orderly advertising, in progressive reading of what a nation thought and felt and desired, and a practical wise dedication of its power of attention, until it could focus in him and could express through him what it thought and felt, and could get what it desired.

Neither Mr. Bryan nor Mr. Roosevelt appreciates this secret of mastering, wielding and dedicating to high specific purposes the public property of attention as the President does.

Mr. Bryan, who has the naïveté of a child, and Mr. Roosevelt, who has the naïveté of a steam-hammer or a steam-pump, both stand by and watch Mr. Wilson's frankness being used with imagination, being used as a regulated tool for digging events out of the attention of a nation, for making things happen for the people in rows, one after the other, without quite understanding it. Mr. Bryan holds it in disapproval as old-fashioned diplomacy. It does not seem quite sincere or natural to a man who has a very real but rather spatter-minded or spray-sincerity like Mr. Bryan's to be at once as sincere and as reserved as Wilson is, and Mr. Roosevelt regards it as old-fashioned diplomacy, because from a steam-pump point of view it does not look busy, does not keep up a necessary din and muss of pushing.

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XXII

COWARDS AND LIARS AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

I have been reading in my morning paper the following letter from Colonel Roosevelt to Hudson Maxim and to the national meeting of the Security League:

"I was saddened by the extraordinary letter sent you by the three young men who purported to speak for the senior class of the college of which they are members. The course of conduct which these men and those like them advocate for the nation would, of course, not only mean a peculiarly craven avoidance of national duty by our people at this time, but would also inevitably tend permanently to encourage the spirit of individual cowardice no less than of national cowardice.

"The professional pacifists, the professional peace-at-any-price men, who during the last five years have been so active, who have pushed the mischievous all-arbitration treaties at Washington, who have condoned our criminal inactivity as regards Mexico, and above all as regards the question raised by the great world war now raging, and who have applauded our abject failure to live up to the obligations imposed upon us as a signatory power of the Hague Convention, are at best an unlovely body of men, and taken as a whole are probably the most undesirable citizens that this country contains. . . . They . . . have been preaching poltroonery. . . ."

I pause in the middle of Mr. Roosevelt's letter for reflection.

If one third of this country to-day is calling all the people in another third cowards, and is calling all the people in still another third fools, it would seem to be desirable, before the country (being made up of two thirds fools and cowards in this way) undertakes to face other nations for the country to face itself. We ought to line up the two thirds cowards and fools that compose the nation, on the one side, and the other third, the third that keeps calling them cowards and fools, on the

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other. Then we should look everybody over and find out and settle once for all whether all the people who do not agree with Colonel Roosevelt are cowards and fools or are not.

If Colonel Roosevelt is right we want to know it. If Mr. Roosevelt is wrong we gladly take opportunity to call his attention to it.

Perhaps two thirds of the nation, all speaking at once, could get Colonel Roosevelt to stop his great muss and thump of thinking long enough to notice us.

At all events, I have thought that possibly in this chapter the cowards and fools would not mind, if with the help of my publishers and a thousand booksellers, I tried to speak up for them.

But I will not interrupt Colonel Roosevelt any longer. He continues to the National Security League:

"The prime duty for this nation is to prepare itself so that it can protect itself. . . . Righteousness must be put before peace. It is wicked to be neutral between right and wrong; and this statement can be successfully refuted only by men who are prepared to hold up Pontius Pilate, the arch-typical neutral of all time, as worthy of our admiration. . . ."

. . . . . .

I am a neutral. Colonel Roosevelt calls me a coward, and a preacher of cowardice. He mentions no names. If he did, it would merely be personal and we could drop the matter, but with one single prompt, efficient little swoop of a sentence he lumps all neutrals together, points the finger of scorn at us—at us and Pontius Pilate—calls us undesirable citizens and an unlovely group. We are trying to bring out poltroonery in the young men of America.

I wonder if Colonel Roosevelt had been in my place and had just finished reading this letter of his about me and about my type of people, and had felt just what I felt after reading it, if he would have expressed himself in his reply-letter as follows! (I do not know that he would, but I know that I did.) I didn't

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intend when I wrote my letter (unlike Colonel Roosevelt) to let anybody see it, and it was just for my own good I wrote it.

"Colonel Roosevelt begins in this disagreement with me by getting himself wrong. Of course if a man does this he can hardly help being wrong on less familiar subjects, like other people."

(Note. This is not near as much like Colonel Roosevelt as I ought to be able to get. I will try again):

"When Colonel Roosevelt has one of these spells of his, works himself up into a kind of fine virtuous rage of muddle-headedness about himself and then proceeds to lay down the law to others, all anyone can do is to go straight to the centre of Colonel Roosevelt's subject, i. e., of course to Colonel Roosevelt himself (as he would be of any subject) and deal with that first."

(Note. This is better, but it seems to fall short in some way. Here is another):

"To Theodore Roosevelt: When you say to me, 'You and Pontius Pilate,' when you say to me, 'You are a coward!' all I can say is, 'You are another!'

"You are a mere big windy helpless fisty fellow and when you are in the presence of wrong and of wrong-doers, you are too scared not to fight. You don't dare depend on your power to stand up to them, to face them down, and make them understand you. You are in a state of panic before your own futility, before the loginess and sogginess of your own soul to get itself into the word—to get itself into the look that shall master and still the hearts of nations!" (I'm getting into the swing of it now.) "You demand armament, and demand that all young men in colleges and stores and factories shall be trained in fighting and fighting-thinking because you are in a state of muddle-headed bully-witted panic. You—you—you—you are yourself in your own soul and body to-day way over here, three thousand miles off, a little frantic loose lonely flying fragment in this huge, cool, sane country—a spore or germ, a cast-off bacillus—of what is the matter with Europe. What is the matter with Europe is what is the matter with you and you are trying to make us all as scared as you are."

I might have added (as I do herewith): "And what is the matter with Europe and with you is the matter with me now while I am writing this letter."

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So much for what I might have said to Colonel Roosevelt if I had followed the little spiritual patterns, the immediate artistic effects that Mr. Roosevelt's choice of words produced in my mind the first few minutes after reading his letter about me and about other neutrals, and about Mr. Wilson, and about Pontius Pilate.

What I would say now is this:

"It seems to me, Colonel Roosevelt, if I may be allowed a word, you do not say what you really mean when you call me a coward. You get yourself wrong. You do yourself an injustice. The idea you are really standing for and that you are really trying to express is, that if you did as I was doing, you would be a coward. You have merely failed to make the distinction between your being you and my being me. You have taken me and some eighty million people who are being neutral like me and with one glorious swoop you have assumed that we are being neutral for the same reasons and motives and with the same gifts as you. It seems to us that you ought to have really noticed us by this time and noted that possibly we may have gifts for being neutral, for making our neutrality terrific, for making it implacable with an enemy, that we have good-natured and quietly conclusive gifts for getting our way by making people understand what our way is, by making people feel identified with us in spite of themselves, drop their guns and run toward us saying, 'Yes, Yes!'—which you lack.

"Is it not barely possible that you have not taken time yet to notice our gifts?

"At all events you must let us have the courage of our way of defending ourselves as you have the courage of yours.

"We do think our gifts are more important in the world just now than yours.

"In Europe nearly everybody has yours, and they have been tried, and you see how they work.

"But at its worst the question at issue between us, the one on which Americans about us are going to take sides from ocean to ocean in the next few months, is not whether you are a coward or I am a coward. If I call you a coward because you are not like me, I am an unfit person to have the lives and destinies of a nation that has as many kinds of people in it as

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this one placed in my hands—i. e., as long as I keep on calling them cowards for not being like me.

"And as long as you call me a coward—in the same spirit you are an unfit person, too."

. . . . . .

The fit person, as it seems to me, is some person (like the one we have now) who will daily recognize and daily use in defense of the nation the courage of us both, and all the different other kinds of courage the nation can produce.

I do not despise the man who wants this nation to carry a revolver in its hip-pocket. I think I know how he feels. It is the kind of courage I have had myself, that I am being driven to the verge of over and over myself. I have not yielded to it because I have seen that other kinds of courage (in me at least) could be made to work better. It is not every man who during this ordeal of war to-day has had a book like this tugging on his soul, every day, to steady and true his heart with and love the world with. . . .

Many and many a morning, as I have read my morning paper and have felt in the old familiar way my hand feeling toward my hip-pocket, have I rushed to my study, taken up the next chapter in this book instead. Only God knows how morning after morning I have fought for words, for one more symbol, to express and defend my nation and throw it up on a great screen before the world, where all would know us, fear us, and love us. Then my hand would come back from my hip-pocket while I was trying!

I like to think it is so with all of us in America. If each of us will keep himself busy expressing himself and others about him, fulfilling himself and others about him in his daily work, and making that daily work the art-form in which he expresses and makes manifest to all the peace, the realer, deeper under-peace that is in his heart, all nations shall have a happy fear and trust toward us and we shall not need to drill our young men with muskets, train our little children in the small, mean habit

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of being ready for enemies, in the spirit of physical self-defense, teaching them to shoulder the arms, to sing the songs and the ideals of martial days, to pray the prayers of mere patriotism and of mere self-defense, training them daily, as all poor little children were trained of old, in the poetry and music of dread.

. . . . . .

I am not afraid.

I feel that if people know me they will not want to fight me.

I feel that I can express myself so that they will know me and that I can get them to express themselves to me. Why should a nation not be the same?

Peace courage (so-called) is self-consciousness or consciousness of who one is, what one is like inside, and power to express it.

Fighting courage is just the opposite. We have to have an army to protect the country, not from the enemy, but to protect it from the men in the country who are afraid.

Other nations to-day are pointing to Mr. Roosevelt, to Mr. Lodge, and to Mr. Gardner and saying: "These men are what America is like. You see these men? They are afraid of us. You see them as typical Americans standing for all America, depending on physical force instead of on their real force. So we must suspect them, watch them, and be ready to fight them." Mr. Roosevelt makes people want to fight him. He even makes me want to fight him. He makes great nations want to fight him, and be ready to fight any ninety million people that may be mixed up with him. Then Mr. Roosevelt demands a double army and navy, demands that we shall pay a bill of eight hundred million instead of four hundred million dollars a year to protect this country from Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt is a man of gestures and pounding fists. He cannot express himself in other ways.

Some of us can.

He wants a continent of Roosevelts to confront the world

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with. This drives me to suggest what could be done with a continent of Lees! How many Lees are there? I want to find out. I have little faith in Mr. Roosevelt's hip-pocket. Nor in smiling and shooting. I do not like to look forward for a hundred years—to see this nation going smiling about the courts of Europe with a gentle, courteous, affable pistol, with Mr. Roosevelt's "Smile, damn you!" philosophy.

It is the habit of befuddled compromise like this that has brought on the war. I believe America is with me in this. I believe that America is down in its heart more like Walt Whitman with regard to war than it is like Mr. Roosevelt. I was pleased to read in my paper the other day Mr. Gardner's remark about his letter on national armament. "If I thought that the newspapers would print it or that anyone would read it, I could continue this letter indefinitely."

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XXIII

THE RIGHTS OF A SAPHEAD

It is a curiously simple-minded thing for a mind to do that has any energy at all—to lop down into the idea that one side is right and the other side is wrong in a fight.

Both sides are always wrong in a fight. We have all been in fights ourselves and we know (afterward) that this was true of ours. Both sides in a fight have got to be untangled before taking sides makes a truth count. Both sides in a fight have got to have their minds, hearts and legs and fists, their mutilated souls and bodies, ideas and abdomens unravelled from one another before the truth can even begin to begin to be seen. One cannot take sides in a huge immeasurable struggling heap or whirling eddy of truths and faces.

Who are these people, these immortal beings, who are twisting up their souls and bodies in this huge tumult of shot-off legs, of eyelessness, of poisonous gas, of religion and thunder, shells, ideals, culture and disembowelment, that we men who stand by and see things quietly and as they are should be bullied by them, should be compelled to join in and help, join in and help convincing people by disembowelling them on one side, instead of joining in convincing them by disembowelling them on the other?

A man who stands quietly by a hell like this, who will let himself be hurried and bullied in his mind by the people who are in it, a man who has not the courage to stand alone by the truth, sorting some of it out on the one side and some on the other, who yields his truth up and slumps down into one side or the other, is a coward.

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No—I cannot say it. It is the way the sentence naturally ends, but I have never known a coward. Any man does as bravely with what he sees as any man would do. I will not call Colonel Roosevelt a coward. I would rather say he is simple-minded. He does not make his mind work, make it drive through until it sees through itself.

Colonel Roosevelt and I have no essential differences. We each have the same attitude toward what we see. But it seems to me I have made my mind work harder than he does his. I have seen and compelled myself to see in spite of my sympathies and hopes and fears that in war or in murdering to get one's way it is impossible for both sides not to be in the wrong.

Even if one side is all in the wrong, and the other side is all in the right, I am necessarily against either side because they have both agreed to commit the greatest wrong of all in trying to bring to pass right ideas by murdering ideas into people instead of expressing ideas into them.

An idea which has to be got into people's minds by murdering people instead of expressing people, I think can wait. I will not kill a man to get my way. I will express my way. If I do not know what my way is enough to express it to him except by standing up and killing him, I will stand up to him and let him kill me.

If any man is going to die in my struggle to express myself, I want to see to it that I am the man.

I am an artist. I will die to express myself. This is my only difference with Colonel Roosevelt. He prefers to kill someone else when he is whipped in expressing what he wants and I do not. Even when I am called a coward by Colonel Roosevelt I do not feel driven to kill people to convince them. If making an idea wait until I can express it and know enough about it to express it, if fighting to express an idea makes me a coward, a mollycoddle and a saphead, as Colonel Roosevelt says it does, if fighting to express my enemy and to express myself in the same

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breath, makes me a coward, a mollycoddle and a saphead, I will stand henceforth on the top of Mount Tom and announce to all the world, to the end of my days, "I, Gerald Stanley Lee, am a coward, a mollycoddle and a saphead."

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XXIV

THE LAST MURMUR OF A MOLLYCODDLE

If I could convert Colonel Roosevelt to my idea of war I could convert the world. Converting the world would be a by-product of converting Colonel Roosevelt. The fundamental cause of all war is a personal habit of Colonel Roosevelt's.

If I or any man or body of men to-day could cure Colonel Roosevelt of the habit of calling people cowards and liars, war would stop.

I do not know (in a way) that Mr. Roosevelt can be blamed for calling me a coward.

Colonel Roosevelt calls people who do not agree with him cowards and liars because he cannot express himself.

All it means is that Colonel Roosevelt simply cannot contain himself when he contemplates me. I ought not when I think of it, to take the remark as being about me at all and as pertaining to me or expressing anything about me. It is merely to be taken as revealing Colonel Roosevelt's unintellectual and inexpressible condition, the whirl of meaningless energy in his mind when he is being disagreed with. People like me arouse in him feelings and thoughts which to a simple, thoughtless nature like his are too deep for ordinary words out of the dictionary and too subtle for actions. Ordinary words from a dictionary and ordinary actions are always failing Colonel Roosevelt because he cannot assimilate them and make them mean things. All Colonel Roosevelt can express is his colossal state of inexpressibleness. He does this very well. Well, as I was going to say, it is this ache or colic of words in Colonel Roosevelt, this distress he has inside, this futility in clearly conveying ideas and finding pleasing art-forms for his feelings, which is always leading him and leading all

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his scattered currents of thought down into a common fight as naturally as water flows into a trough at the bottom of a hill.

A man who is always getting cornered into calling people liars and cowards is sure to fight.

A man who is always underlining, who is always italicizing with words, soon gets into italicizing with fists, dreadnoughts, ultimatums and guns.

Fighting is never a new action. It is merely the final finishing off of calling people liars and cowards.

The way to keep Colonel Roosevelt from calling people liars and cowards would be to have some one express his emotions of not being able to express himself—for him. If I could express his emotions toward people for him and clear out his mind for him toward people, he would not have to call them cowards, liars, then.

I do not wish to blame Colonel Roosevelt for fighting any more than I do for calling me a coward. I ought to try to account for him, I ought to try to express his emotions and give him relief—so that he will not feel so helpless.

I might stand up of course and say that Colonel Roosevelt's saying I am a coward is a perfectly plain helpless flat-footed whopper. But it is not cowardice in him that makes him say a thing like this. I ought to be patient and ought to remember that it is a lack of spiritual energy, of still light, of imagination, a kind of laziness and effeminacy in his mind which makes him fail to fight his way through to ideas—fight his way past himself to other people.

It makes me sorry. That is all. I admit that it is contrary to my own impression as far as it goes, if I am a coward—I who have gone about all my life daily, in the dark, in the light, walking along precipices of opinion, with all my relatives and all my friends and half my little world about me holding on to my coat tails, since anyone can remember, all sure this next time that now I was going over the edge—I who from the day I was born have faced, and faced deliberately, ostracism and poverty

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and oblivion and laughter, every day of my life for twenty years —to express my own idea in my own way. . . . Anyone open any book anywhere . . . Is there scarcely a sentence I write that does not scare people (this one for instance?), that does not make many people afraid for me or for themselves or for the world, and when I try sometimes in a feeble hopeful way to fix places over in a book a little so that I will not scare them, I scare them more than ever. There is no credit or discredit or courage in this. It is the way people's imaginations are made, and it is the way one particular imagination, if it is going to work at all, has to work, but it does seem to me that it ought to count enough to make Colonel Roosevelt's calling me a coward a rather loose statement.

There are two rules that have occurred to me for people who have been called cowards and liars by Colonel Roosevelt. There are so many of these people that I have thought they might find these rules helpful in trying to defend themselves:

First, when Colonel Roosevelt calls you a coward, get him to say it again. This ought to be enough.

If it is not enough, the best way to defend yourself will be to go about mentioning it and telling everybody you have been called a coward by Colonel Roosevelt. Everybody will understand you. Everybody will know what has happened. It is just Colonel Roosevelt once more giving up on expressing himself.

The appeal to force is already getting to be seen by all—in its spiritual essence, as what it really is. Force or the threat of force in a man, instead of being terrible and magnificent and self-possessed as it is in a lion, is a helplessness in the mouth, a mumbling, a sickness of expression—the final feebleness of self-revelation.

And while Mr. Roosevelt, in his famous purple-faced interview about the *Lusitania*, is of course entitled to have his own private feeling that what he is displaying is virility or courage, to the rest of us from the point of view of our modern masterful advertising world, from the point of view of the more modern

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shrewd unyielding art of making things happen, Mr. Roosevelt's threat of fighting is merely Mr. Roosevelt at his worst and when he has lost his head. I cannot believe that Mr. Roosevelt, with all his inner resources as a public man, is going to take this weakest spot in his own equipment—the killing, shooting Nimrod streak, the mountain lion roar in his own temperament—and try to make a national gospel out of it; and I believe when he once sees or is made by the rest of us to see how little he represents the nation in this matter, and how much we prefer to express and how clearly we see how to express ourselves in other ways, he will not try to force his way upon us.

. . . . . .

In the meantime, however, the question of war for America and for modern life all turns on the answer to one simple international but personal question. Any man can ask it of himself. I am asking it of myself. How can I express Colonel Roosevelt so that he will keep from calling people cowards and liars?

If I could do this I would have done, as on one high vast platform before the world, what has got to be done to everybody, before war is stopped.

Then anybody could see how it was done. Then it could be done to everybody. And then war would stop.

Colonel Roosevelt once expressed, would subside into a great or peaceful man, the kind of a man with whom wars are unnecessary, impossible and unthinkable.

The world would subside with him.

The doom of war is the artist. Without exception in all centuries and in all ages the artist is the peaceful man because he is an expressed man.

The doom of war is the self-expression of the people. This is why what I have to say in the following section about every man's being an artist, about business as a dramatic expression of men's lives, about trade as an art-form, has such an immediate and stupendous bearing on the doom of war.

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XXV

WAR-MOONING

A sentimentalist may be called a person who has an emotion which he cannot express, and which if he did express he would not have. Expressing it would make him see he did not want it.

The way to oppose a sentimentalist is either to make him express his emotion or express his emotion for him.

As Mr. Bryan is a sentimentalist about peace, Mr. Roosevelt is a sentimentalist about war.

He has an emotion about war that will not stand being analyzed or stand being expressed.

If anybody could really express in America Mr. Bryan's or Mr. Roosevelt's emotions for them, as they really are, so that they would prefer different ones, it would save the country. I would like to try for a moment to express what Mr. Roosevelt's sentiments and emotions about war really mean. He is not alone in having these quite enjoyable emotions. A great many people have them—all the people who are rather glib with the word War or the threat of War. As I see these people all around me, little groups of them, every few days, going about waving at the world a weak, abstract, comparatively pale lady-like water-color word like "War," I have fallen to wondering what they think they mean.

When one strips away the sentimentality and looks at the facts what is war?

War is getting one's way by murdering or threatening to murder people who will not let one have it.

If people would be downright with themselves and call war by its right name, we would soon be rid of it.

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All one has to do is to suppose for a minute.

Suppose there were a law, an international law, which would compel a man every time he wrote down the word war to cross the word war out and put in murder instead? People would soon flinch about war and war preparedness.

It is only sentimental half-expression and half-realization that makes talk about war possible. If someone could go through for this country all the speeches and articles that are going to be published about shooting-preparedness in the next two months and cross out the cover-up words or stained-glass words in them and put in instead real, clear-cut, plate-glass words, the fight for shooting-preparedness would be wrecked in a week.

It is only by glazing things over, by blurring edges of facts, by lying and statistics and abstraction, by blowing band music gold lace and glory in people's eyes and by smothering out live words in people's mouths and putting in dead words instead every time war is spoken of, that we are able to tolerate war to-day even on paper—even on each other's lips.

The gentlemen we have appointed in this nation as our specialists in murder and that we look upon as our special experts in getting our way for us by force, are men of fine bearing and they wear good clothes and work hard at their profession, and when one meets them in gold lace and epaulets at a reception one does not like to think very much as to just what the details of their business are. We do not like to think of them without a veil of sentimentality, to think of them downright and straightout and plainly and according to the facts—to think that these polished gentlemen we are in the presence of have been hired by us and are daily drawing pay from us to act in our behalf as the thugs of our culture and as the highwaymen of our rights.

We would not like to speak of their profession in this way, but what would happen to it if we did?

If for the next six months the peace-people would stop vociferating and arguing and would always speak quietly of our

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Secretary of War as The Secretary of Murder or as The Secretary of the United States Department of Threatening and Killing, we should soon be hearing things from our Department of War.

The Department of War will say to us: "We are really in effect a Department of Peace."

Then, if they are, we will take them at their word. We will insist as a people every time we speak of our War Department for the next few months in speaking of it as our Department of Peace.

Then things would begin to happen.

If we call it our Department of Peace, of course, we will soon have to proceed to insist upon picking out men for it versed in the arts of peace—peace-experts, advertising men, dramatizers, geniuses in getting their way with nations by getting their attention instead of by shooting or being ready to shoot.

Having an efficient Peace Department does not mean our employing mere diplomats or men who have a knack of thinking up between nations quibbles and tricks for not-fighting. It involves our employing men of genius and experts in making huge aggressions upon the attention of a world—men with a sheer national power of concentrating the attention, the imagination and the wills of the people and the power of lighting up all things and all men, and crowding fighters from off the face of the earth.

The kind of men we have in our War Department now would not be able to do the work if we called it plainly and honestly our Peace Department.

Any ordinary American advertising firm with an appropriation of half a dreadnought a year would do more in the way of keeping its own country defended than all the war departments of the world put together.

We would probably have to turn out our generals and our admirals in our Peace Department and put in Lord & Thomas instead.

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But, of course, most generals and admirals being straightout and downright men, would resign of themselves.

If there are generals and admirals who will not resign themselves and who still keep on telling us politely that peace is all they are interested in, then we will take them at their word, offer them Lord & Thomas to join in with them and help them in doing their Peace-work. We will try natural selection in the peace-work of the War Office.

Who would be in control of our Peace Department in six months—Lord & Thomas or the generals and admirals?

This would be one way to do. But probably a better way to begin, would be not to have very much said about our War Department being a Peace Department. We would not really like the idea of pulling down the sign over the War Department and putting up the sign on the door "Peace Department."

We would rather begin by calling things as they are by their right names. We may be sentimental in this country in spots, but we cannot be sentimental ninety millions at a time. We want to have the men who have taken our war equipment in charge on sea and land accorded by the people honest, straightout manly titles for their various stations:

U. S. Manager of Shooting from Behind and Under Water

U. S. Secretary of Asphyxiating Gases

U. S. Superintendent of Murder in the Air

The barber who tries to conceal the extreme humble hirsuteness of his calling by calling himself a Tonsorial Artist or a professor has been laughed out of America. We prefer in America our plumbers as plumbers and not as sanitary engineers.

The time has gone by, especially with this present war going on before our eyes, when a general or an admiral can any longer dodge behind vague, high-sounding names for his business. The same American people that has laughed sentimental toggery out of its barbers and out of its plumbers from one end of the

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country to the other will soon laugh it out of its generals and admirals.

. . . . . .

I have no quarrel in this book with the character, the high-mindedness and big motives of the generals and admirals I know and that we all know. I am merely pointing out that as Complete Guides to Peace for America, as philosophers or as readers of human nature or masters of their nation or their age, there is no reason why we should defer to them.

When we want or need a specific piece of craftsmanship in killing done or a big engineering feat of looking terrible, we defer to them, but we think the deference we give to them should be definite and clear-cut—should be for the specific gift that generals and admirals have for expressing to other nations how afraid we are of them and how armed we are against them in their own particular professional way. It seems to us that generals and admirals as a class have a tendency to make a nation moon about war.

We are at heart a plain, unsentimental people and generals and General Staffs seem to us visionary and sentimental about the way war works in our modern life.

I read of a sewing-machine factory in Germany the other day that had been completely turned over to making guns to shoot its customers. This factory is but one of thousands in Germany that have been made all over and equipped throughout as complete factories for shooting their customers.

This strikes us in America, with our plain and probably inglorious and raw fashion of looking at things, as a sentimental and windy way to defend the interests of a people.

Each of these thousands of factories to-day, in addition to spending its money in shooting the customers from whom its money comes, is now engaged daily spending the money it has left, in driving its customers to shoot it. The very money that its customers might be handing over to its salesmen for goods

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the factory is now busy every day in compelling its customers to spend in shooting it and its salesmen instead.

"Do not buy from us. Shoot us," all Germany is saying to all France and to Russia, Italy and England to-day. The German workingmen, the German factories, the German salesmen and manufacturers in millions are rushing out triumphantly crying, "On to Paris! We are going to wipe France as a market from off the face of the earth! We are going to put Frenchmen for six generations where they will not have a sou to buy things from Germans."

This has a fierce decided tone and there is a kind of heroic flourish that goes with it which is rather becoming to it, perhaps, but it reminds me of a baby I heard of last night, the small son of a college president, who, when he cries at night and cannot get what he likes, takes his own poor little round head and dashes it nobly against the side of his crib.

This is what half of Europe is doing now, each nation coming out nobly with brass bands and flying flags and dashing out its brains before the world instead of using them. Why should America do it? Why should not America be so overwhelmingly, so glaringly, so exhaustively unprepared to dash its brains out, so busy using them, that no one would think of armaments against us?

For only one reason—because Colonel Roosevelt has an unbusinesslike sentimental mind and is afraid of the armies of Europe.

As the average plain American looks at it, the only fear the armies of Europe can ever reasonably give to us is that at any time they might of course fall to and fight, killing off each other. Having several millions of one set of our customers in Europe falling to and shooting off several millions of the others may reasonably cause, if one looks at it in a sordid way, or looks a few years ahead a certain amount of fear in America for the regular process and machinery we have for living our lives.

It does involve, it is true, a certain personal danger to us to

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have millions of our customers wipe millions of our other customers off the face of the earth. The $10,000 a minute that we see France is spending on killing our German customers, and the $15,000 a minute Germany is spending on killing our customers in their own country and in England and Russia, foots up to something like $50,000,000 worth a day—of its market—in all, which America is seeing shot away from American factories and American inventions and blown up into the air. But this damage that is being done to us stops with our factories. It stops with our Iron and our Wood and our Things. It does not commit the great moral physical injury upon a great people of being the toughs of their own culture, of having America hang itself like a millstone on the neck of the world as one more thoughtless, helpless shooting nation.

America could do more injury to itself and expose and weaken itself more in one year by warping itself into a military nation than the armies of Europe in a hundred years could hope to do to it. We can only injure ourselves if we stop being ourselves and stop being a level-headed, articulate expressing and advertising people and become a threatening and shooting one because Colonel Roosevelt is afraid or because Colonel Roosevelt is sentimental about war. We would rather spend our money in getting Colonel Roosevelt not to be sentimental about war and in getting him to stop mooning about blood and glory and to accept a definition of war which will bear analysis and bear thinking about.

War is taking food out of the mouths of children. War is invariably a cowardly attack on women. It is self-deceived and visionary for men to threaten war, as if they were threatening other men. War is attacking other men's mothers and throwing their dead sons at them. War says: "If you do not let us have our way, we will make your mothers wish they had never conceived and your children wish they had never been born." Unless the little word *war*—with its three foolish little letters—gets this idea in, it does not say what it means.

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War is convincing people's brains by blowing their arms and legs about and scooping out their entrails.

The talk about war's being an education, about its being a science, would be over in a thousand newspapers in a single week, if every time anybody spoke in his paper of war for a week, the editor would cross out the sentimental phrase "the science of war" and call it precisely what it is, namely, the science of convincing people by disembowelling them. The more of a science it is and the more specialized and efficient people become in it, the more romantic, sentimental about themselves and what they are doing they have to be.

War of self-defense is little better. War of self-defense is the science of disembowelling half the world to convince them that they have no right to disembowel us. This not only does not seem to Americans to make sense, but as anybody who looks at Europe to-day can see at a glance, it does not work.

. . . . . .

The other day some soldiers who had killed all the men off in a village took considerable pains and ran not a little risk to save the life of an old woman.

One cannot but be glad that they did it on first thought, but such gladness as some of us have is almost entirely on their account.

It seems to us inconsistent to shoot a woman's husband and her four sons and then save her life so that she can miss them more than she would if she were dead.

This inconsistency in war seems to us a proof of how muddle-headed people who fight and who threaten to fight are, and of how carefully muddleheaded they have to be kept in order not to stop fighting and stop threatening to fight at once.

The threat of war which Colonel Roosevelt indulges in and wants organized, wants set up before us every day, which he is trying to make a national institution out of, is worse and more dangerous than war, because it is less dramatic and can be

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muddleheaded without being found out. The war-threat or war-prepared idea—the idea of having a standing fear and of having a standing army or a standing threat, does not have so many people against it, because the senseless horror in it is postponed and the bill is charged. War itself in the field begins to pay up.

Even in the field a soldier only manages to keep on fighting to-day by having things picked out for him to do that he cannot see. It is by picking out murders that are far away and blurred —shells, long-range guns, that he keeps on murdering. Statistics of thirty thousand people, for instance, starving to death will not make a soldier as inconsistent as one real baby crying for a real bottle, when it has probably already had enough, in the next room.

A soldier's imagination is really touched by murdering a man's children, or by cutting off the breasts of his wife. He really sees, when it has really been done, when it is something so obvious that a tiger would notice it—just what he is doing.

People can only fight in an essentially mussy-minded state or in a kind of moral fog. When something shows up as it really is, when fighters see what they really do a minute, they are instantly inconsistent. Having shot the old woman's husband and four sons, they apologize by saving the old woman, so that she can sit and think about her dead husband and her four dead sons.

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XXVI

MORE WAR-MOONING

The other day the students of the University of New York petitioned the faculty against the establishment of a course in military science. They said that military science did not interest them.

Thousands of students in our American universities have started up thinking for themselves. As the next fifty years of America are of especial interest to young men, and as the world that is being arranged just now by Colonel Roosevelt and others is the world they will have to live in, it is perhaps not unnatural that they should take it for granted people would be interested in what they think, would like to know how they feel about arrangements for a world they will have to live in. It is possible that one arranged by Colonel Roosevelt might not suit them. As Colonel Roosevelt will doubtless have the privilege of backing away from the world he is dabbing at after a little and will not have to live in it, they might be considered perhaps—these young men—in some sense as not only interested but as authoritative on a world—say from 1915 to 1965. The more signs they show of thinking for themselves the next few years, the better their 1915–1965 world will fit them when they get it. The signs are that among our younger American men to-day, especially in our colleges, fighting can be shown to be identified with intellectual effeminateness, spiritual anæmia—a lack of self-assertion against machines, against the conventional or machine conception of human nature and the king-and-battle idea of history. History is a vast melodrama of kings with chips on their shoulders, and Colonel Roosevelt like a small

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boy in the front row of the Family Circle is still fascinated by History and full of a fine left-over sentimentality about war, but the rest of us have not been fascinated by the vast melodrama of history—we look at it freshly personally and from a vividly American point of view. The typical young men in our American colleges do not want to imitate history. They want to make some. They are not impressed by force in the way history seems to be, and they do not want to impress other people with it.

If the fighting and threatening students in our colleges—the advocates of frenzied preparedness—could be stood up in one row and the peaceful ones all stood up in another, and if Colonel Roosevelt could be asked to go along both rows and look them over there is reason to believe that Colonel Roosevelt, if he did not know which row was which and had to pick out one row rather than the other to help him defend the country, would find after it was all over, to his dismay, that the row he had picked out as having the most nerve in it, was the row of peaceful men. They would have another kind of courage. There would be exceptions in both rows.

Colonel Roosevelt does not understand the new generation of college students. They are pragmatists instead of sentimentalists.

The point of view of the typical American young man who is studying the arts and sciences in college to-day is approximately the laboratory point of view. The laboratory method is wrought through the habits of all of us.

What need is there after all, when it has once been properly gone over, of fighting about the multiplication table? The typical pragmatical American mind, born as an experiment on an experimental continent and living by experiment, naturally assumes that matters of spiritual fact can be settled by experiment. The truth will be what works best in the long run. We will automatically agree sooner or later that two and two are four. They either are four or they are not.

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It is this almost daily habit of the typical pragmatical American of settling things by experiment and not by force, which makes the American from the more aristocratic authoritative European point of view, when he is involved in a disagreement, an incredibly peaceful and almost insipid person. He has no force habits and is out of sympathy with force and force institutions to a degree for which older nations never allow and probably never will, until we have expressed ourselves in our literature, or in our good-naturedly intrepid national will, or until we stand with them face to face. If there are people around us or in other nations, who want to make two and two equal five, or two and two equal three, we are unaccountably good-humoured about it; we do not deny their right to do it, but we take it for granted they will try to show they can do it by figuring and not by shooting. If they try to get their way by shooting, they are making a mistake so big and so fundamental that we know there must be other mistakes to go with it. If they try to get their way by shooting, we suspect they are wrong. If they succeed in getting their way by shooting, we know they are wrong.

Force works backward with an American boy.

Shooting a truth—to an American, is a contradiction in terms. When he sees a truth is a truth that has to be shot at people he wonders what is the matter with it.

Every American boy, as a matter of course, as a matter of climate, as a matter of big trees blue sky and a fresh soil, inherently despises his father the moment his father orders him about. If the father uses force to compel what he believes, every iota of blood iron and sunshine in the boy automatically rebels. What his father believes is dropped and his father for all practical purposes of a father in American life is dropped with it. The boy may pick up the belief again later when it happens to be presented to him as a fellow human being—but the father is dropped forever.

This is practically a new trait in the history of human nature.

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Individuals have always had it but presented in its completeness and unconsciousness, presented as by the whole broadside of our western world, it is a new fact of amazing and revolutionary intent, with which the nations of the older world are unfamiliar, which they do not understand, will not believe—with which they do not reckon—and which to deal with them successfully America has next to express.

The moment America expresses this fact about American human nature—gives it the slightest adequate advertisement or expression to the older nations, they will use with us a totally different technique from the technique they employ with other nations. Everything they do, say, or get or try to get, will be based upon this revolutionary fact in human nature in our country, namely: the fact that the typical American boy has never learned to take orders from anybody. It has never occurred to an American boy to obey a person. He only obeys facts behind persons, to which older persons call his attention. Only a fact ever has or ever can order an American about. The military bump, the bump of force-reverence, in an American boy apparently by his just being born and by his just breathing on this continent, is a hole.

In the American people the world is confronted for the first time with a leading and masterful people with whom force has no significance whatever. Everything America has done (like the telegraph, aeroplane and phonograph) everything America has wrested out of the material world, until it has become the most magnificently material of all nations, has been through the spirit. We have conquered too much matter with our souls to be afraid of armies or to be impressed by a military tone, or to be overawed, in this place in the world we have hewed out for ourselves, by the military mannerisms of other nations, or by curious out-of-date threats, and Colonel Roosevelts' melodramatic gun-ultimatums.

But it is not only this pragmatic or self-experimenting trait in the typical American that Colonel Roosevelt is going to find

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running counter to his force-philosophy and military-training idea among young men. The typical American young man has the doggedness as well as the independence that goes with the scientific mind.

He cannot think of war as expressing himself. It is his giving up and saying he cannot express himself, that he has not the brains or the art. He looks upon fighting to get his way as a substitute for the grit to be understood, as a confession of the disgrace and the defeat of his own spirit, cowering before the enemy and slinking into murder. The college students in America when an adequate program of national advertising and national self-expressoin has been placed before the people are going to make good-natured allowances for the Colonel. They are going to see how he is made—how dumb he is—how irrepressibly inexpressible. They are going to look upon him with a kind of pride as an admirable, manly, forgivable, nobly muddleheaded person. But that is as far as they will go. If in the end he does not come to terms with them and if he does not let them live out their natures in their generation as he has his in his, he will soon be known as the most Ex, Ex-President we have ever had.

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XXVII

PEACE-DREAMING

There have been several times in Mr. Bryan's history and in the history of the country when Mr. Bryan has seemed to the country a rhetorical and rather word-comfortable person. We often would have felt relieved if Mr. Bryan had been more thorough-minded, more worn and peaked-faced with thought.

As Colonel Roosevelt is sentimental about war, Mr. Bryan is sentimental about peace.

It was in 1896 that Mr. Bryan burst into glory all at once—in five minutes—grasped fame single-handed with one single mixed metaphor, and everything about Mr. Bryan has been more or less mixed ever since. It is partly because the mixture is highly charged, but still more because it is highly mixed, that Mr. Bryan has become a really powerful representative man and that dear muddleheaded millions all over the land have followed him and are still following him through thick and thin, through crosses and crowns and harps, to this day.

Mr. Bryan represents, as it seems to me, a very real, very sincere, robust and alive peace without a technique. All men of special gifts have to have the defects of their qualities, and, as the poet loves to write poetry for its own sake, and the scientist loves science for its own sake (and even the flirt loves flirting for its own sake), Mr. Bryan has been too satisfied with oratory. He has been too comfortable with his fine glowing audience-emotions to feel a personal need of finishing off his emotions into actions.

It is because Mr. Bryan has not compelled himself to analyze

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his emotions through into clear administrative ideas and programs that he has never quite arrived and has been an Almost in America and a still Almost for twenty years. It is his inability to do this—this common inability of orators he shares with others—that has cast him up before the nation and left him high and dry in his own mixed but noble feelings over and over in his life.

If Mr. Bryan would work out his technique to-morrow morning, or if someone would supply him with a technique to-morrow morning, the upheaval of sheer American good-will in him would soon cover the earth. He stands for something real in our American character and life which can be made catching in nations.

The moment Mr. Bryan acquires or is presented with a program to back up his personality and the moment he uses the enormous spiritual real estate he has in this country, the corner lot of attention he has honestly acquired, to advertise a real program on, things will begin to happen. Mr. Bryan may have his faults of detail and of direction, but he has come to be to America—beating warmly under all our public life, a kind of national Solar Plexus.

It would be foolish for a peace-movement to throw a Bryan away. The moment Mr. Bryan proceeds to coöperate with others—with men who have a technique of peace until people can see his peace-faith backed up by his peace-works, it would be hard to overestimate his value to the country.

When a provincial and New Yorkish paper like the New York *Sun* thinks it can take a national asset of publicity, a magnificent nucleus of attention, a vast property of fame and self-revelation of half a nation, like William Jennings Bryan, and set him permanently one side, it betrays an ignorance of human nature and of American life and of what really counts in politics and in making things happen, that only a *Sun* that rises daily in Avenue A, gives one little feverish swing at the sky, quirks itself along a few streets over in New York and sets in Riverside Drive—would think of.

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If the American people understand Mr. Bryan as well as Mr. Wilson does, we will yet make great use of him in finding out and expressing the national will—what might be called the great vague ground-swell of public opinion in this country.

The least that can be granted to Mr. Bryan's religion is that in spite of a certain vagueness and fumbliness and a lack of technique with which he uses it—it is really being used and is daily being put in a prominent place to use, as if he believed it. No religion a man is always running risks for can long be set one side.

He is a uniquely representative type in our American life, one that America will yet be proud of and yet see the use of—before Mr. Bryan is dead. We would be proud now if it were not for a rather big, noble, good-hearted looseness in Mr. Bryan's mind, a failure, as it seems to me from the point of view of this book, to see—as I think I do—not merely that his religion can be made to work, but definitely and particularly and point by point how it can be made to work, and how everybody can be got to help make it work, as if it were just plain common sense, good business and not religion at all.

. . . . . .

Of course Mr. Bryan thinks he has a technique for his religion in his treaties. But treaties unfortunately between nations are at best cold-blooded non-committal mutually wrung-out concessions and balanced compromises and do not and could not be made to express the more vital and personal qualities in Mr. Bryan's peace-religion. Treaties are professionally and even expertly anæmic academic and ineffectual expressions of a nation. Mr. Bryan's treaties are mere preventives and international anodynes at best, and they are not like Mr. Bryan, nor do they express Mr. Bryan, nor do they express any other American that ever lived. My proposition, it seems to me—a positive, warm, glowed-through, mutually welcomed, mutually conducted campaign of mutual self-assertion and of

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mutual advertising, a tremendous international undertaking of touching the imagination and wills of nations with daily acts and words is practical because it is human, and because being human it makes people think of nations practically, as made up of human beings. And, of course, besides being ineffective because they are inexpressive, treaties are too cheap. They have no engine in them—no appropriation—no great paid army of salesmen of attention. They are and always have been and must be treated as mere scraps of paper, remote, specialized, legalized, sterilized organs of the public will because (more credit to all of us) they do not express or reveal the people that made them. Treaties express lawyers, and lawyers were not intended as everybody knows to express and to reveal people, least of all to reveal nations. Our treaties with other nations must be lived and lived out loud by all our people. They shall be written and shall be produced as plays and they shall be acted daily with markets, with banks, and with cities and nations in the cast, all under the direction of expert professional revealers—men with a technique in touching the imaginations and arousing the wills of men.

I cannot help thinking what would be accomplished if Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan between them would take up and carry forward my proposition of advertising as a means of national self-defense. With President Wilson to oversee the field and select and throw in with them men to help them (types of men that they themselves could not get), we would soon have the men of America of all types and temperaments and gifts speaking and acting together in a tremendous chorus and array of team-work, making America revealed and loved and feared throughout the world.

A sketch of the details of this program is reserved for later chapters.

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XXVIII

ADVERTISING

When a man says: "There is such a thing as being too proud to fight," there is a standard emotion to have about the man. He is afraid probably, people think, and he is seeking refuge in the comfortable nobility and fine sound of a phrase. The English, French, and German peoples or governments and General Staffs of the world and many Americans quite naturally and automatically, when President Wilson uses an expression like this, drop into the standard emotion about it. The only way in which such an expression or any other expression that has a standard emotion that goes with it can be used without misfortune is by advertising who the man is who is saying it, what the man is like, what he means by it and what he has done and intends to do to show what he means by it. Everything turns on the proper advertising of the man. The remark and the man both can be annihilated by advertising him if he is a coward, and the man and the remark both can be made unconquerable by advertising him if he is not.

If America proposes to depart from the regular standard emotion about patriotism and self-defense, the only way she can be understood in doing it is to advertise what she is like and what she means.

If America is going to defend herself with her people, she must advertise her people. If America proposes to strike out with an original idea of her own and says she believes she can fight better with advertisements than she can with guns, she must begin by advertising advertising. It is because the nations do not know what our people are like and do not know

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what our advertising is that they drop into the regular standard emotion about us when the President says: "There is such a thing as being too proud to fight."

This is natural and fair enough. What makes civilization civilization is that it has arranged certain standard interpretations to go with certain standard experiences and actions.

We all agree that there is a reason for standards. We have come to regard them as the short cuts and conveniences of the higher and fuller life.

A man who goes through his house and puts all the hot-water faucets on the right instead of the left insults, ten hours a day, every man woman and child who comes into his house. He ought to be punished by having everybody stay away.

It is agreed that a man ought to expect to be inconvenienced in trying to inconvenience and interrupt a planet. If one departs from standards without meaning, one must be prepared to suffer. If one departs from them with meaning, one must find some way of making the meaning known. If one is driving an automobile that has suddenly taken a notion in its own independent insides that it will only allow itself to be turned out to the left, there are only two things one can do with the automobile. One is to let the automobile turn off to the left of the road and stand in a yard at one side and stop being an automobile, and the other, if it must go on, is to send three or four automobiles on ahead of it, advertising to every team for ten miles up the road that an automobile that can only turn out to the left is coming and for them please to be so good as to understand it and be ready for it and turn out to the left.

As regards the paramount issue of the world to-day as to whether a nation shall defend itself by killing and by a system of threatening to kill or not, all the nations have established a standard of turning out to the left. If the United States proposes to turn out to the right, we must advertise. America has come to the point where she believes that there is nothing else to do on this subject but to turn out to the right, and she

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must make a stupendous persistent universal advertisement of what she means by it and of how she proposes to do it and invite other nations to agree to help her. Then, when President Wilson makes a remark saying there is such a thing as being too proud to fight, the nations will respect us, and understand us.

The only way America can depart from a standard interpretation or a standard action and act with originality and freshness and power and take a new stand with national self-respect is to begin with national self-revelation. In other words, America can only be true to herself and fulfill her temperament and destiny and take her place among the nations by advertising among the nations her soul as she has advertised her motor cars, her pianolas, her harvesting machines, locomotives, aeroplanes, phonographs, telephones and moving pictures.

. . . . . .

Treaties like wills are written by lawyers in their most haughtily sterilized state of mind. They are as inhuman, unhomelike, unrevealing and meaningless-looking as forts. They are prisons of words. The souls of nations look out from them through bars. Treaties might be said to be almost visions of dogged, bottomless inexpressiveness.

The carping criticism one often hears in the streets of the sayings of public men, the malicious part-quotation, the suspicious interpretation in the newspapers which we find daily before our eyes cowing a certain type of politician into being a nobody, and which we all have seen ever since we can remember taking all boldness and power out of public speech and making men talk in a kind of terror-stricken literalness and dull emasculated particularity like lawyers' briefs, is illustrated in the way lawyers think treaties must be written.

It is because the typical lawyer in saying a thing, feels obliged to lumber up every sentence with ten fools he thinks might misunderstand it, that almost nothing the typical lawyer (until

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he stops being a lawyer) can write either attracts or holds today the attention of the people. The typical legal-minded document edges along in a kind of St. Vitus dance of accuracy, paralyzing every adjective, verb and adverb with the fear that now some new kind of idiot may be born, and may grow up, and may read it. It is because legal documents are especially written with reference to idiots, with reference to every possible kind, born and unborn, in the same sentence that people do not understand them, do not read them and treat treaties as scraps of paper.

If national papers and addresses that purport to speak for this nation to other nations were written as great human documents, expert studies in the human values of words and the stresses of ideas; if they were written as master engineering feats in human emotions and wills and in opening up the minds and hearts of the people, Mr. Bryan's treaties would be effective.

In the meantime, as long as every known law of getting and holding the attention and gripping the loyalty and enthusiasm of human beings is defied by the typical legal document, I place no more faith in Mr. Bryan's treaties than Mr. Roosevelt does. Men who can turn around the daily habits of the lives of other men, empty their pocketbooks, make them give up their homes and buy automobiles with a half page of words in the back part of a magazine, represent the type of men to whom the fate of this nation should be entrusted when it expresses its soul, its will, its solemn and sacred hope and fear to the other nations of the earth. The Declaration of Independence was an advertisement.

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XXIX

ADVERTISING ADVERTISING

The President's attempt to defend the rights of Americans and of neutrals, in some other way than force or flourishing our navy and army in the eyes of the German people, brought forth this remark from a Western newspaper:

"We may talk and write notes until doomsday, but if we fail to advance our case in some material way, Germany has us on the run."

I agree to this statement. My only difference with Colonel Roosevelt's attitude toward it is that I have a technique and a program for advancing our case in a material way without using physical force and that he has not.

I am not proposing to defend this nation by aiming at hostile nations a philosophy or a line of reasoning, by teasing people not to fight or by preaching beautiful peaceful sentiments—a form of self-defense in which I have no more faith, probably not as much, as Colonel Roosevelt. It is the self-revelation of the material mastery and business power, the personal ascendency in modern life of peaceful men.

It is an imperious peace that I announce, as getting ready to-day in our American life, to be hurled upon the world.

The same militant attitude Theodore Roosevelt has with guns, I have with ideas.

He insists on being armed with powder.

I insist upon advertising.

My ideas are armed ideas.

Colonel Roosevelt's ideas are not. He is unarmed with ideas and feels unarmed and scared with them, because he cannot ex-

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press them. When an idea is expressed it becomes a material force. It takes a material form because it makes people instantly see and do material things. This makes an expressed idea an armed idea.

I have no more faith in unarmed ideas than Colonel Roosevelt.

All we have to do—Colonel Roosevelt and I—to act together, is to arm our ideas.

When we have a big national bureau of men at work all arming our ideas, Colonel Roosevelt will trust ideas as much as I do.

If Colonel Roosevelt could express or see others expressing before his eyes all the great peaceful moral ideas he is now stamping his feet to express, that he is now daily heaping up fighting and platitudinosity on, he would be a peaceful man to-morrow. This next section deals with men who can express Colonel Roosevelt's ideas of the true and the beautiful and the good so that Colonel Roosevelt will not need any longer to fight or be threaty-minded or bully-witted about the True the Beautiful and the Good.

In its spirit, in its implacableness, its faith in itself, its fundamental emotion, the courage of these men is in no sense different from Colonel Roosevelt's in that great scene at Chicago, which all America will yet be proud of, when he crashed down the wood and plaster gods of all parties, the world looking on, made politics suddenly a man's pastime, a noble, creative calling, a career into which real American men with real American courage, sincerity, unconventionality and vim would be eager to go, and into which they have been going ever since.

I invoke Colonel Roosevelt's spirit at Chicago as the spirit of the kind of peace with which I propose and with which I announce America shall be defended.

This statement is backed up by as definite a program as one would undertake with dreadnoughts and with Rough Riders, by a definite, progressive, massive, national technique in touching the imaginations and the wills of men.

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The main difference between Colonel Roosevelt's position and mine is that I have been a little quicker than Mr. Roosevelt to discover advertising as the defense of a nation, to work out a technique of advertising a nation through its business men as a substitute for advertising a nation with an army and navy, and that I have managed in this way to give up exploding and shooting the country into people's minds a little sooner than Mr. Roosevelt has. And I believe that Mr. Roosevelt is going to give it up, too, the moment he stops to notice the technique of peace the country is already acquiring and is already daily using under his eyes.

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LOOK III

DRAMATIZING BUSINESS

I

JOHN BROWN SMITH TRIES

WE ARE all agreed that preaching about peace does not seem to advertise it as it should.

We all want to do something to stop preaching about peace.

We have about come to the conclusion that the only way to stop preaching about peace is to dramatize it. A soldier is a soldier because he does not see dramatically. Every personal quarrel or violation of peace between men is based on the failure of the men to dramatize what they are trying to say to us so that no one can help seeing it.

The other day I found myself in front of a train gate in Pittsburgh in a big bottle-shaped crowd. It was the last minute before train time and as I looked up ahead, up at the neck of the bottle, I could see by craning my neck a little, the people dribbling through and two men punching tickets. I was walking along myself at the rate of about three inches a minute—at least it felt like that—and as the three inches I was using seemed to be wanted very much by the people just behind me, I gave way once or twice. Then I thought I might as well take my turn, and hold on to my own three inches, and proceeded to do so.

The friend I was with and with whom I was going out to spend the night, and with whom I was talking over my shoulder just behind me, seemed strangely silent, and when I looked

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around to see why he didn't talk back, I found he wasn't there, that he had dropped behind. Finally, way down at the tip of the tail of the crowd with every man, woman and child going around him and getting in ahead of him, I saw him. When he came up I didn't say anything about it, neither did he. He was the operating vice-president of the Pennsylvania System west of Pittsburgh. One has one's guests, of course, get into one's carriage first.

One always thinks of men with pompous and important words like "president" rolling along in front of their names, as living in a kind of glut of private cars and special privileges and express trains held up on sidings to let them go by. Many and many a time when my train has been held up way out by a turnip field somewhere or a huckleberry pasture, I have sat in that dead helpless silence and waited and said to myself that it was some railroad president probably we had to let go by.

And now here is John Brown Smith! (He would not want me to call him by his real name out loud in this way to everybody going along in a book.) And when he came up, as I said before, I did not say anything: I walked on and thought. I wish people knew him; I wish I could have held up that crowd at the gate a second; I would have said: "Ladies and gentlemen, please look behind you a minute; that man way back there in the crowd, with the short-clipped moustache, who has kept standing one side and who has let you and me and the rest of us all get in ahead of him, is John Brown Smith, the operating vice-president of this road. You might take a good look at him; he is what the Pennsylvania Railroad is trying to be like—modest, helpful as you see—kind of snooping around the public with kindness. I am not saying that he is exactly a small working model of the Pennsylvania Railroad System in action, but I do think that John Smith is acting the way the Pennsylvania Railroad feels, and that the Pennsylvania Railroad is trying hard all day to work itself over into a kind of colossal John Smith as fast as it can."

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Perhaps it would not be a bad idea for the public to stop being offish for a little while now with the Pennsylvania and see how much like John Smith it can get.

The main trouble with the railroads to-day is that they cannot talk. They are having every other day during the last few years, new ideas and new feelings about themselves and about people that they cannot express. For the last thirty years or so almost nothing that a railroad could do or say that would make an unsuspicious and generous people unreasonable about railroads and ugly and discouraged, has been overlooked. The crisis that the railroads find themselves up against now is the fact that the best of them have changed their minds. Now how can they express their new minds as well as they have expressed their old ones?

I wish the whole United States had been piling in and trying to get on that train through that gate the other day, and I wish Mr. Brandeis had been there, or Mr. Folk or Mr. Mellen and Mr. Gompers or our friend Mr. Debs. As I see it, the Pennsylvania was expressing itself very well, and I want to say that if the Pennsylvania Railroad could succeed in expressing itself to the public at large as it expressed itself to me, all of its difficulties would be over.

The idea it was expressing was somewhat revolutionary for a railroad—a new idea. It is always hard for anybody to express a new idea, and when I see anybody—especially a railroad—having a new idea and trying to express it, I want to help. I heard the spirit of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the Pittsburgh Station the other day whispering absentmindedly to itself (through John Brown Smith); and as I just happened to be by I report it to the country. It may seem a little one-sided thing in a way, and nothing remarkable about it, but it has in it, it seems to me, the fate of this nation, the fate of industry and religion in modern life, of war and of peace, and the integrity and dignity of the life of our people.

Is there any way in which it could be arranged so that a

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whole country could be made to stand by and see what I saw—a great railroad dramatized—the soul of a great railroad caught up in a minute and acted out before my eyes in a little play?

I do not think it would be difficult. Everything about a railroad, when one thinks of it, is like a play. And the play never ceases day or night.

What John Brown Smith said to me about his railroad the other day could be said to everybody by the whole railroad for seven thousand miles all day and all night and said over and over every new twenty-four hours in the year.

It is a matter of having John Brown Smith pick out enough other John Brown Smiths, put them under him to express him and multiply him, until there are seven thousand miles of him. It is then a matter of arranging the machinery of the Pennsylvania System as a piece of mechanism so that it will be rolling round and round every day expressing and bringing out John Brown Smiths instead of suppressing them, making them meaningless, making them seem like flies on steel wheels or robins in a boiler factory.

The business of conducting efficiently a great business like a railroad is essentially a dramatic business, a study of the dramatic possibilities of a big people-moving machine, as a curious, wonderful mechanism for impressing the imaginations of people, for expressing the sins, the high desires, the wills, the hopes, the services of the men the railroad is about, to vast trainloads of people—millions of people a day—listening and rolling and listening day and night!

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II

JOHN BROWN SMITH'S PLAY

All business is a great, serious, sincere study in dramatizing ideas, a profound art of giving precise and powerful expression to the needs, motives and desires and powers of the men who conduct the business. Every business is concerned in expressing to and expressing for a vast audience of customers to whom the business is addressed.

The audience or the people in the play are more in evidence perhaps in railroads and department stores than in some other forms of business, but the principle is the same.

Every business is addressed to an audience.

The Pennsylvania Railroad as a business has at least two large audiences—one of two hundred and fifty thousand employees and the other of millions of people grouped in two thousand towns and cities to which it is addressing itself every minute every day. Another of its audiences, of course, is a very small and sensitive one made up of banks and of brokers from whom it borrows money.

Each of these audiences from a dramatic point of view has to be studied and addressed accordingly, through the way the railroad runs itself, and as each of these audiences is very much mixed up with most of the others and as each audience sees what the railroad is whispering to the others, the far-sighted railroad soon learns if it is to keep its hold, it must be candid and straight with them all, from one end to the other.

The Pennsylvania dramatic problem as regards its train audiences is a problem of how to dramatize John Smith to the

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employees of the road so that they will redramatize him to the people in the trains, so that every employee on the road—all brakemen, conductors, and ticket agents, will be busy redramatizing John Smith to the people in the trains. John Smith's soul, if I may say so, must be dramatized, must be acted with a full caste in repertory, by every freight handler, passenger-coach, Bessemer steel rail, switch, signal box, whistle and bell, engineer and brakeman, gateman and window washer on the Pennsylvania system. The shine on the windows, the politeness with the ticket, shall all radiate John Smith, and this achievement shall be a personal feat, a feat of team-work of personalities, a feat of human radiation, human revelation, and human emphasis, until the Pennsylvania Railroad shall be seen as it is, as a vivid moving picture, as a panorama of human emotions and human wills all working softly together, flashing back and forth all day, all night, from New York to Pittsburgh and from Cincinnati, St. Louis, to Chicago.

It is because the railroads have for many years been in the hands of men who did not see the railroad as a dramatic proposition at all, that so many of the railroads have fallen into disgrace with the banks.

The main business difficulty our railroads are facing to-day is that they have many feelings toward the public and toward their work and toward their employees and toward the banks that they cannot get the banks to believe. The banks would let them have money if they could think up the actions and words that would make the banks believe in them. The banks stand around coldly and look on and will not let them have the money. If a railroad cannot get even its own employees to believe in it, banks do not see why they should, and if the very people who live on a railroad, the people who are being pulled around every day in its trains do not believe in it, if the people just sit in their seats mile after mile talking against it, if all the passengers on the road become a kind of huge rolling advertisement of what the road is like, which the road is hauling around against itself, why,

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of course, none of its audiences believes in it, and nothing can be accomplished.

If the modern public-service business man of the arriving sort has a new spirit toward the public, his business problem is a dramatic one, a problem of getting the attention of the public through action, not to what he used to be like, but to what he is like now, and to what he is believing and doing and trying to do now.

It is not a new thing in business, its thus becoming dramatic. It has always been dramatic without knowing it. It is because business has been dramatic so successfully and has so masterfully and crushingly expressed its ideas the last forty years that people have found out what those ideas are and that the world is now proceeding to have its better, more capable, and far-reaching business men express better, nobler, and more far-reaching ideas.

All one has to do is to stop to think how dramatic grade crossings have been to begin to imagine what could be done by a railroad in dramatizing to travellers on the road other ideas besides danger, as well as they have already dramatized danger, death, stock-watering, legislature-doping and "public-be-damned" presidents.

It is not the way Mr. Vanderbilt said "The Public Be Damned" to the people; it was the way he made his road say damn for him, made his road calmly and regularly damn them; it was the way he took his damn up honestly, seriously, and in detail, dramatized his Damn in great sweeps, hundreds of miles at a time, station by station, which made people first understand about railroads.

It was because the ideas the railroads had of themselves were dramatized so well that the people have determined now that the railroads must have different ones.

So have the railroads.

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III

THE NATION'S PLAY

When a Trust does wrong, it does it by being impersonal and depersonalizing everybody it touches. A nation or a railroad that does wrong usually does it in the same way. Germany is doing wrong to-day because for the moment under its present influences it has fallen into dealing with truths and with men as machines.

Machinery seems to have been accepted by many people as an arrangement for not being obliged to have any interest in people at all. Man invented machinery at first so that he could get away from always having to bother about people, so that his mind would be free for other things. Machinery has been made for forty years a huge, transcendent drama of man's absent-mindedness. In the first stage of machinery civilization could not but overemphasize in all nations the indifferent and mechanical side of men. But while machinery during all these years has been pulling us in one direction because it is mechanical, business has been pulling us in the other because it is an art. Business, being dependent on making people want things, has been working against mechanizing tendencies of modern life even while it was using machinery for its ends. In proportion as men have succeeded in the last few years, they have succeeded through the art of discovering and creating and making permanent men's mutual interests. They have seen that the quintessence of a great successful business lies in saying "We." They have seen that the quintessence of machinery is to remove or ignore people and crush personality and to deal with people as if it were thinking of them all the while as "They" and "It." The issue has

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been sharply defined for the last fifteen years, the mechanic on the one hand and the artist on the other, struggling for control of modern industry. We are very familiar with the differences between the mechanic and the artist, between the mechanical-minded view of things and the artist's view. Art is an invention for loving one's work and for making other people love it so that the more an artist works and the more he lavishes his own personality in his work and expresses in it the essence of himself, the happier he is and the more his work succeeds with others. Over against this we have watched the mechanic at work on the stuff of civilization. We have watched him thrusting the machine before us everywhere as an invention for not loving one's work or not having to, as an invention for getting out of work and getting away from self-expression, an invention for being somebody else and for being in some other place. He has made machinery the huge, numb, neuter drama of indifference. This was the inevitable first stage of machinery.

In the second stage, where the world and the Pennsylvania Railroad are finding themselves now, we are waking up to the idea that human machinery in distinction from iron machinery is efficient in proportion as we make it an organic part of the machine to let all the people in the machine be human in it. We recognize that a machine like a department store in proportion as it expresses human emotions and is dramatic with the people in it, crowds its store with people and drives mechanical competitors out of business.

In proportion as all machinery with people in it is being personalized and humanized, the machinery becomes competent and efficient beyond all competition. We are brought front to front on every hand with the revolutionary fact that all this vast heap of social and industrial machinery around us in modern life instead of being ruled by mechanical-minded men is being ruled by artists. If machinery and business are to be run together at all in America, the artists in business must control the machines. We have seen day after day the world all about us being handed

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over to artists, and everything that happens in it is being made to happen by artists. Everything that happens is made to happen by men who can get the attention of the people they want the things to happen to or happen with. The only way a man can get attention is through self-expression culminating in mutual self-expression, in expressing one's self and others together, which is what John Brown Smith is doing with his railroad. Running a railroad in 1916 is an art, and all business men, in proportion as they succeed, are trying to be artists. All business is becoming before our eyes an art-form. Some men about us are expressing their worst selves in it and some their best ones in it. Others tell us that they are not expressing themselves in their business, which Society is beginning to see is the most degrading and dangerous self-expression of all. We are already looking upon men as partners in guilt if they let their machines run over their souls. It is partly a self-expression in a man to let a machine run over his soul. If one lets the machine run over one's soul, that is the kind of a soul one has. One can at least die. . . .

At least this is the way people have come to feel about it, and this is the reason we are greeting men with a genius like Henry Ford's—a genius for making machines human—as the determining men of modern life. The men who are smashing out places in this great machine for people to express themselves, who are giving the people a chance to create machines in which it will be the whole idea of the machines that they are to be expressed, are having the world shoved into their hands.

The people have decided to be parts of We-Machines. We have been cogs in other people's I-Machines long enough.

Since I have seen that the first condition of success in getting attention to-day is the gift to say "You and I" or "We," I have no longer been afraid of the kind of men who are bound to control America at home and express America abroad during the years ahead of us. But we are in a transition state and I would like to

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show in the next two or three chapters how this process is going on and how vivid and dramatic American business already is and how America can be seen before our eyes on every hand sorting its business men out, determining who shall defend it and express it, and who shall not.

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IV

THE CASTE OF THE NATION'S PLAY

I have taken the position that America is going to defend herself from other countries by advertising American men through American goods, by inserting a widespread, innumerable advertisement of America in every nation, by showing in every farm and field, every kitchen and village, and in every city of the world, through the way America does business and through her business men, what Americans are like.

The Army and Navy bill each nation has to foot at the end of the year is its annual suspicion bill toward the people in other countries. This has a bearing on something that each of us can do.

If America is to be defended by advertising through its business men what Americans are like, it is a matter of personal and immediate concern to all of us what kind of an advertisement of the American character the American business man to-day, from day to day, is putting out.

The size of our army and navy in America is going to be determined by the way he buys and sells goods and makes people trust or distrust American promises and American character in all the countries, markets, houses, shops, and streets in the world. We are watching the American business man very closely. We want to feel that we know him.

Judging from the revelation of what we are like which the American business man is now making abroad, how large an army and navy will we have to have, and how large a bill will we have to pay each year to keep people who see through us and who would like to shoot us, from shooting?

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At bottom the people who cry for a large army, cry for it because (whether they know it or not) they do not trust the American business man's dramatization of the American character which he is now making throughout the world.

It might be to the point to look into this for a little and see for ourselves.

My own observation (like anyone's, I suppose) is that American business men are not all alike. Some of them expose the country to suspicion and attack by the way they make America look. Others defend it.

The best line of defense for the people of a country to take would seem to be to expose the business men who expose it, define them, pick them out in public, name them, see through them, and drive them out of business.

There seems to be a certain quality in American human nature which these men dramatize in other nations, and represent America as having, which makes people of other nations distrust it and have armies and navies ready for it.

What is this quality in us? If we really have it we might as well face it and see through it. All we have to do is to face it and see through it and it will stop. The way to do this is not through legislation but through appropriations for making people see things, a national advertising campaign conducted partly by the government and partly by business men of engineering the attention of the people to news they really want to know and can daily use in dealing with American business men. If we can keep certain types of American business men from cheating us—by seeing through them ourselves at home—they will soon not be allowed to make money enough or get start enough in our own nation to have a chance to cheat the others.

It is a little difficult for a whole nation to see how it looks and then act as one man on what it sees, but as it is the only way to defend the nation and to remove the cause of offense and the danger of attack, we will have to question ourselves closely, establish and keep up a national searching of the heart.

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What we want to know about ourselves is:

Is the American business man revealing himself as a straightforward, self-respecting person any man in any nation would want to deal with over and over again, a person anyone would know would never take advantage of him, or is he always doing things to us and saying things to us which show him afterward as a shifty person who makes us, every time we think of him, wonder why we ever trust anybody?

I have been, during the past few days taking a look at American business men through the elegant wide front doors, the sleek and splendid plate-glass show windows they put in at the back of the great magazines.

There are two spirits one seems to come upon in the American business character in these show windows. One can take up almost any magazine, turn over the pages and find both of these spirits in a minute. Everybody feels them and knows them. I might best try to express them perhaps by speaking for myself and by saying what these spirits make happen to me and to my pocketbook and to my soul when I come on them in the advertising pages of a magazine. It is not unimportant perhaps what these two spirits make happen to me.

The things that these two spirits in business make me say and do they make nations say and do. They make nations trust each other and they make nations feel that as a matter of course they must be on their guard, and that they must have armies and navies to threaten us with if at any time they find us trying to take advantage of them in the way they see us taking advantage of one another.

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V

ONE SCENE

I have just been looking at a picture of some two hundred pigmies standing around in various attitudes of humble, hopeful service to the average reader of *Collier's Weekly*. On closer examination I see that these pigmies are Bach, Beethoven, and Melba, and Calvé, Campanini, emperors of music, kings and queens of song, and that they are all being pictured, as it were, blacking the musical shoes of the average subscriber of *Collier's Weekly* (five cents a week). One sees the Subscriber Himself pictured of heroic size, a kind of god in evening dress, a huge, beautiful Colossus in an easy chair with Mrs. Colossus sitting by him, and they are both listening with what seems to be a degree of royal hauteur to the composers and immortals of all ages assembled submissively below them by the ——— Company, of New York.

A man in a barber shop leaning back having his face scraped softly and luxuriously by one fellow human being, and laying out his finger-nails to be pared by another fellow human being, and stretching out his beautiful feet upon the mountains (or rather on the foot-rest) to another fellow human being to have them made as elegant and polished as he is, could not look more important, more waited on, and more cherished and rated at his true worth by a devoted world than does this supposed, typical, average subscriber of *Collier's Weekly*, five cents a week, for whom the great ——— Company in the greatness of its heart has gathered together the great ones of all the earth and made them the valets of his soul—that is, or rather of both Mr. and Mrs. Colossus's souls. The wonder and greatness of the

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ages are pictured out as all pumping away for dear life for Mr. Colossus, and as keeping right on being beautiful and wonderful and immortal for him, while he dreams of profits between puffs of his cigar, or Mrs. Colossus broods over a new hat. To these are laid down the wonders of the world.

I do not know how this advertisement as a revelation of what American customers are supposed to be like, and of what the American business man is like while selling to them, strikes other people as a national revelation we can afford to have around or not. But if I were a Japanese and had been sent over here to see how large an army and navy my government would have to raise to be safe in having dealings with Americans as customers, I should write home and recommend a triple-sized navy for Japan, always maneuvering and ready while trading with America, up and down the Pacific Coast.

This advertisement makes six points in its exposure of what the ——— Company thinks Americans are like.

First. It deliberately and at great expense calls Mr. and Mrs. Colossus fools.

Second. It thinks they will like it and will gladly pay out two hundred and fifty dollars for having been called fools to begin with, and for being fools afterward with all the conveniences.

Third. The company laughs in its sleeve. It knows as any one does that this picture is a monstrous caricature of American life. It does not believe its picture itself. It merely thinks it will sell an instrument and wants to sell one by using the picture whether it respects it or believes it or not.

Fourth. The company knows as well as anyone that music is in the heart. The company knows that either a Mr. and Mrs. Colossus like this do not exist, or that if they do exist, they are not happy and could not be happy. And the company pretends they are, and tries to get them to buy a machine and to keep on pretending they are.

Fifth. The company knows that if Mr. and Mrs. Colossus buy the instrument that goes with the picture with any idea

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that it is a true picture of the way Beethoven and Schumann and Caruso and Melba feel about them, about Mr. and Mrs. Colossus, it will be because the company has lied about the way Beethoven or Schumann feel about them. The company knows that if Beethoven could see Mr. Colossus or Mrs. Colossus one minute and could have foreseen that a great, beautiful Trust in America would ever fool or try to fool people into listening to his music like this, he would never have written another note.

One hesitates to think what Gibbon, if he were looking over documents of American life to picture it to posterity and got hold of this advertisement (this exhibit A of an American hollow home), would do with it, or Goethe, or Cervantes, or Aristophanes.

From the point of view of the solidity and sincerity of the German view of life, an American Hollow Home like this flaunted around Europe would make it go hard between the Germans and us when any disagreement came up. It would be hard for Germans to understand us or expect to be understood by us, as a substitute for fighting us, with this picture of an American hollow home.

People of other nations will do some thinking, too.

"If Americans will try to fool one another before everybody's eyes right at home like this," the Japanese will say, "what will they not try to do to fool us?"

Two spirits—the first person singular spirit and first person plural spirit—in American business to-day are putting themselves up before the nations of the world and saying, "The American People are like us."

. . . . . .

What a business man is really doing all the while when he is selling goods is dramatizing his idea of human nature. He is dramatizing in every word or movement of his sale his trust or his distrust of other people and his idea of himself.

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I have often thought that if people only knew how they looked while they were selling things, if they only knew how minute by minute they were giving themselves away for thirty cents, thirty dollars, three hundred dollars, or three thousand dollars, they would go out of business.

Many and many a time when I do not let a man have my money, my ten dollars, perhaps, which he wants, I would pay it over to him gladly, give it to him outright—my ten dollars—if I could only get him to put it into ten dollars' worth of seeing how he looked while he was trying to make my ten dollars his instead of letting it be mine.

Or a dollar and a half would do as well.

What some men will look like for a dollar and a half I would not look like for fifteen thousand dollars, and I would not feel like for fifteen million dollars.

Each nation is going to pay the bill for removing from itself the causes that make necessary a world police and that make necessary large armies and navies among its neighbours. To defend America from other nations we will strip, expose, and crowd out of business the men who make men distrust Americans at home.

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VI

SORTING OUT THE CASTE

If America feels obliged to burden itself with a huge army and navy because it is afraid Germany or Japan almost any day may descend upon it and attack it, the more sensible and economical course to take would seem to be for America to say to Germany and say to Japan: "You see not all Americans are alike. There are some Americans you are daily dealing with in business who take advantage of you and that you cannot trust. We feel as you do that if America is really a nation of men like this, you will have to have a large army and navy to protect yourself in a crisis in dealing with us by using or threatening to use force. There are millions of other Americans who are not like these men, who deal with one another and deal with you as they would wish twenty years afterward to be dealt with themselves, men who say 'We' as a matter of business if not as a matter of self-expression.

"The millions of Americans who say 'We' and mean 'We' and who can carry the 'We' out are the men who are running this country. We propose to proceed to prove it."

America will then propose to Japan and to Germany to sort all the Americans out that make Japan and Germany feel that Americans cannot be trusted and that are making all of us—making Japan, Germany and America all combined—have to spend incalculable sums every year in not trusting each other. The American people will then proceed on a national campaign of their own and begin setting off to one side in business all American business men who expose America to other nations or who expose other nations to us. We will make it impossible for men like

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these to do business in this country, by seeing through them and paying to make other people see through them until everybody leaves them alone.

This is a national process we are going through with for our own sakes and that we are going through with anyway and we will tell Japan and Germany that if they will wait a little and stand by a little longer while we do it neither their armies nor ours will be necessary. The money we would otherwise spend on an army and navy appropriation and on bullying and being ready to bully, we will spend in sorting America out, in making America so masterfully see through itself that other nations with armies and navies to help them will not feel that any minute they will be obliged to attend to it.

We will see through ourselves so much better than other nations could make us, that they will have nothing to do.

The men who in dealing with Japanese and Germans make the Japanese and Germans feel cheated are all cheating us. We are going to be obliged to get rid of them if only for our own sakes, and we will give Japan and Germany a showing of how we are going to do it. Then we will tell them that the money they would spend every year in not trusting us can be saved, and that the money we had been proposing to spend every year in not trusting them is every cent and twice as much more to be spent every year in advertising a way and sorting out and stripping off our rascals in America so that nobody will do business with them. By the time America gets through with the American business man who will not say "We" there will not be enough of him left for Japan or Germany to hear of, or be afraid of, or to make Japan or Germany afraid of us.

America is a country as rich in humour as it is in coal and in iron and it is not afraid to spend vast sums of money every year in seeing through itself. America proposes to get rich out of seeing through itself. It proposes to be internationally protected by it.

America is going to dramatize daily in its own business with

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its own people as well as with the people of other nations, the idea that it is a nation that sees through itself and in which no rascal can succeed in business.

Every American citizen is to be a detective in the self-defense of his country up and down the streets as he buys and sells. We are all seeing with incredible rapidity and recognizing with incredible rapidity two spirits in Americans and in American business life, the spirit of making a fool of a man to sell him something, the spirit of selling goods to people whatever becomes of the people, on the one hand, and the spirit of saying and feeling "We" with a customer and of establishing a permanent personal relation with his life and selling him things as a part of this permanent relation with his life, we are seeing on the other. We are all seeing it about us every day. And we are picking out the men we trade with accordingly.

This policy America is entering upon will be not only in its self-defense, but by its proved success as self-defense will be deliberately carried out as America's contribution to the peace problem of the world. America will say to the world: "We are a plain business nation. You can trust us because we know a good bargain when we see it. The only bargain we have come to recognize in this country as a good bargain, or as good business for us, is one in which each side is shrewd enough to look out for the interests of the other and in which each side sees to it that the other will be glad too, and will keep returning for more bargains afterward.

"In one kind of business we have in America we find that the thing that is emphasized in a bargain is the men in it and the mutual, progressive, culminating, permanent, personal interests of the men. In the other kind sales are put first and men take their chances. We know which kind pays us best in dealing with one another and we know which will pay us best in dealing with you. Look over America and see if this is not true about us. Examine the men we have sorted out to trade with, the men we make successful in this country. The business men who say

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'We' and mean 'We' when they advertise succeed in America, and the men who say 'We' but who at heart treat the customers as 'They' or as 'It'—especially as 'It'—go under."

This is a rather long speech perhaps for a nation. I am not in favour as a rule of having a nation make long speeches, or of a nation's trying to explain an idea. It is the way America dramatizes and is proceeding to dramatize this idea which counts.

In the meantime, if America is going to adopt a definite policy of employing a substitute for an army and navy, it seems to be necessary if possible for her to say what she is driving at herself, or have some man in a book (the book to be adopted or rejected by a rising vote) say for her just what that policy is. A clear statement of what the policy is will help other nations to understand our neutrality not as an evasion or weakness, but as a sublime self-assertion of America's determination to take and keep her place among the nations by doing something of her own which she knows how to do and which it is like her to do, and not just something that other nations do because they cannot help it. America can help it. We are a business nation.

We see that the business man who makes men chronically distrust men betrays and exposes a nation. He is daily exposing our nation. We admit this, but we say he is not like us and that to-morrow he will not be heard of.

If all wars are started and all wars are fought by men who instead of thinking of people they deal with as You and I, as We—think of them as "foreigners" or as different from themselves, and deal with them as They and It—the way for America to defend herself is to have all her people a people who are notable for saying "We."

We have noticed that it is only when people find out that we are dealing with them without noticing that they are people, that they fight, or that they pile up dreadnoughts, stand on tiptoe over dreadnoughts, and peep over at us, trade with one hand with us. . . . We do not want to be traded with with one hand.

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We are not against any nation, but we are against all men in our own nation and all nations who trade with one hand.

If the hundreds of thousands of mothers who are shedding tears to-day for their dead sons at the feet of emperors and of war ministers would cry at the feet of smug business men who are making people afraid of human nature, who daily in everything they do and buy and sell, are making people afraid of men they do not know, their tears would be more to the point.

When a woman has lost three sons in a war and wants to cry at the right place, let her go to her own grocer, or to her banker or her broker possibly or to any man on God's earth who makes a little money for a few days out of breaking down the credit of the human heart forever.

We fight and have wars and armaments because nobody can quite believe that anybody will do what he says.

We may be deceived of course, and it may not be true, but it is always looking true or looking true enough to keep the people crushed with armaments, to make the people—especially the very poor people—spend all their lives in defending their lives until what is left of their lives is hardly worth defending.

In the same way that we realize how monstrous it would be for Germany to attack America because some Americans are not what they should be, or for Japan to attack America because some Americans are unfair to the Japanese, we realize that it is monstrous for us to think of Germany as solid Bernhardis or as millions of Lissauers, or as all rejoicing over the *Lusitania* or as all looking forward to the annexation of Belgium.

Germany has the same problem that we have—of sorting people out. If she will wait a little for us to do it, we will wait a little for her to do it.

If Germany will do as well in crowding back her militarists and fight-itchers in the next twenty years as we will in crowding out our short-ranged, i-sized business men, and if we will do as well in crowding out our i-sized business men as Germany already has in

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crowding out i-sized business men in Germany, we will not need to have armies to be afraid of each other with.

All any nation needs to do is to be intelligently and constructively afraid of itself. If each nation will do what it can at home to protect itself from itself, it will be protected from other nations automatically.

The best way for either Germany or America to carry the scheme through of protecting itself by seeing through itself is, not so much by paying a big bill for legislation, as by paying a big bill for publicity and for making people see through themselves and see through one another. If they see through themselves other nations will not have to fight them to get them to.

The real defense of a country from other countries is its fearlessness and courage in seeing through itself. Permanent, cheap, guaranteed national defense consists in the punishment and subjugation at home of men and institutions which expose the country to the just suspicion of the world.

To protect America from war we will see to it that we are the kind of Americans everybody wants to be identified with and to deal with and that nobody wants to fight.

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VII

ANOTHER SCENE (THE SALESMEN'S SCENE)

If I were a German or a Frenchman or an Englishman, and if my government had sent me over to America a year ago when the present world-disturbance broke out and had delegated me to see what Americans were like and to study how large an armament my country would probably have to have to express its precise amount of trust or distrust of Americans, one of the first things I would have done would have been to study the ways the American business men were using at that time in the back pages of the magazines to get people to buy what they had.

One of the first things I would have discovered would have been the astonishing campaign some American business men were making the moment the war began, to persuade American people to form the habit of buying American goods. Many of my readers will have forgotten perhaps the tone of these early advertisements which were published in nearly all the magazines in those first months when the business doors of Europe were all slammed in the faces of the world, and we saw at last for the first time that we were a nation that stood alone.

It was to me a tragic and pathetic sight in that great silent moment of the world when we could all look up almost any minute and see eleven nations in Europe committing suicide before our eyes, to see the manufacturers of America come gayly tripping in waving like schoolchildren their little patriotic flags in the magazines, at a time like this, a time when the people over there in the other nations were all so helpless, when they could not so much as make a pill or dye a stocking to defend their business, it was a strange and unhappy sight to me to have as we

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did that huge crowd of American business men all shouting to us, to the great American people everywhere (any day, any magazine), all flocking out and shouting to us: "Oh, dear, beautiful American people, lend us your ears! You see they are all dying over there now. They cannot do anything. We have no one to compete with us now! Do buy your goods of us! Do get the habit of buying your goods of us! Put up the motto over your bed where your eyes fall on it first in the morning, 'God bless our home' and 'Made in America.' Dear great American people, let all your beautiful pocketbooks, all your hopes for your country and your prayers, let them all be for America, let them all be for American factories, that, God helping us, American factories may wax fat, and that God may be praised in the groans of the nations."

Of course the advertisements were decorously and studiously worded, and I cannot deny that the advertisements themselves literally reproduced in these pages would have kept up an appearance of propriety and even almost (some of them) a look and tone of nobility in what they were attempting to do, more successfully no doubt than I have in my attempted translation of them.

I cannot say that these advertisements afforded me much really comforting support in my idea that America is to defend herself by the self-revelation of her business men.

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VIII

WHINERS AND GETTERS

If Europe absolutely knew and could absolutely prove that it could supply this country with what it wants to eat and to wear better than we can, if Europe wanted to get the attention of Americans once for all and all at once, and fully convince Americans forever, in three years, that they cannot afford to trade at home, Europe could not have schemed out a better arrangement than the one it has now. American producers have been presented by eleven nations with the complete, absolute faithful submissive attention of the American consumer. Not a European manufacturer can peep or get a word in to-day with the American people. The European war is the most stupendous gift of advertising space, the most stupendous free lease of vast territories of attention to American manufacturers that has ever been dreamed of. This whole nation in a time of high cost of living, when it has to study to keep alive at all, is studying to-day morning, noon and night, what American manufacturers are like and how they run their business and how they make their goods.

In the next three years the American people are going to find out, and find out for the rest of their lives, just how much better or just how much worse goods made in America are than other goods.

The American producers look around them and they see the consumers of America on every hand being held up by the war, standing day after day with their hands up and their mouths open and their eyes shut by the war. All the American producers have to do is to put anything they like down into their

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mouths and take anything they like to charge for it out of their pockets.

Will they do this or will they take a longer, shrewder course? What is going to happen? Which spirit are our manufacturers going to have? Which idea of America are they going to dramatize to the world?

If the manufacturers of America, now that they have the public on the hip, merely make the public wish the European nations would stop fighting and get to work so that the American public can buy something to eat once more and buy something to wear without feeling angry and hateful about it, the present stupendous advertisement of what American goods are really like, which Europe is paying fifty thousand dollars a day for America to have, is going to be the death blow of American goods for America.

Europe has flung American manufacturers a challenge. There are two ways to meet it: One way is to take an advantage of our customers to-day which they will never forget. The other is to give them an advantage which they will never let go. The thing for the American manufacturer to do instead of paying small fortunes now to persuade consumers to be patriotic and buy of America, is to spend the money in getting the manufacturers of America to make, for the next three years, better goods than they have to make, and instead of charging as much as they dare for the goods, charge as little as they dare, and prove that they can make prices that have never been dreamed of.

America's fundamental problem of self-defense to-day instead of being: "How can we get American consumers to buy American goods?" narrows down to this: "How can we get better American producers and produce better American goods and lower American prices?" People are going to buy anyway. Now is our chance to make them buy forever.

What we want from our American business men is not a whine about our buying American goods, but a complete answer to the question: "Why do we choose German or French instead of

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American manufacturers?" The only chance our manufacturers have is in combining to advertise to one another what bears on this.

The national motto will be, "To be patriotic to-day, produce the goods and keep still. Produce the producers, and consumers will come of themselves."

We are going to stop telling consumers in expensive advertisements what they ought to do. We are going to stop clutching at each other's souls with good advice and moral observations, and stop telling everybody sweetly but surely to be good, and telling them what they ought to do with what is in their souls. And we are going to stop pawing at each other's pockets and telling other people what they ought to do with what is in their pockets. We are all going down to the factory in the morning from now on and mind our business until everybody wishes we would mind theirs! We are going to save each other's money until the other nations put all their money in our hands to save.

If every man in a factory is devoted to coöperating, to making the most of every other man in it, and the most of the goods and the most of the consumers' money, prices and goods in America will soon be the precise opposite of what the world expects of America now and of what America expects of herself. We will soon see signs like this on factories as we go by in trains: "———Manufacturing Company, Headquarters for Saving Other People's Money." The best manufacturers, those who have the most imagination, are already beginning to break with the old-fashioned type of advertising man eternally harping on consumers, and they are looking for advertising men they can turn loose on producers, and who will be experts in telling the news to themselves about themselves.

Three quarters of the advertising in this country that is being so expensively addressed to the consumers to-day is about to have substituted for it advertisements addressed to the manufacturers telling them how to advertise and how to take steps to make Americans forever buy American goods.

It is the people who make things that need advertising now in

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America. The big attention-jobbers and experts in changing men's minds instead of putting in their work on buyers of goods will soon be seen putting it in on mechanical-minded stockholders who will not let a factory-manager make his factory efficient, or on mechanical-minded managers who will not grant to their employees conditions for being efficient, or on mechanical-minded employees who fight against their employers and are disloyal all day to the goods.

In other words, if the manufacturers of America want to make American people buy American goods forever, if they want to fill this country with patriotism and with joy, as it buys and sells, fill it with self-possession, with great, quiet, happy self-knowledge and self-respect, so that all America will buy of America because it wants to and because man for man it respects and enjoys American producers and the things Americans produce, American manufacturers, instead of spending their big bill as they do now in telling the virtues of their goods, will spend their big bill on dramatizing the virtues in the goods, so that the goods will tell their own virtues, and so that the goods themselves will seize people and seize the daily habits of people's lives, do their own advertising every day, all day, to the people, —by being lived with.

As one virtue in American products seen being used, seen being dramatized before everybody, seen being organized into people's lives, will advertise it as much as ten virtues on paper, advertising will be occupied for the next few years in making American business men profound, hard-headed, flexible and unconquerable in the markets of the world because they have got past their superficial notions of quick money and immediate success, their notions of "They" or "It" and of foreigners, and have determined to be of real service to the whole world.

Some will heed this self-education campaign among manufacturers and others will not. The result will be that we shall soon be having two great dramatic performances of what Americans are like to present daily before the nations.

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IX

PUTTING THE NATIONAL PLAY TO A VOTE

I might dwell a moment longer on the way the dramatic principle is going to control and determine the final fate of American manufacturers who are trying to get Americans to buy American goods.

The great main general difficulty manufacturers have to meet in getting Americans to buy American goods is that most Americans live in America. Most Americans are employed by American manufacturers and are engaged in making or in selling American goods.

The idea that these American manufacturers for whom they work, want them to buy American goods is a literary idea. They read it in the magazines.

The idea that they do not want to buy American goods if it can be helped is a dramatized idea. Being engaged in making American goods all day for American manufacturers and in putting in as little work as they can on them, they prefer to buy European ones.

This makes one wonder if this wild, hopeful way in which many American employers are trying to-day to advertise American goods to the consumers in their parlours at night when they are tired and just going to bed is not superficial. All their consumers are wide awake all day observing how American goods are made in American shops. Would it not be better and cheaper to address them there?

As long as American manufacturers are keeping American consumers standing up at benches all day believing in the inferiority, inefficiency and extravagance of American goods, having it

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drilled into them by the laziness, dishonesty and disloyalty and soldiering with which they and their employers make the goods, how little the goods are worth, it seems a comparatively superficial and very expensive thing to do to try to contradict an idea thirty million American workingmen are learning to believe about American goods nine hours a day, by getting them to read a few literary flourishes in the back pages of a magazine in the evening, telling them faintly and vaguely how superior American goods are.

Of course many thousands of American workingmen are so fortunate as to be employed by competent manufacturers, men who make them want to work as much instead of as little as they can. These workingmen in their capacity as buyers and consumers naturally believe in the superiority of American goods.

The consumers of America divide off into two groups with regard to buying domestic or foreign products. Millions of people in America working in American factories know better than to buy what they are making in their own factories, and are spending nine hours a day in learning to trade somewhere else.

Other millions, not so many million perhaps as yet, are working in factories in a different spirit from this. They are engaged in learning nine hours a day that if other goods in America are being made the way theirs are, they want American goods.

The fate of American business and manufacturing in our present national crisis turns upon getting our manufacturers in America to stop shutting up thousands of Americans in factories nine hours a day, and drilling the idea into their heads, day after day, all their lives, that they must buy goods not made in America.

. . . . . .

The American advertising men as it seems to me have not taken up more than about five per cent. of the business they might have. There is no reason why they should coop up their business with the consumer.

If the advertising man in America, with his power of arresting

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and holding attention, will stop expensively dinning away on consumers (who have to consume in America anyway just now), and will use pages of advertising space in every magazine in the country for the next twelve months in talking to these same people as producers (all readers are producers as well as consumers), and as employers and as employees, we would have factories from which American consumers would soon be buying American goods for life without being asked.

The way to advertise the superiority of American goods to the consumer is not while he is consuming but while he is producing.

The really serious and profitable work of advertising men the next twenty-five years is going to be subterranean and under the surface. It is going to be addressed to their clients, and not to their clients' customers. American manufacturers are going to pay enormous sums to have advertised to them news about themselves, to have advertised to them ways of making themselves and of making other American employers superior. The first moment all inferior, ugly, fighting employers are seen everywhere jumping down off the backs of American buyers while they work, we will see American buyers standing out for American manufacturers while they buy. When all our people are being drilled nine hours a day in the superior way, in the faithfulness with which American goods are being made, in the amazing team-work between American manufacturers and American workingmen in making true goods, in saving money for their customers and themselves, we will not need to regard with awe the little label "Made in Germany" that looms to-day over all American life.

. . . . . .

To advertise goods to men while they make them would be great advertising. Great advertising, like an ice-berg, is nine tenths below the surface.

Of course the reason that manufacturers usually advertise merely on top and to consumers is that they find they are in a

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position afterward to make the consumer glad to pay them back what it costs them to tell the news about their goods.

It would pay manufacturers as a whole equally well to combine to tell news to one another about one another. It would pay especially now in a crisis of the defense of a great nation whose business men are on trial before its own people and before the world.

If our manufacturers will not pay for advertising themselves into seeing through themselves, the Government could well afford to pay for it until they will.

At all events, the way to get the world's attention to American goods to-day is by getting the attention of the men who make them to the way they will have to be made and to the spirit in which they will have to be sold.

The short-sighted spirit of just selling goods to people now, whatever the people think of us, or however soon they are going to get rid of us, is going to be stopped.

A great and astonishing advertisement of America—of America to itself and of America to a world—has just been thrust into our hands by the war of the European nations. No such opportunity to dramatize its industrial genius and scatter prestige or to sow disgrace broadcast and forever, through all the nations of the earth, has been presented to a nation since the world began.

The fate of democracy, and with the fate of democracy the fate of the world, turns on how this great character-play, this stupendous self-revelation of a free people to kingdoms and empires comes out.

I have written this chapter not in the interests of the particular business of my own country, but to show that the failure or success of the business of my own country, as of any country, turns upon the way it dramatizes and acts out the personal qualities and gifts and traits of its people.

If it is not our soldiers who are going to defend our country or to expose it to attack from others, if it is our business men and

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the way our business men dramatize to us and dramatize to everybody what Americans are like, it will be to the point next to consider in later chapters what the dramatic elements in American business are and how they can be selected and arranged and made to operate in defense of the nation and for the peace of the world. I have believed that implacably, and in spite of us if need be, it shall be the We-men of America who shall know which those elements are, and will have the power to operate them, and shall bring peace to the hearts of the tired nations, and shall swing America out at last into the main stream of history and turn her—young, boundless, and full of hope—into the leadership of the world.

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X

THE VOTE FOR THE I-S
THE VOTE FOR THE WE-S

The reader has watched me in the last few chapters driving my idea into a corner where from his point of view perhaps only a very large army and navy could help me out.

The last thing I should have attempted to do in a hopeful peaceful book like this was to point out the dramatic organization of the modern world and the fact that American men and American ideas are being intimately and stupendously dramatized to all nations in American business life.

This will be the end of us, some of my readers will think. If our country is to be defended and expressed among the nations by the way we do business with them, we will need a larger army and navy than anyone (until this book was written) could have been scared into before.

The more dramatic business is, the worse for us.

It seems to me that it is this dramatic ruthlessness, the terrible childlike candor of business in expressing religious moral and human ideas, and in portraying people, which is going to save us, which is going to drive our people into a large-heartedness and steadiness, into a nobility and breadth and shrewdness of vision in dealing with others that nations and even religions have not dreamed of before.

The natural conclusion is that if the We-men in American business and American life sweep the country and hold the national energies of America in their hands we will not need to be afraid and nobody will want to fight us.

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The reason that many Americans are being scared into the idea of a large army and navy is not so much that they are scared about Germany and Japan, as that they are scared about ourselves and about what Americans are probably like. They do not believe we can furnish the We-men.

This scare about American human nature and how it is going to turn out and how at any time, owing to its stupid self-interest, or to its short-mindedness and to its i-sized business men and its lack of genius and of we-brains in dealing with Germany and Japan, American human nature may expose us to attack from these nations, is the point upon which our entire discussion of Preparedness turns.

This brings the issue to a point. The real question we each have to face is whether we are or are not afraid of the way the American business man is going to represent America and express what Americans are like to other nations.

This is not the place to prove what the reader knows I am going to say in the next sentence. I have devoted 561 pages in "Crowds" and many chapters in this book to portraying what is in the next paragraph, and the reader, if he wants to, can look them up. If I could, I would write both books all over again, and insert them into this paragraph, if the reader would believe it when he reads it, as I do.

The man who succeeds most will be the man who can get everybody to help him.

The way for a man to get everybody to help him is to help everybody.

There is no limit to the enthusiasm and unanimity with which people will accept a leader and help pile up success around him the moment they know the success is going to be given away right and left and shared with all classes in the community and with all kinds of people about him.

They contribute to his success not only because they know they will get back their share, but because they feel that the

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man who divides success up in society, who makes it go around, is the man they would like to have have it.

The science of leadership turns in the last analysis, therefore, on the science of being believed, the more or less exact science of picking out words and actions that inspire trust. This trust a man can inspire is the measure of the power men will hand over to him and of the liberty they will let him have.

The measure of moral, spiritual, and religious power a man gains is, therefore, in a team-work, a machine age, a man's main business asset.

This is why I am not afraid of the character of the men who are acquiring the upper hand in the national life and national expression of America.

Owing to the trend and necessities of successful modern business, the victory of the We-men in America is grounded in the nature of things and cannot be helped.

The dramatic nature of business is going to determine once for all, and insure once for all, in all branches of business in modern life the supremacy of men with dramatic and human gifts. The men who have a dramatic sense of the relation of others to themselves, and who have the gift of touching the imaginations and enthralling the attention of other men and of determining what other men want, and with whom other men will want to deal, are the men who necessarily fall into the control of the material world of buying and selling. These men by a natural force of gravity and by the nature of things, by the grim necessity of a civilization of machines, are the ones who will do what they wish with America. It is they who in our behalf will dramatize America, dramatize American men and American goods, American money and American service to the world, until it shall come to pass that no nation shall be in a position to attack these men—i. e., to attack America—without attacking itself, without attacking its own people, in their own dooryards, kitchens, in their own stores, markets and nurseries, in their play and work, in their own factories,

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creeds and tools, and every utensil of their daily life, and in their own pews in church. Everything that people in other nations use and everything that they believe will be attacked if they attack us.

If the We-men in America, or the world-sized men, are about to sweep the country and if everything that We-men believe in business and everything that the We-men do in it the whole country is presently going to believe and going to do—a huge armament not only will not be needed but it will hang upon us as an embarrassment, a contradiction of the nation, will foil us at every point in expressing with magnificent, hopelessly uncompromising clearness our main idea about ourselves as a peaceful people. If this nation does not believe we are a peaceful people and that we can get things by peace and give things by peace, we cannot hope to make other nations believe it. Our main idea, which we are to defend ourselves from other nations by expressing, is our trust in ourselves and our trust in them. By spending our money every day on our brains and on their brains instead of our army, we will prove it. We will prove that we really believe we can express ourselves to one another and to other nations like human beings by the wholesale courage with which we depend and depend without contradiction and without qualification upon our power to express ourselves like human beings, upon our power to define our motives, powers, and intentions and to reveal and announce our souls to other people, to advertise and dramatize our souls to the men, women and children of all nations.

As a substitute for a great army and navy, we are ready to undertake a huge, deliberate, engineering feat of assailing the attention of the world.

Without recklessness, without vagueness, with shrewdness, quietness and matter-of-factness, we believe we have the brains to trust other nations. We believe we have the brains to make them trust us.

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XI

THE WE-S HAVE IT

The real war-danger America confronts to-day is the war over human nature. It is for this war that America is about to take its sublime and final stand of preparedness.

A part of our people are afraid of human nature. They are afraid that the big motives and the long-range methods are not the ones that work with men and women.

A part of our people are not afraid of human nature. They believe that only the big things and the big men can have material success with it, and that mean motives, small men and physical force are doomed forever by the inherent, coöperative nature of modern material life.

The real war we face and that we must be prepared for to-day is the war between the people who are scared and the people who are not scared. It would be very convenient for America if we could take all the people who are scared, move them off quietly but firmly to some continent on the planet which they could have quite by themselves, and let them start a set of institutions, customs and ideas and business methods that are as scared as they are and that naturally work well with scared people. The rest of us who are not scared would then have the rest of the planet all cleared off for ourselves, would be able to drop all our scared impedimenta, all the moral nervous-prostration arrangements, that people braced for panics have to have humped up on top of their lives, and we would proceed to establish institutions as unscared as we are and that naturally work very well with people who are afraid of nobody, and who know that nobody is afraid of them.

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These are two totally different and irreconcilable ideas of a country. As it is obvious that people who disagree with us cannot be disagreed with on a separate continent, the next best thing we can do is to learn in detail how to agree to disagree here, where we are all living together, make a clean-cut issue, line up to it man for man, decide what Americans are like, unjumble American life before each other's eyes, begin a definite line of policy with definite men who believe it, to carry it out. We will pick out our confession of faith to make to the nations. We will then proceed to act in the eyes of all the nations with a terrible and naïve simplicity as if we knew precisely what we were about and what we are going to be about for a hundred years.

America to-day, with Congress assembled, is to decide what she is like.

If we decide we are a scared people, the President will have to stand for a very large army and a very large navy.

If we decide to shape our history and clamp down our institutions to a theory of perpetual rows of possible *Lusitanias*, we will plan one kind of America. If we get out from under our *Lusitania* madness and come to our senses and see that Germany and Japan, with all their generals hanging like millstones about their necks, cannot long exist or cannot long be anything to be afraid of unless they come to theirs, we will plan another.

America is either going to have a scared policy and big armament, or she is going to arm herself with a magnificent shrewdness, a courage about history and about human nature, that only a country winnowed out of the hopes of all nations, a country which converges all peoples and all histories into her wide prairies and her sunned mountains, a country with the ends of the ages fallen upon her, could hope to have.

It is the world's hope that we shall have it.

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LOOK IV

THE SCIENCE OF BEING BELIEVED

I

THE CONFESSIONS OF A $10,000 BILL

THE REVERIES OF A RAILROAD

THE other day in passing through ——— I found myself looking every time I passed under a church steeple at a big placard posted up on the house of the Lord. The placards all had on them bits of good advice, spiritual counsels quoted from big business houses. On one street I heard a church saying: "*Promotion only to Total Abstainers in the Carnegie Steel Works.*" On another I saw this searching question addressed to every passer-by by the House of the Lord: "*Why do the Life Insurance Companies . . ?*" And another one, "*Why do the Railroads . . . ?*"

It seemed to me a very pretty sight, to see everywhere as I passed through the city, the churches trying to get people to be good as they went by, and quoting from the presidents of Steel Corporations instead of the Apostles, and shoving out in front of people one big business after the other, that people ought to notice more, govern their lives by more, and try to be like.

It may seem a little odd at first to see the churches in this way, gravely, hopefully setting Big Business to doing their preaching for them to the people.

But as the way that real people learn real things is eight

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hours a day, through the way they are employed, and as the daily, hourly, spiritual interests of the world, and the virtues, sincerity, service, efficiency and mutual interests of the people have all been placed in business men's hands, the sight I saw in ——— the other day is but a forecast of the new detailed spiritual revelation that is already coming to the world from the masters of materials, from the employers of labour, and the experts in human relations, now being called for, and now being supplied under the conditions of successful business in modern life.

The policy of preparedness I favour for America is based upon the way American capital and American labour to-day are educating each other. More and more every day under our present conditions business men are being compelled to bring religion into the daily working lives of their people and into their own, or they do not get things done.

In an age of democracy, an age in which people are supposed to have their own way and express themselves, and in an age of machinery, an age in which they are supposed not to have their own way and to do team-work and express others, the only possible practical course big business corporations can take, if they are to do business at all, is to move forward into positions of power men who have a religious, or, more strictly speaking, a dramatic gift of putting themselves in other people's places, a genius for making men believe them so that the men can do team-work and have their own way at the same time.

A man who can make people believe in him furnishes common ground. People feel that in letting him make his way they will be practically getting theirs, or at least what is best, or all that they would really want of theirs.

It is only by a dramatic drill in one another's lives in the art of putting men in each other's places that people can have their own way and other people's way at the same time.

In a machine age or a man-organization or team-work age, material success has come to be based upon a spiritual secret, and

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only spiritual men can get control of it. Under the new stupendous spiritual difficulties and spiritual opportunities machinery and democracy have created for us, business of all kinds in America to-day can be seen before everyone's eyes being edged and crowded over helplessly into the hands of the spiritual men, the men who have the longest, furthest, and deepest imagination about the rights and powers of others.

Whatever may happen in the way of getting the churches in America to be religious, and there are days when one is discouraged about them, the business world from to-day on in America is going to be religious. It could not keep from being religious if it tried.

The ruling modern business man is going to be religious because he has got to be dramatic in order to get things done.

Every stupendous business problem is a dramatic problem, and it can only be worked out by what might be called a religious drill or spiritual feat the men at the top have to put themselves through, in seeing and combining the points of view of others. Those who put themselves through of their own accord will get through first, and the employers who have to wait to be forced to see things by others are falling behind in the race.

. . . . . .

On the railroads of America to-day ten thousand dollars is being set one side for every man who works on a railroad and is put into supplying him with his job.

When one goes down to a railroad track and watches a row of fifty men with shovels and picks, what one is really watching is half a million dollars hard at work, ten thousand dollars to a man.

If the ten-thousand-dollar bill each man has at work for him and at work with him could be dramatized, if there were some way in which the Pennsylvania Railroad for instance could take a good honest working ten-thousand-dollar bill out of its vault in the bank, if the anonymous, invisible, intangible, silent ten-

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thousand-dollar bill could be made over into a man, if the man the ten-thousand-dollar bill has given his job to could see The Bill, could see the ten-thousand-dollar bill bending over with him and sweating with him while he worked, the problem of American business life would be solved.

The problem of American business life is the problem of dramatizing capital to labour and of dramatizing labour to capital, so that they will both be able to keep their eyes on each other and keep each other straight and have a sound rock-bed basis for honest loyal team-work. The trouble all comes from keeping the facts dark.

Everybody knows that an honest, inventive ten thousand dollars honestly earned and honestly invested, and honestly and shrewdly administered, works as hard with its brains in a stupendous business age like this as any man ever could or ever did with his hands.

The only possible way to make the man with the pick reasonable toward the man with the ten thousand dollars is to find some way of letting him be right alongside and see how that ten thousand dollars works.

The man with the ten thousand dollars and the man with the pick have got to be got together.

They are being got together every day.

I often watch two men driving in a spike on a railroad track. One raises his sledge one second and drives down on the spike, and the other raises his sledge the next second and drives down on the spike. They are both there as a matter of fact, the ten-thousand-dollar bill and the railroad hand it has given the job to, swinging away together every minute on the same spike, and all that has to be done to make them loyal to each other and to make them work hard for each other and with each other is to find some way of dramatizing the fact to the workman that the ten-thousand-dollar bill is there. There must be some way of making him feel its breath and hear it puffing.

The whole problem of getting capital and labour trued and

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of making them do efficient team-work seems to narrow down eventually into a dramatic problem—a problem of picking out words and actions that will make men see each other's work.

Of course I admit that what I am saying only applies to an honest ten-thousand-dollar bill. I do not deny that if the average ten thousand dollars was lined up to work on the track with the average labourer, with the idea of having the labourer see how ten thousand dollars could sweat, the ten thousand dollars would get the worst of it, and the labourer it belonged with and that it had working for it would be lazier and uglier than ever.

But this would be good for the ten thousand dollars. It would soon have to set to work as hard as the labourer did. And then it would be good for the labourer.

. . . . . .

A few years ago when one of the popular magazines had asked me to write a series of articles on the opportunities and limitations of the Steel Trust, as they looked from Mount Tom, I had a preliminary interview with Judge Gary, and immediately began work upon what seemed to me at the time an especially interesting project. The best way to express my ideas about American business obviously would be to have the Steel Trust, the business the most people in the country were watching and studying every day, dramatize them. If the Steel Trust could make the newer ideas of team-work between capital and labour successful, all other corporations would proceed to adopt them as a matter of course.

I never finished the series of articles, because I found as I went on that it was not a perfectly loose scattered public dotted around the country reading magazines to whom I wanted to address what I had to say about the Steel Trust. When I knew how the situation stood inside the Steel Trust I found that the only thing it interested me to do would have been writing a private book with a padlock on it for private circulation among

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the stockholders in which I would try to interpret the big century-sighted, We-sized men among the stockholders in the Steel Trust to the little one-year-eyed, i-sized ones.

The idea of writing articles to the public stretching away in galleries and to the general spectator seemed to me roundabout and irrelevant and was given up.

My mind went through somewhat the same experience when the Pennsylvania Railroad, as I have previously mentioned, wrote me one day, saying: "If you were the manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad and were writing a New Year's greeting to your two hundred thousand men, what would you say?"

There was only about a week left before New Year's, and as nearly as I could calculate, it would take me about fifty years to express in a few graceful words a great railroad like the Pennsylvania even to its own employees. I would want another fifty to express it to the country, but I began the day the letter came, to jot down a kind of rough sketch of what I would try to express to the trainmen and workmen, if I could, and of what I thought some one would really express sometime. It would be better to be concrete, I thought, and I wrote something word for word just the way I felt as a railway manager and mailed it to the Broad Street Station. I put in a line saying that of course I was not Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad and that of course I was not sending a New Year's greeting from the offices of the road to its men, but if I were—being who I was . . . well, here is a general idea of what I said I would try to say—to be posted up on doors and in the roundhouses and on bulletin boards:

Executive Office Pennsylvania Railway,
Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

A Happy New Year from the Broad Street Station to the Pennsylvania Railroad! Here's to you all! To every roundhouse and signal-box, to every shop-window, hammer and lathe, roaring train and echoing freight house, waiting-room and junction!—seven thousand miles of steel rails, two hundred thousand men and four thousand locomotives—a Happy New Year!

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To every Pennsylvania Railway man's home, to his wife and to his children on New Year's Night, as the trains roar and the bells ring, a Happy New Year! . . .

When I had written as far as this I stopped a minute to think. I began to criticise what I was writing. I remembered as I read it over slowly what railroad officials as a rule were supposed by their men to be like, what grave, distant, official-minded people railroad officers often were, and how their men were used to having them express themselves.

But I knew the officers and I knew their spirit toward things and what they were like at heart and I felt in a way, too, that I knew the men and what they were like too, at heart, and that after all it was just a convention that made or seemed to make it necessary for railway men to use words in official documents that had a kind of dull, proper wooden thud in them, as if no matter how human they really might be, they did not want men they paid out millions of dollars to, to know it.

I decided I would brush everything one side and write a letter in which I treated both sides as I knew—underneath at least—they really were. So I went on like this. . . . (It would not really do probably, and would have to be saved and used in 1925, but I proposed to express the spirit, the intention and hope of a great railroad as a great railroad really felt it, whether it had ever mentioned it or not.)

NEW YEAR'S MEMORANDUM

The Offices of this Company are not solely inhabited by angels, and all the angels on our payrolls have not been quite sorted out yet and paid probably as they should be, but we are doing the best we can and now here's 1925.

The Officers of this Company regard themselves as being employed by the folks who ride in their trains to help them to be somewhere else as rapidly, safely and cheaply as possible.

And they regard themselves as being employed by the owners of the steel rails, cars and stations to represent the seven thousand miles of their property with the men who use it.

And they regard themselves as being employed by the engineers.

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agents, workmen and trainmen on the line to represent their interests with the public and with the stockholders.

As they understand it, their job consists in doing good honest team-work for all these people, giving everybody as good service, as good pay, as fair profit, and as permanent a job, as honest team-work requires.

And this is the way the Broad Street Station feels to-day in wishing this Railroad seven thousand miles of Happy New Year. We are wishing you all a Happy New Year without giving advice, without sliding in a moral, or pointing at people, or telling everybody except ourselves things they ought to do. The Broad Street Station wishes the Pennsylvania Railroad and every man on it three hundred and sixty-five happy days this next year of getting on well with this Office and helping it to do its duty, and in the present industrial crisis of this nation, to measure up to its destiny, to be human and faithful before its men, its own people, before the people on the line, before the nation, and before God.

So here is our wish for you, for ourselves, and for the Pennsylvania Railway. May the Pennsylvania Railway in the Year of Our Lord 1925—every day, all night, all day, put itself in training from New York and Pittsburgh to Chicago, to be one of the institutions this democracy is proud of, one of the faiths of the people, a great adventure in the sight of all, of two hundred thousand men, one thousand officers, and seven thousand miles of railroad, all proving once for all to the people that an American Corporation can have a soul and that American Human Nature can work—until this railroad shall become a living, moving, rolling symbol, a witness flaming it and thundering it past the proud cities and the little villages, that a great spirit in a great business is making good. Past our dooryards, past our steeples, while we sleep and while we work, the trains shall go calling it in our faces day and night that justice between man and man, mutual forgiveness and mutual patience, and mutual expectation have stretched out their might, have founded a great human business on the face of the earth!

And this is what the Broad Street Station means when it wishes the other stations along the line, the ticket windows and signal boxes and trainsheds and bells and whistles, the crowds flying along the rails, the faces thronging through the stations, and the faces in the cabs—a Happy New Year!

. . . . . .

After I had written the letter and had put it off for ten or fifteen years, I sat and wondered why it was that I could not make a letter like this, as I read it over and thought of the men standing in front of the roundhouses reading it New Year's

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morning, why was it I could not seem to make the letter ring more true?

I soon came on the reason. While the workingmen on the road might have received many indications that the men in the Broad Street offices were men who felt about their railroad and about their men like this, and while they already had given many little proofs that the ideas I had expressed were the ideas the officers really had and were daily working out, was it not perhaps a little premature for the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad to express themselves to their men very much in words —just this year? The same words would ring truer on the roundhouses next New Year's. There were so many convincing ways the men could think of while they read the Greeting that their officers could express these same ideas without saying anything at all. There were certain things that they and the stockholders could do and do at once that would really express these ideas better than words could, and that would have to be attended to first before the words would help.

So instead of writing a letter of greeting to the workingmen on the Pennsylvania Road from the executive offices in the Broad Street Station, I wanted to write a letter of greeting from the men, two hundred thousand trackmen and trainmen and workmen to the Broad Street Station.

The gist of the letter would be a list of ideas they would like to see dramatized.

If I could express for the two hundred thousand men on the Pennsylvania Railroad the idea they wanted to see dramatized by the Broad Street Station, and if I could so express these ideas to the Broad Street Station that the Broad Street Station the next morning would proceed to pick out the actions that would dramatize them, I would indeed have succeeded at last in wishing the two hundred thousand men on the Pennsylvania Railroad a Happy New Year!

So I arrived with the railroad where I had arrived with the Steel Trust.

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The best way I could express my ideas in words was to express them to men who could express them in action.

All I want to do with words, now, is to use them in such a way and to address them in such a quarter, that it will be easier for employers to be better dramatists.

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II

THE NEW WOMAN'S WAY OF STAGING A BUSINESS

Fifty years ago one could go into any great city and pick out the best hundred employers in that town and get them in a room together and talk to them, and would find they were all different types of men.

The successful manufacturer of hardware was one kind of an employer. He was interested in iron things, a kind of blacksmith in his heart, and knew how to make men enthusiastic about making iron, and he could talk about iron things.

The man who made furniture was another kind. He could talk about wooden things and had a genius for making other men love to work in wood. The man who made cart wheels, the man who made drain pipes, the man who made steel rails, were all men who were wrought through with the substances in which they worked; they were experts in the substances in which they worked. They succeeded as employers, because cotton cloth and china, drain pipes and steel rails were the particular things they could make with enthusiasm and which they could use to make other people enthusiastic.

To-day, after fifty years of machinery and fifty years of democracy piled on top of machinery, you go into the same city, you pick out the hundred most successful business employers in each of these lines and get them together in the Board of Trade, and you will find yourself talking face to face with a hundred employers in a hundred different lines who are all practically alike. They would have different temperaments and some of them would have dark hair, and some of them light hair, and some would be silent and some would smile shrewdly

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and others would laugh and slap you on the back, but they would all work over the stony soil of your heart in the same way. If you had money in your pocket they wanted to get, they would all try to get it practically by employing the same gifts. Their gifts would look different. Some of them would be affable and smoke your money out of your pocket and others would make you buy their goods by being silent and ugly, but they would all strike you as belonging to precisely the same profession. With a hundred great employers in a room, you would find yourself in the presence of a hundred professional experts in human nature, specialists in attracting, deserving, and holding men's attention, geniuses in making men do what they like.

They would all be men who were succeeding by a profound study of the driving forces of human lives: they would be scientists in the art of being believed, masters of picturing their wills, of dramatizing their ideas in the minds and lives of others.

Everybody who has ever been to a play knows that some plays are more dramatic than others and has probably noticed that what a play really is made up of is a web of little things people do which reveal big things in the people.

The more powerful a play is as a dramatic production, the more of those very big things are crowded into the little ones. If it is only thinly or feebly dramatic, the little things are just little things.

The same principle holds good naturally for business men in making a business dramatic, and in making everything that is done or said in their shops and factories mean something to people.

I spent a few days in Cleveland last week, and I was taken about everywhere and shown the things that people in cities show visitors, all the things that should be seen and that should be remembered afterward, and when I got back, as I did the other day, and began thinking about what had been happening to me and all I had seen in Cleveland, the thing that stood out most, the thing that loomed up in Cleveland as I looked back

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—was a suspender button on a pin-cushion in room 802 in the ——— Hotel.

Perhaps I should not have been impressed so. But I had seen colleges and college presidents and city clubs and factories before, and this was my first suspender button—at least the first one I ever really appreciated.

The Hotel ——— is a skyscraper, a kind of steel and glass machine for supplying sleep to people. There are seven hundred rooms with bath in it, and when I had been shot up to the eighth floor and deposited in pigeonhole number 802 and left alone with my bags and my thoughts four hundred miles from home, and when my eye fell on that white pincushion on my bureau and I saw that little humble suspender button and the threaded needle by it, I was touched, and I wondered about the woman who had put it there. Was Cleveland full of women like that?

Before I went to sleep I almost said good-night to that pincushion. I went to sleep thinking of the seven hundred other men going to sleep, too. I thought of the long perpendicular column of bedrooms I was in, rooms shaped precisely like mine above me, below me, all of us lying there like chewing gum in a slot-machine, a kind of slot of sleepiness, and yet all going to sleep feeling gathered around, protected, and thought-for from their suspender buttons to their souls by Mrs. Plunkett of the Hotel ———.

This was the first stage of my experience. In the morning while I was dressing (it was like an inspiration) a suspender button came off—a thing that has not happened to me away from home for twenty years—came off with that new happy suspender button for me two feet away staring me in the face!

I have not been so pleased with anything my clothes have done to me for years as having that button wait to come off until that morning. Then Mrs. Plunkett, instead of being abstract poetry as she had been the night before, became applied poetry. I wanted to thank her as soon as I got my coat on.

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But of course I restrained myself. I thought in time of how it must be if she were in the breakfast-room, for instance, of how there would be men in clusters probably every morning standing there before her waiting with their grateful suspender buttons on, to thank her for making a skyscraper seem like a cottage.

It makes it comparatively comfortable to think of the New Woman since I have had Mrs. Plunkett's button on.

Woman used to belong in a little cottage under a hill. She put a lamp in the window for her husband to see as he came home in the cold and the dark or a few flowers on the table. To-day she is going to be just what she has always been, except that she is going to insist on being a woman in more places, and more of the time, and on a bigger scale than she has wanted to before. Under a thousand smoky chimneys— I can see it coming—she is going to slip in and be the Mother of Factories. She is going to appropriate streets and railway trains, hotels and City Halls and make a home for a man to go to downtown in, a home for him to make money in, and make a city as snug as a cottage.

All industry to-day, from the dispensing room in a factory to the directors' room on a railroad, is getting helplessly and characteristically dependent for its efficiency on the woman's touch. The touch that pulls any particular man together from the beginning of the world is going to be the touch that pulls all men together. There is scarcely a big manufacturing business known to-day which is not inefficient for the lack of the things that a Mrs. Plunkett would think of in it.

Labour and Capital—those two grave, solemn, old he-fools—have blundered into nearly everything that is the matter with them to-day because the things any woman would think of in male human beings, the little big things a woman sees and plays on in human nature, have been passed over.

Here is the New York, New Haven and Hartford Road, for instance, the directors all looking askance at the managers, the

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towns on the road all wishing they were off of it, the trainmen all wishing they were on some other road, and the trains all wishing they were on some other track, and trying to get there, all because men cannot understand each other, oil each other, and work with each other.

What it really wants—the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad—in addition to its mechanical inventors, is a thousand plunkett-power Mrs. Plunkett to tend the thousand thousand little annoying over-and-over, forever-and-ever things that keep the men out of sorts.

A railroad may be quite grand, but it cannot really work men and make men work the way a woman can.

It may be a rather informal way to speak of a great, stately, worried corporation, but what the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad needs to-day, as it looks from Mount Tom, is some one to sew on its suspender buttons.

I do not like to end these somewhat cursory remarks without saying how cheerful I have come to feel since I have thought of this about the New Woman.

The New Woman, as I take it, may be said to be the woman who is doing as well with me as Eve did with Adam. No extras. Nothing different really. And the same idea. The woman of to-day finds the skyscrapers, factories and railroads waiting to be made human and personal. And all she is going to do next is to proceed to be as new as Eve was. What Eve did with her own delightful little backyard the New Woman is going to do with Union Square and Sixth Avenue. The New Man—now that he has discovered the dramatic values in business, the profit of personalizing his idea, and humanizing his machinery—is not so far from The Woman point of view.

There is nothing revolutionary about this.

The main item of business success in modern life is a man's dramatic sense of what touches other people's imaginations and rouses their sense of his value to them—their sense of what he is like and their sense of trusting him, and of therefore trust-

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ing his goods—their sense of the service a man of this type can be trusted, without watching, to render to all who deal with him.

The best and cheapest little things to pick out in a business to emphasize are those that humanize and personalize it, reveal the personalities, motives, intentions of the men who run it—the most for the least money.

When people's imaginations have been touched with a man or a corporation's personality, they take for granted with one sweep thousands of other important things. It is not open to argument that the cheapest, most permanent investment, no matter how much it costs, any business can make, is in personality, in personal human self-revelation, in credit, in being trusted by millions of men.

As some personal self-revelation of himself or his firm, made dramatically or by what is actually done in the business, is necessary to this end, the We-genius or sense of identity with others has at last swung itself out into full possession of the modern business world as the determining and implacable factor of success.

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III

THE NEW EMPLOYER'S WAY
THE NEW SALESMAN'S WAY

I am not sure whether I will seem to have made my point about the way the dramatic nature of modern business is forcing the business into the hands of the men that all America will trust and that will make all the world trust America—into the hands of its most truly great men.

I may seem to be looking a little far ahead on Mount Tom, but I believe that many men who cannot quite agree with me to-day will admit that most of the business men they know are getting ready to agree with me to-morrow or day after to-morrow. The most extraordinary and revolutionary energy which the world is experiencing to-day is the education of capital and labour. The first indication of this is the new and rather sudden lurch of general humility people are beginning to notice in employers. In a hundred years from now, when people begin looking back upon to-day, they will say that the great spiritual experience of the world in the twentieth century was the education of employers.

Some years ago, before I had been much thrown with business men, my main feeling about large employers was that they lived cooped up from the world behind high hedges of secretaries and spent all their time in having their own way with their own minds, and in protecting themselves from other people's ideas. What they were for was to tell other people things. I had the idea, as many people do still, that being at the top of a big business, was an ordering instead of an inquiring position.

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My present experience among the men who are most distinguished for their success as great employers of labour is that their success instead of leaving them with the fine, soothing, comfortable, educated feeling, the feeling one sees people having on college faculties, and instead of making them more dogmatic and more military-minded every year, makes them more humble. They are really rather wistful and desperately open-minded persons.

It makes them rather attractive, living as I do, in a town in which I see season after season the warm, cheerful, social life of the people about me all being sealed over, as tight as a pond in winter with college professors. It has been borne in upon me from time to time that the educated feeling is not always in this world the most powerful and useful feeling a man can have, and while of course I am only at best a kind of escaped or reformed college professor myself, I am cherishing the hope now that by associating with business men enough I am getting to be a better and a humbler man every day. Every time when I break away from my old associations and run down to New York or go about among employers, I find I almost never come on a business man now who has a cool, finished, comfortable, educated feeling like a college professor. It is only the president in a college, the man who is set up over college professors, the man who is the employer of them all, who is humble. He alone in a college seems to be allowed now a daily, uneducated, wistful feeling of wishing he knew more, like any other employer. When I took up literature as a profession I snuggled up to a college library and began writing literature about literature. I never intended to write about the modern business man. I was first drawn to him because out of all the men of the different professions I knew the modern employer is almost the only man who seems to have the same feeling that I have, of not being educated yet.

I have seen a newsboy with fifteen cents hiring another newsboy and doing it with a fine, swaggering, highly informed air,

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and of course it is still true in the less important precincts of society that almost anybody with a dollar and a half thinks he can be an employer.

But to the man who really arrives, or who is just arriving, being an employer to-day has become the profoundest, most noble, most creative, and most skilful of all the professions.

Looked at in his capacity of doing good or harm to society, there are times when one feels that any man who wants to be an employer should have to take out a license for it. Captains on the high seas have to have licenses because once or twice in a lifetime they may collide with somebody. Chauffeurs have licenses because once or twice they may collide with somebody. An employer may spend his whole day, every day, nine hours a day, colliding with people, with cities, colliding with his workmen, stockholders, colliding with his partners, and half the time running around obstinately and colliding with himself, and doing infinitely more damage than anybody else does, and everybody seems to think that as long as he has his dollar and a half, or fifteen thousand dollars, or fifteen million dollars, he is an employer.

But I notice that the man who has a dollar and a half gets more feeling of being superior per dollar than a man with fifteen dollars would. An employer with fifteen hundred dollars who employs one, feels still less educated, and the employer who swings into the business a hundred and fifty thousand or fifteen million dollars has no educated feeling at all.

And as a matter of fact, when one thinks of it, what reason is there after all in this year 1916 why any employer should feel educated?

Being an employer at all in the real modern sense is an entirely new idea. Nobody has ever been an employer before. Machinery has made being an employer practically a new profession in the last forty years, and democracy which has followed machinery has made it a new profession within ten years. If one is being an employer with a city poking its head in through

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the window every few minutes and watching how one does it, one is not up against the old, plain, simple-minded job of just jogging along with one's work. When one has (as Theodore N. Vail of the Telephone Company has) ninety million people on the other side of the fence bobbing up their heads at one over it almost any minute, or gathering in little crowds and commissions and watching one through a knothole, one never feels really natural as a business man until business is over. One wonders as one goes to bed what the great poet who originated the phrase meant, when he said, "Business is business."

The last thing business is, is business. It is thrown in upon one every day. Business is politics. Business is statesmanship. Business is a national study in human nature.

Democracy has taken a little snug convenient job like being an employer and knocked it open at both ends and made it the most recklessly exposed, colossal, powerful and masterful of all the professions. The competent employer to-day wants to get people to believe in him enough to allow him to run his business himself. Being an employer to-day is the business of making ninety million people understand. This takes an artist. If Shakespeare had undertaken as a side order—the order of making ninety million people understand—if he had undertaken the order of making ninety million people believe in him enough to let him write his plays the way he wanted to himself, he would have gone under before he got half through Hamlet. Nobody would ever have heard of him.

This is what democracy has done. Being an employer to-day is an act of expression that would have made Shakespeare's knees knock together.

One need not wonder that many employers to-day do not feel educated.

What machinery piled on top of democracy has done to being an employer is still worse. Being an employer used to be—before machinery—a kind of simple-minded, sober, hardworking, sweaty calling. The employer hoed and mopped his brow

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in one row of corn, while the man he hired hoed and mopped his brow right beside him in another. Any time an employer stopped hoeing or mopped his brow too long the employee had his eye on him. With an employee looking on in that way, of course, it cost an employer twice as much to mop his brow as it would now. He had to pay for a mop for the employee, too, while he was doing his. The employee knew the man he was working for and he believed in him or he didn't believe in him according to the facts, and he knew the precise value of what he was doing and how he had to work to do it. Being an employer consisted in those days in making a man three feet away doing the same work you were doing understand you.

It does not take a great artist to do this. But sitting as the average employer has to at a polished mahogany desk with not even a piece of paper lying on it, and making the man he hires to help him—the man who is not ever even allowed to see the desk—see how hard he works on that mahogany desk and believe how hard he works on it, and give his employer credit for what he does with that mahogany desk as if it were a turning lathe, thank him for it, and let him have his pay for it, this takes a great artist, with sixteen secretaries. And even the secretaries—not more than one or two of them—will really understand.

Democracy and machinery between them have suddenly made being an employer the most exposed, difficult, and strenuous occupation known to man to-day. Democracy has knocked both ends out of being an employer, and the sides, so that an employer has to make everybody around him understand him. Machinery has knocked the bottom out of being an employer, so that he has to make the men who are under him understand.

This is what I mean by the education of employers. I have watched the labours of my friends, the inspired and semi-inspired millionaires, their wistfulness toward senators national banks and labour unions, and I can only say as a kind of specialist or supposed expert stander-by to inspired millionaires—I

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can only testify that the really great successful-looking employers I know to-day are the most humble men we have in America, wondering if they will ever get before they die a fine comfortable rosy feeling of being educated.

I can only say of the typical great employer to-day as Cæsar said of Cassius: "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

There are four groups of people to whom a great employer has to express himself, before he can hope to get anything done. Every day of his life is spent in working out some problem of expressing himself to these four groups of people. What are the words and what are the actions he can think of that will make them understand what he is trying to do and help him do it?

The first men he must express himself to are the men he must persuade to create and supply values—the inventors of his product.

Second, there are the men he must persuade to supply capital for his product—his stockholders.

Third, there are the men he must persuade to manufacture the product—his employees.

Fourth, there are the men he must persuade to buy it—the customers.

Of these four jobs of persuasion a great modern business man has to undertake, each calls for a professional expert in human nature. The modern business man either has to be all four of these professional experts in human nature himself or he has to be an expert in persuading four other men to be expert for him. The man who is a professional expert in making a banker do as he likes will generally make a great inventor flush up angrily and walk out of the room in three minutes, and a man who is a professional expert in getting great cities, or hills and valleys of people to buy his factory goods, if he tried to be an expert in making his factory workmen work, would make them strike in a week. Bankers and inventors, manual labourers and ladies reading the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or going past counters, all call for different technique, but they are all per-

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suading jobs, and all call for a profound, patient skill in changing people's minds, in making men and women over before their own eyes, in making them the way they never wanted to be made until they saw us, so that they will want the things we want them to want, and do the things that we want them to do.

In other words, a great business man to-day is a great engineer in the wills of other men.

There is but one way to be an engineer in the wills of other men.

The engineer in other men's wills is the man who can get their attention and hold it.

This narrows us down to our definition of what a great business man is to-day, in this age of machinery and democracy. The great business man is the business man who can attract and grasp the attention of the other man, who can hold the attention of the other man for forty years, who can hold the attention of the other man in the hollow of his hand, move it to the right or to the left, toss it up or down, who can put the attention of the other man in his pocket.

Business is the most masterful and most profound of all the professions because it is the art of picking out actions and finding words that touch the imaginations and possess the lives of men.

I hope I have made, in this chapter, being a big business man look difficult.

I hope I have made being a big business man so difficult in this chapter that anyone will see that really great men—men with really noble powers of putting themselves in the place of other men, men with big permanent motives, men with the long reach and with the under hold on human nature—will be the only men who can stand any hope of dominating American business life. In a revolutionary age, in an age of imperious teamwork and machines, an age of imperious democracy and of asking others, it is the men who say "We" that shall alone be masters of our daily life, that shall alone determine the expres-

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sion on the face of the nation, that shall alone paint upon the canvas of a world the portrait of our people. With business men like this dramatizing an America that nobody wants to fight, Congress would want to calculate our amount and kind of military-preparations on an entirely new basis. Our expert national strategists and expert national dramatists would be consulted together.

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IV

THE NEW NATION'S WAY

When a woman shouts to her four-year-old boy out in the yard as I heard one yesterday and tells him, with a truly impressive anger, to come into the house or she will come out and skin him alive, all she has to do to control her terrific anger is to begin to get her knife out of the drawer in the kitchen table and sit down and consider where she will begin taking the skin off first. The moment people begin dramatizing ideas, they know and make everybody else know just what their ideas are.

This is as true of nations as of men.

All unfairness on the part of one nation to another is due to the momentary paralysis of people's power to dramatize the interests of other people in their minds. They dramatize their own and then their imaginations give out.

The practicable and conclusive way for the people of a nation to defend themselves from other nations is by dramatizing and spending the money to dramatize their own interests and their own feelings to the people who may violate them, so that the feelings the people are going to have about their actions after they are finished can be presented to them bodily before they begin.

The more loudly dramatic a business is, or even melodramatic, like a trolley, railroad, or a subway, or a department store, with large crowds on the stage and with immense audiences in the best seats, the sooner the business is bound to see through itself and be fair. When a business sees all these people about it all at work on it and on seeing what it really is, looking through to its

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good ideas and seeing through its bad ideas and seeing them acted out with such horrible plainness, a business has to hurry more in being good.

A more obscure, subtly dramatic business like making patent medicines can pursue its tortuous anonymous way longer and put off being good longer.

The same principle holds good of business between nations. The moment it is made dramatic and conducted on dramatic principles by experts in self-revelation and experts in compelling mutual self-revelation, it becomes impossible for nations to find an excuse for war.

All ambition or constructive genius in engineering a world or a nation is based on the power of dramatizing or visualizing to people in advance.

If unfair dealing is based on dramatizing one's own side of a situation, and if fair dealing is based on dramatizing in one's own mind other people's side, it is obvious that the direct and compelling way for any nation to defend itself is by putting forward not the men that can shoot its ideas, but the men who can dramatize them.

There are few people who if they see the interests of others dramatized before their eyes will override them.

All the widows and orphans have to do to protect themselves from a railroad-wrecking speculator is to be around, crowd up to his windows and look in just as he is going to sign the papers. A railroad-wrecking broker will be as tender with widows and orphans as anybody.

This is as true of nations as it is of people.

The cry on the cross: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do!" instead of being, as many people suppose it to be, a gracious and beautiful sentiment, an outburst of a noble and heroic feeling, was a plain statement from a man of imagination of every-day matter of fact about men and nations. It was a plain, practical, constructive observation of human nature, and of a philosophy of how to get on with it and be fair to it—a vision

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of how to secure and of how to maintain peace throughout the world.

If all the nations would cry out together next Friday at noon Christ's cry on the cross, the war would be broken and would be practically over before sunset.

The only possible natural working basis for reconstruction and adjustment would have been provided and already set up in that cry all together of Christ's cry on the cross: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do!"

All war is based on lopsided powers of dramatization in people's minds, and the way for a nation to defend itself is to let go its forts, plug up its guns, dismiss its generals, set its playwrights to work, open theatres in the country of its enemies, or better still, as theatres only run at night, dramatize its business and get at all the people while they are all at work all day.

Treaties and agreements to arbitrate will not defend a nation. Only artists and advertising men—dramatizers of what is going on in people's minds so that they see precisely what is going on in their minds—can protect a great nation.

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LOOK V

AMERICA AND THE WORLD

I

ENDS

I WANT as a citizen of this world, and as one who has a natural unstoppable interest in it the next thousand years, to have the nation picked out to lead it which is endowed by nature and by spirit to lead it best.

I have a natural hope that my own nation will prove to be the one the other nations shall prefer and that the other nations shall most trust for leadership. I hope every Englishman hopes his nation will prove to be the one that shall be accorded by common consent, this leadership. I hope every German will hope and continue to hope it is Germany.

Anything England or Germany or America can do to make itself the most fit among the nations, the most preferred nation to lead the world, will only insure, give a double triple assurance, to us all of a leadership to which we would all be loyal and to which we all could afford to entrust a world.

Anything that each man of us can do to make his own family, by reason of his power or nearness to it, or his own city or his own nation eligible for leadership or preferred by others for leadership, is certainly to be welcomed by all of us as a contribution to the competence, integrity, thorough-mindedness, deep-heartedness of the human race and the glory and the joy of the world.

There is no other way to make a planet capable and full of

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happy people, than for each man to attend to himself, to his own family, and his own city, and his own nation as his personal contribution to the success of the star.

This chapter in this book, while it may be overheard and is willing to be overheard by other nations, is private and American. It is a little family fireside talk for a nation. It is my attempt to express, as we sit closely together and look each other in the eyes, the personal self-consciousness of my people, the national self-recognition by us all of what America in some special or peculiar degree is for, and what by its location, its spirit, temperament and experience and inexperience it can probably do best in the new supreme task of team-work of all nations, which by the war of 1915 is thrust upon the world.

I like to think that at least in a hundred years with its giant face toward the future—toward that unknown, untried sea of the spirit where the world is headed now—America will be found to be by temperament, by youth, by hope and strength and many-sidedness and world-representativeness, the best-endowed nation to be made by general consent and good-will of all on board the planet, the captain of the ship.

In the meantime, in full toleration, and with our hearts full of listening to others, we will talk for a moment in this quiet chapter about our hopes and dreams for ourselves, as with a stretch of a thousand years before us, and all the other nations on board with us, we look out to sea.

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II

MEANS

A little while ago, according to my morning paper, Mr. Henry Ford—all unknowing that I was writing a book about how Mr. Carnegie and other people ought to spend ten million dollars on Henry Ford and on having everybody know how Henry Ford makes peace work—announced that he was going to spend ten million dollars himself on showing how peace works.

It was announced that in the course of a few weeks Mr. Ford, after duly asking other people, would decide how the ten million dollars should be set to work.

I could not help looking up from my book a minute and wishing Mr. Ford would ask me. "What if he did?" I said to myself.

Then I realized how awkward my first main suggestion for advertising peace would be to a man placed like Henry Ford. Mr. Ford would hardly be in a position to act on my suggestion himself and spend ten million dollars himself on advertising himself.

I saw that the suggestion would have to be saved for me or for Mr. Carnegie.

But there are certain other things which, if Mr. Ford's ten millions were placed in my hands, I would try to arrange to do.

The first general principle I would follow would be to pick out ten million dollars' worth of something to do which all the people and all the governments would soon be ready to do, too, and do on a larger scale afterward—the moment they had once stood by and once watched the idea—ten million dollars' worth of it —being tried.

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I am going to make a statement of what my program would be in this chapter.

I have already indicated, from time to time in these pages at certain points or landing places of thought where my reader and I perhaps might be ready, certain tentative programs for the American people to take in this crisis.

I dare say the reader could have made this statement from sixty to seventy chapters further back in this book. As for myself, the best I have been able to do has been to tell the story of the life of my mind in this war as fast as I lived it. There seems to be something clumsy and slow about living. Perhaps the reader has noticed it.

When I look back to-day over the last nine or ten years of my life it almost always looks as if I might have lived them a good deal quicker and better than I did, as if I ought really to have rushed across lots to the truths in them in a week. Perhaps it is the same in reading a book as it is in writing it. And in the same way I dare say this modest little statement of what this book is about which I am just about to make in three rows of ideas just over the page might have been wedged bodily into the third or into the fourth chapter, but the words would not have meant then to me or to my reader what they mean now. The word "advertising" and the word "dramatizing" seem like such weak-sounding words, jerked out of the dictionary as they are and used by anybody any day, idly, that they really had to have thirty or forty chapters apiece packed into them before they would do.

The words "advertising" and "dramatizing" would have seemed to make a very filmy, vague cobweb of a program to defend a great nation with in those first days when this book began. As I look back on it now, and see once more those first, old, faint, hopeful chapters of mine descending out of nowhere on me, folding round me like a rosy mist—just on me and my fountain-pen labouring uphill to the truth five hundred pages away—we did not either of us know what advertising and dramatizing

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meant then. . . . Nor do we now as compared with what we will.

But here is the statement I would have made in the first chapter if I could, and the one I desire to put forward, superseding and summing up the spirit of the others, as to what this book thinks America should do.

First. We will arrange to have written, announced, and adopted at the polls by all the people, our American Confession of Faith in other nations and our faith and expectation for ourselves.

Second. We will advertise this statement in every nation until every man, woman and child in the twelve leading and controlling nations shall know America's Confession of Faith.

Third. We will dramatize this statement.

We have to deal with say twelve nations: Germany, France, Austria, Russia, England, Italy, Turkey, Spain, China, Japan, Mexico, Argentina, and Brazil. America will have one General Confession of Faith that shall be made known to them all, and she will arrange to have also twelve individual Confessions of Faith, individually addressed to the twelve leading nations as a national personal self-revelation of the people of the United States to each people, expressing our appreciation of their genius and our expectation of what (through comparison and criticism) their genius and ours can do together.

As it is better to be concrete and not to generalize, I am going to express if I can, by way of expressing the spirit of all these working covenants, the moral, personal, temperamental background for America's working covenant with Germany.

I take Germany because at the present moment she seems to regard herself as the most difficult, because she seems to have set herself aside at least in her own mind, for the time being, from any particular thought or from any particular need of getting on with other nations.

If America can express her own soul to Germany, and if with

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Germany's help America can express and interpret Germany's soul to America and to every-day American people, other nations will be easy.

But before going on to illustrate my idea of what Confessions of Faith would have to be like in order to work, by sketching one for America to Germany, I wish to state the conditions that would have to be met before I am in favour myself of the program of covenants and of advertising and dramatizing as a means of self-defense which I am recommending.

First. These Confessions of Faith instead of being like most national documents addressed by one nation to another, more or less dead and formal statements, patterns of compromises traced out in legal languagelessness by lawyers on scraps of paper, must be effective, human, and self-revealing documents. I place no more trust in treaties and lawyers as defending great nations than Mr. Roosevelt does. America's Confession of Faith must express in the burning words of men of genius, with the substance of religion in the form of literature, the prayers, desires, promises and vows, and mighty common expectation of one mighty people as it looks upon another.

The covenant must be, by the way it puts words together, a huge engineering feat in mutual expression, mutual attention and mutual understanding.

. . . . . .

The other day Lissauer took back, my paper tells me, the Song of Hate for which Germany decorated him with the order of the Red Eagle.

Of course he has taken it back. There is not an American of us all who knew human nature at all who did not know in his heart that Lissauer would take it back. Except in our most hateful moments we have known from the first, without admitting it, perhaps, that not only Lissauer but all Germany would take back the Hymn of Hate. All Lissauer had to do was to face all the little children of Germany with it or watch his own boy out in the

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yard playing with it. He would not want it in children's school books. We know no American would and we know no German would.

The basis of National Confessions and of Covenants between nations as a means of national defense is the fact that people are alike and really know at bottom that they are alike in all nations. This being so we merely propose to make deliberate national provision for acting on it at the precise critical moment when it does not look as if it were so. A war always ends by people's seeing things and doing things afterward that they would have seen and done beforehand if they had not had too many ships guns and colonels about to hurry and distract everybody and in most wars too, if the nation in some big, steadied, expert and planned way had assaulted peoples' attention instead of shooting them in the stomach war would never have begun.

In our confessions and covenants we will take each of these things up, item by item, and advertise our understanding to others, and the understanding of others to ourselves, until there is nothing to fight about. The details for specific purposes could be written by lawyers, but the General Confession should be written as a masterpiece in the heart of a nation, as a masterpiece in expressing the great daily working emotions of the people in expressing the spirit of colossal international courtship, or of love letters between nations. The confessions should be conceived and be written as big beliefs, as creeds, as hymns, as songs of two mighty peoples which they hum to each other while they work.

Out of the speechless tragedy from which the dazed nations are presently coming, the confessions shall be written. The free breath of religion shall be in them; they shall be treaties that shall be chanted in churches, that shall be lifted up on the voices of men and sung in the streets.

Treaties that are not litanies will be scraps of paper. Treaties which have faith, and exaltation of spirit, which express the per-

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sonal feeling of each American man to the other men in other nations will alone be practical, because they alone will have the attention of the people.

This is the first condition of my program of national self-defense—a supreme national self-expression.

The second condition is that this statement of America's Confession of Faith in another nation—in Germany for instance—of criticism and hope toward Germany and of coöperation with the German people, shall be placed in the hands of the world's best experts in touching the imaginations of one nation with another, and that having been duly backed with an appropriation as large as is ordinarily used for armies and navies, it shall be made the centre of a great advertising campaign, a great assault or engineering feat of one nation's getting the attention and holding and using the attention of another.

We will announce in every German city, village, farm and fireside, to each German, our American faith and our American will toward Germany.

The third condition is that we will not only advertise this faith to every man in Germany until he wants to believe us, but we will dramatize it to him until he cannot help believing us, whether he wants to or not. All Germans, as a matter of course, and all in the day's work, by the way we daily buy their things from them and the way we daily sell them ours, shall believe in the good-will and faithfulness, the steadiness of heart, the understanding and the will to understand that they have daily found in the American people.

I would spend Henry Ford's first ten million dollars in picking out and employing three types of experts and men of genius—the men who can make in America a commanding statement of how the American people feel toward other nations and toward themselves,—the men who have the technical gifts for advertising this statement in all the nations so that all the people of this world will know it and want to believe it, and the men who have the genius, the gift of discovering ways of dramatizing this statement

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and of acting it out so that all the people of the world will believe it, whether they want to or not.

Mr. Ford's ten million dollars could be spent on a ten-million-dollar working model, a provisional, experimental exhibit before the people of how confessing a nation, advertising a nation, and dramatizing a nation could be made to work.

The moment the Government saw how much better nation-confessors, nation-advertisers and nation-dramatizers really worked in defending the nation, and how much better they were understood and liked by other nations, than generals and admirals, and how much more useful and revealing and to the point, they were than generals and admirals, the American people would take them over, and the American nation would have arrived at the kind of preparedness at last that goes with her institutions, her gifts, and her desires, and which would lead all nations to fear, love and respect her and swing out with her into the ways of peace.

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LOOK VI

AMERICA AND GERMANY AND THE WORLD

I

GERMANY AND AMERICA

IF PEOPLE in other nations could all suddenly be more like the typical German in one regard, we would see our way out of our world-muddle in a month.

The typical German, if he has to make a choice on any given day between neglecting his own personal business and neglecting the city's business, naturally and as a matter of course and without any nobility or sentiment, puts his own business one side and attends to the city's business first. He argues that the ship his business is on—its springing a leak and going to the bottom or its not going to the bottom, is of more interest to him than his business.

In the same way that he puts his city before himself, he puts his nation before his city.

If the typical German did not stop here, if he put the world before his own nation, Germany would be without trying the world's greatest nation. Germany would be immediately the world's freest, safest choice to be placed in the leadership of all of us.

The terrific force all the world is heaping itself together to fight to-day is Germany's arrested idealism, the amazing spectacle of the terrible force of disinterestedness, of the arrested disinterestedness of the German mind. What the German genius for losing the smaller interest in the larger one would do in the world to-day, if each German was possessed to give himself

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for a world as he is to give himself for his nation, is beyond a world's computation.

Germany, instead of swinging its disinterestedness out and using it to surround, possess, and serve a world, has turned its genius for disinterestedness in—is using a big power for a little purpose, and is doing all it can (under its present influences) to commit suicide with one of its own virtues.

Why is it that it has taken a whole planet heaped up against it and throwing itself upon it to-day to hold Germany at bay?

It is because the We-spirit and the genius for team-work has risen to a climax, to an acceleration of self-consciousness in Germany which no nation has dreamed of before.

It is the goodness in the German to-day which is making Germany terrific. We are all learning it. Every nation of us on the whole heaped-up planet as we throw ourselves upon her is learning that the next thing ahead of it to do is to be more like Germany than Germany is. Each nation day by day is having it set out plain before it once for all during these vast experimental months, that its only possible way to be great is to take over the team-work idea which Germany has discovered and which Germany has used for Germany, and use it for a world.

We are learning that this goodness, this pent-up We-spirit in Germany which has been congested, over-specialized and stopped short (stopped short by not including the world consciousness), has become an acid eating out her vitals. We are learning that this virtue of a great nation, this virtue run mad, this virtue turned into a fever, once turned outward, and once allowed unchoked to take for its field all the world, is going automatically and of itself to make each nation live for all nations and all nations live for each nation in mutual self-defense.

The death-throe of team-work against a world is the birth-pang of team-work for a world.

Team-work in Germany by proving what it can do against a world, is proving what team-work can do and will have to be arranged to do in behalf of a world.

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The most stupendous advertisement of team-work that could ever have been conceived—an advertisement which has to-day gathered the whole world into one great audience, and made it listen to team-work for a hundred years—has been thrust upon us by this struggle of a planet with the first nation that ever said "We."

It is because Germany, the first nation to ever say We, said We merely to herself, that she is being fought by a world to-day instead of being asked to lead it.

So far as we are concerned, the first nation to say We has not said We. "We" will yet have to be said to us. Big as the German We is, and bigger than ours in individualistic nations as it yet is, everybody is seeing what this great self-devoted German We is—a mere provincial, home, one-nation-sized we, a huge German I sprawling across Europe. So now it has come to pass in the fullness of time that Germany, the first nation to say We to itself, is the last nation that shall be allowed to say I to us.

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II

AMERICA AND GERMANY

I have stood by and watched in the streets of Germany yellow-haired boys and girls going to school. If I had my way I would have taken them, say, every fourth boy and every fourth girl, and loaded them on Atlantic liners and scattered them carefully —a thin veneer of German children—over the whole United States.

I would then come home and watch them going to schools in Boston, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Seattle, and to district schools in Vermont.

Then as I went about in Boston, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Seattle, and the district schools of Vermont, and watched everywhere the American boys and girls flashing through the city streets, or running along the lonely country roads to school, I would take every fourth boy and every fourth girl I saw, picking them out carefully and thoughtfully, send them over to Germany, plump them down with German boys and girls and German ideas and German teachers and parents and keep their little minds simmering there, in the middle of Germany, three years.

Then I would have the American children sent back to America to help make America as great as America would be bound to be if we swapped faults with Germany, and I would have the German children sent home to help make Germany as great as Germany would be bound to be if Germans swapped faults with us.

At least every fourth American needs discipline and every fourth German needs liberty.

The only way to put discipline and liberty together is in self-discipline.

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Germany and America both believe at heart that discipline and liberty belong together, and they both believe theoretically that self-discipline is the most efficient and powerful way that discipline and liberty can be put together, but the German characteristically begins at the discipline-end to work toward liberty, and the American begins at the liberty-end to work through to self-discipline.

A great many million Germans and a great many million Americans die before they get through, before they can make the round trip and live truly powerful lives and finish off a truly great nation. In both nations we go down to the grave, millions of Americans, millions of Germans, with the faults of the end our nation begins on.

What is in the foreground of a German's mind as he lives his life—the sense of discipline would make an amazing background for America to work against in finding her true liberty, and what is in the foreground of an American's life, the sense of personal liberty, would make a great background for a German to work with in coming into his own and—in coming into a discipline that would mean more to himself and make him mean more to others.

The greatness of each nation—of Germany and of America—consists in mutually expectant criticism and mutually expectant absorption of the faults of the other.

As water seeks its own level, and as men and women in the world shall forever and ever be drawn together, the mutual absorption of opposite qualities in nations is the law of self-preservation and the secret of power.

It is pitiful to present loving one's enemies as a duty. It is the implacable passion of existence. It is the permanence, exuberance, and masterfulness of all leaders of men that they crave to absorb, act and interact upon the qualities of their opposites.

Enough German faults will land an American boy in the White House, and enough American faults properly arranged for Germany to-morrow morning would give Germany in twenty years the leadership of the world.

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Loving one's enemies, following up the clues of one's dislikes, until one at last learns something, until one at last accumulates enough raw material for a personality, so that one can gradually begin to put some of it together and be somebody, and swing one's self out into being a whole human being instead of a fraction of one, is not a thing that any man or any nation should be teased into. All that any real man in any true nation is going to have to do is to take one real look at the knack of loving one's enemies to covet it. Loving one's enemies instead of being stated as a kind of wood-and-iron precept, or put forward as a religious extra, or a spiritually decorative idea, is going to be put forward for people everywhere as a plain sensible economic law, an every-day, ordinary provision any man or any nation will have to make for having a sufficient quantity of joy and understanding and spiritual vision to have the mastery of the material world and to have a rich, sustained, impregnable and powerful life.

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III

WHAT MAKES A NATION THINK

There are two devices or arrangements for having brains that nations are likely to find especially convenient and useful at a time like this, when they are beginning to feel (as nearly all nations have to this year) that probably they have none.

The first principle of making one's self think is detachment or putting one's self in the place of others.

The thing that keeps most nations under in this world and that keeps them from thinking freshly and powerfully is the fact that the only exercise they ever allow themselves in thinking consists in thinking of themselves. Of course this limits their practise a good deal.

I am writing this chapter on an island where I like to spend the summer, twenty miles out to sea.

Last night, sometime around the wee small hours, I found myself lying awake. The sea was climbing up the rocks out in the yard and the wind, hundreds of miles of it, was making great lunges at our little house. And I fell to thinking (possibly it was my supper) of how a lobster way down on the still floor of the ocean, protected by all those tons of heavy water, would feel about a storm.

It began to come over me how it all probably was about lobsters. I imagine one would never really catch a lobster watching a storm.

There the storm is, of course, seventy feet up, superficially rumpling the top of his water, and he says: "What has that storm to do with me? What is there that I am going to get out of watching that storm?"

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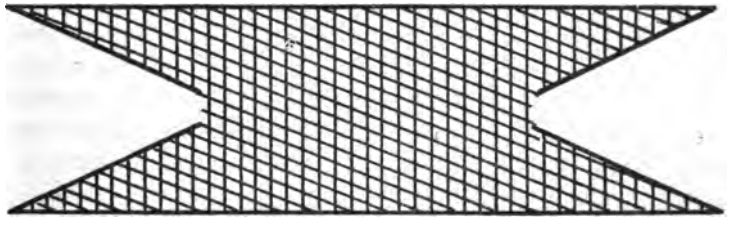
Poor fellow! Any man could tell him. In fact, any animal a little higher up in sea circles could tell him. Cunners and herrings know. Even an especially thoughtful lobster almost knows, and in that first flash of a second, when he feels himself boiling in the kettle, it passes over him (all in that lightning flash as with people in drowning) that there must be something in life he had not thought of, something he had missed or overlooked or he would not be there.

If the lobster had had a disinterested, curious pleasure in looking up from his eternal gobbling and noticing for one little minute of unselfish appreciation what a really tremendous impression the Creator was producing on the top twenty feet of his water, on the establishment in which he lives and gets his living, the lobster would not be obliged to end his career by spending his last few hours in a miserable little lath jail at the bottom of Creation and in being boiled in a kettle the first minute he is allowed at the top.

If a lobster had the habit of occasionally looking up, and in a kind of generous, big way, noticing something that he personally was not going to get anything out of at the moment, it would come to pass that, when in the course of events he at last found himself in a lobster pot wondering how to get out, it would hardly take him three seconds (once having the habit) to look up eleven inches, see the door standing wide open and amble gracefully away.

Perhaps there are people who have never seen a lobster pot. It is something like this:



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The lobster-pot stockholders and owners know that while lobsters crawl up, they never look up. They know that, if they arrange an inclined plane, the lobster can be relied on to crawl up by inches to the grand entrance to the pot, drop in softly, and help himself to what he wants on the bottom. Then, of course, as the bottom of a thing, the low-motive part of it, is the only part of it he has ever looked at, he tries all the rest of his life to get out on the bottom, while all the time, as plain as day, eleven inches up, is that great, wide, round door standing open to the sea.

This principle does not merely apply to lobsters.

The main thing that has interested me for forty years has been the quarrel between capital and labour, the question as to how labour could get out from under capital. This question, having been suddenly interrupted by the quarrel between nations, has now been superseded in my mind by the question of how one nation can get out from under the other. Of course it has not taken me long to see that these two questions are really but two forms of the same question. For forty years I have been going about and seeing everywhere thousands of factories, thousands of those huge, windowed lobster pots set up in the lower levels of our cities, and I have seen workmen, swarms of workmen, who have got in and who want to get out, all trying to get out at the bottom. They are trying to get out by just looking at what they want at the moment for themselves.

I have come to the conclusion that there is not going to be any bottom way out in our factories. Not until our workmen of to-day begin looking up are we going to get out of trouble. It is this old monotonous thoughtless crawling along and pegging away without looking up that keeps our workmen and nations under. While modern employers and modern ruling nations are far from being what they ought to be, as long as they look up more than we do, so long will we have to ask them what is there that they see and that we do not, and so long will we have to do as they tell us.

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The thing that labour unions that feel held under and nations that feel held under, are going to do next is to stop butting away in a stupid I. W. W. fashion on the bottom of the world and look up instead. The held-under workmen are just at present further along perhaps in seeing this principle than the held-under nations are. Anyone can see at least in our better factories everywhere in America how the truth about this is working into the American mind. Our American working class is already getting so interested in looking up, in studying what the employing class which is over it is like, and what it might be like, and in studying what the people need and what all other classes need, that they are going to save their own class by supplying what all classes need better than the employing class can supply it. They are getting ready to supply, in fact, out of the employees themselves, if necessary, an employing class for which the world to-day, as anybody can see, has already put in its order.

This world is made without any hole in it at the bottom except the grave.

The only holes in Nature, whether provided or thrust in, are holes like those that the seeds make, like those that are pushed through the cold ground by asparagus, or by crocuses, oaks, pansies, all living authoritative things, tulips, dandelions and volcanoes. Everything that has a right to express itself in this world, staves in the hole it expresses itself through at the top.

Nobody is going to object very long to-day because labour is staving its holes.

If the I. W. W. to-morrow was to begin staving its hole at the top, at the one place where a real hole can be got through; if the I. W. W. would begin making labour think and look up, would begin making labour efficient enough to take the places of the employers we now have; if it would stave up through them and make better ones, nobody would object to the I. W. W.

The moment labour, instead of butting around with its eyes shut, on the bottom, begins staving its hole at the top, staving

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its hole up through the employers, all the best and most powerful employers in the world to-day will help it.

The moment a nation, instead of butting around with its eyes shut, on the bottom of things, and in the material muck of things it wants for the moment and wants for itself, begins staving its hole at the top of the world, all the best and the most powerful nations in the world to-day will help it.

The world is quarrelling with Germany to-day because Germany has aimed her hole too low.

It is because there is too much in Germany's hole about herself. It is because it is a one-nation-sized hole in the world Germany is trying to make that she is having such a hard time in making it. And when she calms down a little and gets out from under the scared generals who have driven her into an almost insane congestion or paroxysm of self-defense and of self-interest, there is no one that will be quicker to criticise the German hole than Germany herself.

The lines of procedure upon which one nation is to get out from under other nations or upon which one class is to get out from under other classes, are implacably drawn in the modern man's vision of our coöperative, organized modern life. The nations are going to find their places in the new and better way as the classes in the nations are already finding theirs.

No one class is ever going to be able to stave a hole through this world, from this day on, if it cannot show it is doing it in the interests of all of us and in an essentially disinterested way. The class that is disinterested first is going to be believed in first. And the class that gets believed in by other classes first, will naturally be the class that looks up from its own work and from its own point of view the most, and thinks of the other classes and understands the other classes the best. The next thing labour is going to fight for is the right to think of others. The next thing each nation is going to fight for and fight with, and hold its own with, is its genius for thinking of other nations.

Even if all that nations want to-day is to get what they need

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for themselves, they will have to think of others to get it. They will have to be disinterested. They will have to study those about them and above them. They will have to look up.

As I have said before, this world is a world without any hole at the bottom except the grave.

Disinterested men and disinterested nations are going to run the world. The nations that are really interested in the world will be driven to run it. A world conducts itself like any other thing in nature, when it is being run. The people who are the most interested in a world, and who are most in the habit of noticing it and gearing their lives to it, get control of it.

Because Germany is holding her labour down the world is now trying to hold Germany down.

A nation that is professionally engaged in holding down one of its own classes, and in keeping under even its own people, cannot be trusted to be placed in the leadership of the world, and of the interests of other people besides its own.

It is as necessary for a world to be provided with leader-nations among nations as it is for a country to have leaders among men.

The nation that succeeds in giving a chance to its labouring men for a noble self-expression first will be the nation that shall be selected by all of us for the industrial, political and material and spiritual leadership of the world.

The nation that shall first develop its creative inspired millionaires or employers, that shall therefore be first in a position to command loyal, big-hearted or essentially inspired labour, shall lead the nations. It shall loom up among the thoughts of men in a hundred years—shall make itself at once the great central Market Square of the world and the Cathedral of all men's souls.

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IV

WHAT MAKES A NATION WORK

There are two gears of team-work or of We-efficiency a nation can adopt.

One is a low-gear or military gear and is based on having one set of men say what other men are for and ordering them to fit into what they are for, whether the men see it is what they are for or not.

The other is dramatic or high-gear and is based on having one set of men put themselves in the place of other men, touch their imaginations and their souls, their sense of freedom and power and let them work with a daily vision of what they are for, a daily working sense of their own personal power and their power through others, themselves.

Low-geared team-work is team-work through propelled men.

High-geared team-work, giving at least 30 per cent. better material results, is team-work through self-propelled men.

From our point of view in writing the confession of faith we propose to use with Germany, we would be obliged to find some way of expressing our friendly challenge and our grave concern as to the way, as it seems to us, she is engaged (and with no one to interrupt her or rouse her) in solemnly trifling with the fate of the world.

In our confession of faith toward Germany, in our attempt to sketch the foreground and background of our American belief, our interpretation of what we want Germany to know about us in return for what we hope to learn from her, we would be obliged to say very plainly that from our point of view Germany is making, under her present régime, for the time being, a very serious

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and threatening mistake, one which threatens her and which threatens us all. As it seems to us, Germany is trying to get a civilized state through overriding the individual. America and Henry Ford and others are trying to produce great states through the individual's developing himself.

America and Germany will try to think this matter through together.

Germany's low-gear efficiency, while it is glib and prompt, of course, is not really, as it seems to us, quite as wonderful as it looks. The low-gear efficiency Germany has chosen is a kind of efficiency that any other strong nation could have worked up in thirty years, or one generation, by beginning with babies, and by jerking people's lives around enough, if it had wanted to. Any nation that gains its unity by force would have been bound to forge ahead, for a time, of a democratic nation, like ours, which, owing to its more difficult, and its more spiritually thorough and more permanent method could hardly hope to have gained by this time its unity at all.

We shall have to find some way of expressing to Germany our theory, or hope about our being an efficient nation. As it seems to us, America is not skipping and hurrying over people's souls and holding under people's wills in getting its unity, and Germany is. American life may or may not be a higher form of life than German life. It remains to be seen. In the meantime we do know, and Germany knows, that on general principles our way could hardly be expected not to take us longer, and we want Germany and other countries to wait to reckon with us and with our way in the fullness of time, and to try how it works in the long run. In the meantime while we are modest as to the loose slow way it works at the moment, or in a violent sudden military crisis, Nature makes us hopeful. All the higher forms of life take longer to develop between conception and birth than the lower ones.

While we have to admit we have not finished off, in America, as many Henry Fords as we might, we have already made one

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point with our method. We have proved once for all to ourselves, in Ford's vast experiment station in Detroit and in a thousand smaller and less known ones, that an organization of self-propelled men can do a third more work in a day than an organization of propelled men can.

While nothing on earth apparently will persuade Henry Ford to put self-starters in the Ford car, he has put self-starters into all his men, and the result is an efficiency that America most earnestly wishes the iron-levered Prussian minds, swinging out into control of Germany to-day, would take note of in time. We think it can be shown that Prussian efficiency, based on industrial-military genius and on ordering men about and on jamming men down into their places, must result in Germany as it does in America, in hordes of plodders, that it cannot but stop short of producing the highest quality and amount of work among labouring men, and we believe that Ford efficiency, based on dramatic genius, on imagination about men, and on drawing men out, gains inevitably the most tremendous material result. The present momentary disadvantage of the rest of the world, in its huge, believing, sprawling, adolescent, hopeful, tentative inefficiency, as it stands in the presence of a magnificent and a compact Germany, is due to the fact that the rest of us had made up our minds definitely to the slow, democratic method, that the rest of us were trying for our higher-gear efficiency and had hoped and supposed that Germany was trying for it, too. We do not believe in America, that one principle of getting work out of men applies to German men and another to American men. We believe that if a soul in an American makes him do a third more work, a soul in a German would make him do a third more work. There cannot be any real difference between a soul in an American and a soul in a German. And it has seemed to us that the only way to save our souls in our modern life is to use them all day and pay for them all day.

Germany, in fitting up fifty million people to work like pumps, can naturally get her work in a finished state sooner than Amer-

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ica, fitting up ninety million people to work like springs. It always takes longer, and it takes a good deal of spiritual back-country and unused-looking territory in people, to arrange for springs, but springs once arranged for in a nation's life, instead of pumps, the national coal bill once for all is smaller and things go very still and go very strong and go with very little trying, for ever and ever.

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V

REVOLUTION AND AUTHORITY

I have been studying the appeal that the people of Germany—seventy million Germans at home—have been making from day to day these past months to the ten million Germans in America. It has seemed to have sometimes a kind of wistfulness in it. "Why did we let you go?" the Germans over the sea seem to say to the Germans wrought in with us here. "Why did we drive you away? We need you!" the seventy million seem to say to the ten million, to Carl Schurz and to the spirit of Carl Schurz, to thousands of other tremendous Americans from Germany who have been busy on this side of the sea day and night out-Americanizing America since they first came over from Germany in '45.

The same thing that happened to the Catholic Church (thanks to Germany's first and most noted American, Martin Luther) has seemed to many Americans to be happening to Martin Luther's country. It is the same policy that Germany has of appealing to authority and obedience instead of appealing to vision and will which has taken the millions of the world's most creative men in every nation and deliberately, age by age, forced them to emigrate from the Catholic Church, never to return. In every nation of our modern world we have been obliged to stand by and watch the Catholic Church being shorn of her spiritual greatness, giving up more and more her spirituality for her authority. Because she has amputated her creative men she has specialized in uncreative men, and her former prestige of spirit, of imagination, the glory of her power in the material things of the world, which the world's creative men, if she had let them

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stay with her, would have everywhere laid at her feet, have been taken away from her.

I never come out of my own little painfully modern, local, unwillingly protestant Congregational church where I go from Sunday to Sunday, and meet the Catholics pouring down the Elm Street hill, without wondering about them, wondering why they will not let me . . . why I will not do to worship with them. From week to week in other cities, everywhere, I go by and look up at their towers in the streets with grief and loneliness. I am always thinking of it with every new Catholic I meet. Why is it his church government will not let him worship with me? What is there that either of us could do or could say so that we could lay our little differences one side a minute and say a little prayer together?

Of course it seems to me that it is the Catholic Church that is wrong in not letting me pray with it. It has seemed to me that it is bad for the church and for me. The church tells me that if I insist on having my freedom I must take it outside and have it there. So I have.

I know there must be millions of Catholics who would respond to what I am feeling as I write these words. And I know there are hundreds of Catholics in high office in the government of the Catholic Church in America who are in favour of having a kind of loophole for salvation made for me and for my honest but loyal disagreement with the Church, while still formally outside its walls. It is because the American Catholic Church is wrought through with a newer, more western, more hospitable spirit toward the people around it in other folds than its own, that the Catholic Church is already more powerful in America to-day than in any of the older nations.

The other policy or the policy of more marked authority, of more severe intolerance and exclusion, which has shorn the church of its power in the older nations, and which has cut off, or turned away its creative men and its masters of the present and the future of nations, is precisely the same policy the

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German Government has adopted toward those who disagree with it, and it cannot but work out in the same way, losing to Germany the services of her men of freedom, daring, and originality and power. Under a régime of coercion, exclusion, and militarism all Germany can hope for is to narrow down more every year into a nation of tyrants and plodders. This would be as serious a loss to other nations as it would be to Germany. Germany knows this as well as America. America ought not to need to tell Germany. We only need to stand by her a little perhaps and hope, and remind her. And after her present moment of fear and madness we shall soon be watching her telling herself.

In America's confession of faith, addressed to Germany, what we would have to arrange for is first some way of challenging Germany to her best and freest self—some way of expressing our fear for her, our belief that Germany's over-discipline and over-repression is bound to make her, by a power of natural selection, send all her more creative, self-visioned, self-willed and mightier men to us. It is the amputated Germany living over here in America to-day, constituting only one tenth of our country, which has been helping us to at least three tenths of the power, the hope, the self-expression the people of America have won.

In the same way, for various degrees of the same reason, amputated Englands, Italys, and amputated Russias—the Carl Schurzes of scores of nations—deep, earnest, questioning men, the flower, the blossom and seed and hope of a hundred revolutions in Europe, have been cast upon American soil quietly, and in the sun, in the great still prairies and wide valleys, have grown up.

The slowed-down, ordered, pacified revolutions of Europe made reasonable by hope, by good-nature, by roominess in the hearts of the people are everywhere before our eyes becoming steadfast, serene and mighty daily spiritual energies in the West.

It is this sublime heritage from all nations which gives Amer-

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ica her unfathomed hopefulness, her resourcefulness, her conscious and unconscious grip on a sane and happy world. It is this heritage that can fairly be said to make America to-day, with all her faults, the nation, after all, which is most acclimated to the spiritual atmosphere of the next thousand years. It is this that makes America to-day stand forth for the first time in history, in a time like this, as at once the most buoyant and the most steadied nation on the earth.

I should think Germany would at least admit the trend of truth in what I am putting forth in this chapter as the warning, as the challenge, the confession and hope of my country toward Germany. If the ten million Germans in America were to go back to Germany all together in a body and settle down this next year, a million each in the ten chief cities of Germany, does anyone doubt what those ten cities would stand for in Germany? Or what those ten cities would do with the German Government point of view and policy that has ended in this war? What policy with regard to the personal lives of its citizens would the German Government, when it looked its ten million sudden Americanized Germans full in the face, be likely to see that it would have to carry out?

The ten million Germans who daily stand up and that I like to see standing up to defend the German Government in America, if they were in Germany would be against the government they defend or would be engaged in swiftly modifying its whole repressive policy and its whole blind, superstitious treatment of social and democratic customs and ideas.

Of course the German socialist is also blind and superstitious from our American point of view. His government crowds him to extremes. His present policy cannot work, because no tyranny will work, no matter whose it is. The German socialist is busy in getting ready one kind of repression just as the German monarchy is in getting ready another.

The only difference is who is being repressed.

It is at this point that our American Confession of Faith must

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be so expressed as to get the attention of Germany. Only the American method, in the end, will really work in Germany.

The way out is not in mutual repression, but in being mutually self-expressed.

The American method, once tried in Germany, of just putting forth a Henry Ford or so, would slowly draw Germany out of her national difficulty, would not make it necessary for Germany to take her choice, as she will have to soon, when the war is over, between having a Karl Marx on top of a Kaiser, or a Kaiser on top of Karl Marx, to subdue the country.

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VI

REVOLUTION AND LISTENING

The situations in Mexico and Germany shed light on each other.

Germany is in trouble because, instead of having her children's diseases and revolutions when she was little, which is the safest time to have them lightly, she is having them in her present case-hardened state. She is like a lobster trying to have the measles, and it makes her and all the rest of the world sick.

Mexico is more precocious. She is having her measles early and is breaking out all over with the self-assertions of her suppressed people.

The whole modern democratic world, including Russia, is pitching into Germany and trying to whip Germany because her people all do what they are told to. We seem to feel in most nations to-day that we cannot afford to have a nation next to us and in the midst of us in which the common people have not the daily habit of questioning everything and the daily power of self-expression. Government for the people must be of the people and for its final authority it must by the people, or it will be inefficient in the long run, because the people will lose their faculties and their powers of initiative.

Germany has reached the acme of team-work unity she has gained by employing force, by what might be called a comparatively wise violence, a more or less benevolent and paternal force based on the need of national self-defense. The German Government has been allowed to attain with the people a degree of authority, efficiency and unity through the fear of her people toward other nations—i. e., by military necessity. Germany has had a

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war government for fifty years. And naturally at first when a war comes off, she has the first advantage over other governments.

Every nation in Europe has made itself for fifty years a vast hotbed for giving America ideas. They spring up there a little feverishly in a moist hotness and grow closely and madly together.

And when they are transplanted over here with plenty of room in a nation with plenty of give in it, they grow up normally, soberly, rather big and far-apart, fine, hardy specimens, with wind about them, sunshine around them, good-nature and hope and ozone . . . with toleration and prairies and endless publicity and with long, thoughtful winters to cool them, they become big, quiet, and sane. The English suffragette becomes the American suffragette.

In saying that Europe is a row of vast hotbeds for American ideas, I merely mean, of course, that the ideas are Europe's ideas which Europe insists on handing over to us to carry out. They are world-ideas. They are more particularly our ideas perhaps because more ideas by more European nations have been thrown away at us probably than at any other nation.

"And the base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."

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VII

THE OVER MEEK

It is the meekness of the women of Germany which is responsible for the present tragedy of the world.

The meekness of the children of Germany (which is much more serious and dangerous for a nation) has come from the meekness of the women.

The meekness of labour, the habit of obedience to capital, of taking orders from government, can be traced for its psychological background and its constant source and renewal to the meekness of the women in Germany.

It is because the masses of the labouring men of Germany, all brought up in meek little flocks by their meek mothers, are so meek before the German Government that the German Government has been exposed to the not unreasonable fear of a world. There has had to be someone who could subdue and awe the German Government, and as its own people would not and could not, the people of other nations have felt that they would sooner or later have to be ready to do it.

By the meekness of the women of Germany, one means perhaps not so much a moral as an intellectual quality one finds in them, a curious not unhappy mechanical-mindedness. The German men seem to like it in them—their vague contentment in not initiating and in not asserting the personal characteristics and the special points of view of women, the feminine genius and insight, upon the institutions customs and government of the civilization in which they are expected to bear and bring up the children.

The present war which Germany entered into with such massive simplicity would never have been precipitated, or would at

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least have been delayed into some solution, if the German Government had not known it could make short orders work and that it could whisk seventy million people into war in a day.

It is because the German people, as compared with the people in other nations, could not ask questions and demand explanations, could not have a French Revolution, and because they naturally believe in authority and obedience, that all Europe has been plunged into war—to help Germany have her French Revolution.

If one goes below the surface at all in judging and estimating a people, the first thing one always strikes which is of final and determining importance in a civilization is the type of woman the men in it like.

To say that the German man as a rule does not seem to notice or to care whether a woman is interesting more than a minute at a time, to say that he apparently prefers to be bored and obeyed, may sound at first thought like a dinner-table remark but it is at bottom a political truth and uncovers the whole spiritual secret of the loneliness of the German mind in the modern world.

No one can be thorough with a nation and slur over one entire half of it and slip gracefully past all the people in one sex. The amazing tractableness of the German people, which has made Germany one of the sudden problems and anxieties of the world, if we trace it to its deep, unconscious, elemental, psychological source in the daily life, in the blood and the milk of the people, will be found to lie in the daily habit the German wife has of monotonously, unquestioningly obeying her husband and bringing up all her little tow-headed men-children and all her little round fair girls with braids down their backs, to obey without thinking, to take naturally to authority in people, to take to a kind of protecting, brooding haughtiness in a government, as to mother's milk.

I have heard a good deal of blame cast on Nietzsche and upon Nietzsche's superman for the crisis in Germany, but it seems to me that it can be proved that what Germany is suffering from today is not so much the superman as the overmale.

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The lack of the touch of the woman in the ideals and the customs and the institutions of the country has resulted in an overspecialization of intellectuality and machinery in German culture and life.

In most countries the duel has become practically impossible. And, if Germany had been personalized and humanized as other nations have been by the ideals and by the wills of its women, it would have long ago become impossible in Germany. The greatest tragedy of modern times turns on the fact that a great nation has subordinated the humanities because its women are not educated, are not considered worthy of education, and have had no practical effect on the culture, the motives and the political thinking of the men.

From our American point of view there is one important feeling about Germany which our American women, and American men, too, will have to be sure to find a way to express in our American confession of faith toward Germany. From the point of view of our strange young bold civilization, nine German women out of ten are living the lives of children toward the men of the house. And the reason that nine German men out of ten, until they die, live the lives of children toward the state and toward their employers is that they have been borne by tractable mothers who have trained them all their lives into not asking questions and into doing what they are told, and that naturally they have never thought, since they were weaned, of doing anything else. As a matter of fact, as it looks in a country like America, German men are never (for all practical purposes) weaned at all. The tragedy Germany has thrust upon the world to-day is that politically and spiritually Germany is a nation of government-tamed and government-domesticated men. The rest of the world, which has been floundering, questioning and thinking, has looked on for fifty years and watched with awe the vast German spectacle before the world—of forty million full-grown men standing up full height all their lives and sucking the breasts of the Government.

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The world is afraid to-day of the German Government and is fighting the German Government because a government that does not represent the emotions, desires and the wills of the people, which does not listen to the voices and temperaments of the women and children, a government which is getting to be merely a vast, cold, mechanical steel Udder covering half of Europe, has placed itself where it threatens the liberties of all nations, the grown men and free women and the expressed children of all our modern world.

This has all come to pass because of the meekness of the women of Germany, because the base of the social pyramid, the broad mass of the mothers of the middle and lower classes, according to the ideals of the men and the policy of the government, has been deliberately allowed and deliberately compelled to sog down into a material contentment, into a rut of breeding, mending clothes, cooking, silence, and hoeing in the fields.

When I think of Germany, I think of seven million men lying obediently in trenches, marching to death in a war in which they were never asked.

I think that their mothers did it.

I think of the mothers of eleven other nations whose sons are fighting these mothers' sons, and I find that daily (I cannot help it!)—my soul takes sides—I love the free mothers more. I look at my own mother, I look at my wife, I look at my daughter, I look at my country, and pray for my world, and in my heart, in this sublime struggle of the sons of the mothers of all peoples for the fate of the world, I cannot help (God forgive me!) praying for the free mothers more, praying for the sons of the free mothers more!

. . . . . .

The war is the struggle of the nations to get one another's attention to what they want. The nations fight because they cannot get or think they cannot get one another to listen.

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America sides at heart against the nations in which listening is harder to get.

Other things being equal, the nation in which attention and the habit of getting, receiving and exchanging attention is most developed is the one which is most apt to be right.

America in looking forward for itself and for the world is going to take sides as a matter of course with the peoples with whom she most belongs and with whom she can exchange the most mutual attention.

The reason we are largely obliged to side at heart against Germany is that Germany is a nation in which attention has less free play, and therefore smaller possibilities of valuable and important exchange than in other countries.

The German people have not got the attention of their government because one whole half of the German race has never really noticed the other half. The women of Germany, in distinction from the women of France, England and America, have not got the attention or swayed the habits or the ideas of the men with their ideas and habits, touched their imaginations and modified envisioned and quickened their lives.

When the greatest nation is past and thousands of years have rolled away, and people have seen the nation in perspective and culled the lesson of its mightiest days, of its great sons, of its arts, of its inventions and geniuses, its songs and creeds and prayers, some new, strange, happy nation will build a great cathedral where the dead nation was, as a memorial to its mighty days, to its great delights, and to its wonder upon the earth. And over the broad front of the cathedral in vast letters that shall be spelled from afar shall be these words:

TO THE
NATION THAT LISTENED
TO ITS WOMEN

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VIII

THE UNDER MEEK

I would not have anyone suppose, from this chapter, that I could fairly be put down and pigeonholed among my country's various products as one of these numerous, vague, shimmering attendant males one is always seeing at suffrage and other meetings—men who put themselves down as lovers and champions of the New Woman.

It is because I am so very far from being a faithful lover of the New Woman that I have thought that possibly my testimony, ground out of me by the crisis of the war of a world, might be of some slight service.

I am not a flutterer about the Strong Minded Lady.

I am testifying from out of the depths of a still left-over prejudice which I contracted years ago when, one summer, having been duly urged, I let myself in a kind of polite unwillingness, be carried about to what I see now must have been a series of rather old-fashioned and feverish suffrage meetings. It seems to have been the small busy masculine auxiliary that hovered about the speakers at that time—a certain type of man everybody knows—a kind of male sub-suffragette, steeped in the souls of women, a pale eager reflection of brawny-minded females, and everything he said or did hardened my heart and made suffrage look threatening.

Of course there was the New Woman, too. I do not deny that there is and would have to be, in many cases, much that is temporarily unlovely in the New Woman. Even now I cannot deny I would rather keep out of the way of one awhile, or at least un-

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til she is a little more finished or until she gets over her pent-up stage.

But my conversion is now complete. I am a suffragist if only because I cannot bear having to live in a world where pent-up women may be any minute hovering about. I have even come to look upon the New Woman's liberty to be unlovely if she likes, as one of the rights not of the women, but of the innumerable men—men who have a right to live in a ventilated world. Most of us find it better to live in a world with women-ventilators in it.

Of course I stood out theoretically for a long time for the idea that charm ought to be put first even in liberty, even if only as liberty's most efficient instrument, but at last I have come to see I am living in a nobly awkward transition age, and when I find I am being exposed to a New Woman, my idea is just at present to stand by (at a safe distance, as one would with a volcano), watch her erupt hopefully and wait. We ought to try to look upon her philosophically and as one of the vents of the world.

In this country the New Woman seems to have to be provided for us or pierced through us, the way an Upton Sinclair is, or an I. W. W., or the way a Mr. Bryan is, as a measure of national precaution, not so much for what she does for us as what her being allowed to be a New Woman does for her. I always get on with a New Woman when I see her, very well indeed (a few minutes), when I think of her as coming under the head of Safety First. I try to think while she holds me close to her Idea, while she throws over me the lava of her wise discourse, what she is for, and of how her works go inside, and of how it relieves her and of how she lets out a country. There is at least some give in the country, thank God—and we are safe!

With this introduction I may perhaps be allowed to dwell for a moment longer on the economic, social, national and international complications that can be proved to be involved in the position a nation accords its women.

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IX

THE OVER MALE

The country on this planet where the men and the women can feel and say We together, where the men and women can be truly said in some rare degree to be able to transfuse and transpose each other's points of view and each other's moods, and evolve, fertilize and multiply each other's characteristic ideas, insights and powers, can hardly keep from becoming as a matter of course, in a team-work or We age, the leader of all nations.

Before nations can say We together, the men and women in them must. People have to have some headway in getting on with those who are different from them in small lots or one by one at home, before they can hope to get on with those who are different from them seventy million at a time in large bulks called nations three thousand miles away.

The defect in the German culture, which has led to the wholesale inefficiency Germany has shown in getting on with other races, in winning people and territory and governing colonies and in getting people to want to do things for her and do things with her, if it is traced back to its psychological source in German life, will be found to have originated and to have been renewed generation after generation by the over-specialized maleness and over-specialized femaleness of the people.

I cannot help thinking what would happen if all the men and women of Germany would be so good to-morrow morning as to stand up in line for twenty-four hours and let one big slow wave or shudder of how other people feel about them pass over them.

Of course we would have to let the wave swing back the other way the next morning toward us.

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Then we would begin to have something to begin with for working out peacefully the peace of the world. History is not made by the facts about nations. It is made by the working impressions people have of the facts. I do not wish to put forward the things I am saying in these paragraphs as facts about Germany. I put them forward as working impressions with which Germany and the rest of us will practically have to deal.

The reason that France, almost without the shot of a gun, has won over and made practically her own over three fifths of the people, three fourths of the territory in Africa, and that Germany has barely been able to edge in her way with foreign peoples anywhere, is that in France women, until the day of their death, are (even when they are married) companionable with the men, are equal partners in business, equal sharers in the practical, intellectual and cultural lives of the men; and in Germany the woman lives in one complete world by herself under the same roof, and the man lives in another. It is because in France the woman, even of the humbler classes, is, comparatively speaking, a partner of her husband's whole life, that the Frenchman has become so shrewd and intuitive in seeing through people and making the most of people, and it is because in Germany the German woman does not share her husband's whole life and is regarded, as far as the whole reach of his larger life is concerned, as a kind of superior prinked-up servant or as a kind of a biological valet, that the typical German statesman has been shorn of the intuitive genius and clairvoyant habit of the feminine mind, and falls back quite naturally on his idea that things can only be got out of people by force. It is because the French woman goes downtown with her husband, keeps store with him, and keeps her hand in all he thinks, puts her point of view and her cross-fertilization in all he says and does or has, her fellowship in all his play and work, that the Frenchman, being daily and intimately accustomed to be enriched and modified and raised to an n^{th} power by the daily appropriations of the point of view of those who are very different from him, has become the

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world's master in gracious diplomacy, in adroitness and many-sidedness, in flexible purposefulness, patience and skill in getting on with people who differ with him in other races, a master in getting them to desire, if they possibly can, to let him have what he wants.

And what is true of diplomacy is still more true of invention. It is because in France men and women make each other think, stimulate each other's minds and cross-fertilize at a thousand points each other's daily life, that the French have been so brilliantly inventive. Nearly all the important inventions in all countries have been things that men have thought of to save women from drudgery. The women would not have thought of them for themselves, but they have made the men think of them for them. Living closely and understandingly in daily touch with what is going on in the minds and hearts of women, men see double and do twice where otherwise it would have been once. What is threatening Germany and making Germany for the moment a kind of threat at the world can quite largely be shown to be, I believe, this curious headlong over-specialization of sex in thought. One seems to be always seeing Germany as two main conduits or tunnels of living. One sees the women trudging along alone, day after day, in the Female Tunnel, with its small skylights in it, and one sees the men living along day after day in the Male Tunnel, with its big skylights in it. . . . Then there is a third very small or bedroom tunnel.

The plodding nature and mechanicalness of the German mind is due to the fact that one entire half of the German population, which might be engaged in quickening German men's minds, does not have anything to do with German men's minds at all. A stodgy, monotonous, headlong maleness, having once thus got possession of the institutions of the country, has been running it for fifty years all in one direction. The voice of Germany in our modern world has come to be a vast fog-horn of masculinity, mooing now at one nation and now at another nation what Germany wants, and we all stand by watching Germany from

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day to day and from year to year just sawing away on the world with one broad, flat, lonely self-assertion after the other. The result is that Germany has become, or seemed to become, in the world to-day, of all nations the nation without nerves, the nation without ears, without breasts—a splendid, man-invented iron machine of a country which, with its meek women huddled behind it, has lifted up its huge, one-sexed, onesided will upon the earth to roar down, to outdistance, to run down and override all other civilizations in the world.

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X

WHAT MIGHT BE ASKED OF AMERICA

I have written this chapter because I have wanted to gather up and express and put where it could be seen by the Germans and by all of us the actual feeling, superstition, or conception that hundreds of millions of people in our modern world have of German culture and of what Germany stands for and proposes to do with the world.

This idea of what Germany is like may be true or it may not be true. If it is true, it is important to the Germans to think it over and to proceed in the way they think best to make it untrue. If it is false, it is important to Germany, and especially is it important to us, to know that it is false and gloriously take it back.

The strategic point in the situation for America and for us all to consider to-day is that Germany has had to have hurled upon her, from the outside world, all day and all night for more than a year, an army of ten million men, and that she has had to provide another army of seven million men of her own because there are hundreds of millions of men and women in all nations of the earth who do not propose to live and would rather die than live in the world to-day if a nation of men and women with a culture like the German culture can get control of it and dictate terms to it. Is Germany a nation who says: "France must be so completely crushed that she can never cross our path again?" Is Germany a nation which says: "We must leave the people of a conquered country nothing but their eyes to weep with." Or is she not?

This question is a question that can only be dealt with by advertising.

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If Germany can make out a good case, as she probably can, of not being in control of mere soldiers and of not being guilty as a nation of the mere male twaddle and national self-caricature I have just quoted from German papers, America wants to spend millions of dollars in telling her own people, in telling England and France that this idea of Germany is false; and millions of dollars in pointing out for Germany what Germany is really like.

The best course of self-defense for Germany to take in the world, and the best promise she can make for peace, will be for her to be frank with America, make a clean breast of good and of ill to America, and then let America advertise to the world Germany as she really is and as she really proposes to be.

This is why I have stated as I have, with its full force, the world-conception of Germany which Germany and America together, in Germany's behalf, and in the world's behalf, must coöperate to contradict.

From a purely economic or even military point of view the cheapest and quickest thing that Germany could do to-day to get her way with the world would be to be humble, to confess that a part of her people, for a part of their time, have been stupendously wrong. She would then proceed to satisfy us that the overmale elements in German life which have done so much to justify the feeling the nations have, are now being put out of power on every hand in German life and affairs. We want to be shown that they are the elements Germany has decided are not going to be allowed to threaten Germany or threaten the rest of the world any longer.

This is the only thing left to Germany to do to keep from committing suicide, even with her success (if she is so unhappy as to have it).

America's ability to help turns on what Germany does next.

The larger measure of proud, self-contained, steadied humility, of confession and enlightenment about herself America is able to prove to the nations that Germany has, the easier is it going to

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be for America to advertise a Germany which a whole world will be proud of, sit at the feet of and forgive.

If Germany, on the other hand, given over to the spirit of pride and conquest, proceeds to exacting huge indemnities or to annexing Belgium and France, she will be the kind of Germany America has stood out against believing she was.

America's advertising among her own people and among the people of other nations will then have to be devoted to making enemies for Germany, to save a world. It will be America's only way to release or help release the people of Germany and the people of all other nations from the mad stupidity of armies, from the dominion of force and from the over-specialization, the dehumanization, the machine-energy, the machine-wittedness of the overmale mind.

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XI

WHAT MIGHT BE ASKED OF GERMANY

There is another count against Germany besides the overmale mind which America and Germany would need to thresh out together before America will be in a position to help interpret and help advertise Germany as she is to the American people and to the world. It is the idea of self-defense for which Germany seems to stand.

The whole subject of national defense as we see it in America turns in the long run on a nation's ability to deal in human nature as an art-form. The Prussian-German has got the attention and secured the leadership of the rest of the Germans by using means which we are obliged to admit are apparently very successful with German human nature.

The Prussian thinks that because he can get absolute sway over the minds and hearts and energies of Germans by ordering them about and by the daily use in all planes of society, of the habit of authority and obedience—by the use of the tone of superior position, superior power, by using knowledge backed up by superior force—that the same general tone of authority and superiority and force that for the time being seems to be so impressive and practical in dealing with German human nature, will work equally well in dealing with human nature in other nations. As a matter of fact, the ultimatum method, the habit of delivering ultimatums, which works to a charm with German human nature, apparently works precisely the other way round with Belgium and England and France and (as anybody can see)—with human nature in all the other nations.

The chief characteristics of the German Kultur, in distinction

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from others, is that it has the tone of authority in distinction from the tone of research and comparison. What the world is fighting to-day is the tone of a German with his wife and with his sons. All self-expression in Germany is up and down. Horizontal expression, or speaking across or speaking with, does not, except sporadically, exist in Germany.

In its best as well as its worst aspects Germany is a civilization of fathers and sons. In America, England, and France, civilization is essentially a civilization of brothers.

This is what the war is about. Is it or is it not better for the world at large that men shall get what they want out of one another by dealing with one another as if we were in a system of brothers or as if we were in a system of babies and papas?

It is natural for Germany, of course, to keep right on in this hopeful, thoughtless way being a Fatherland to all other nations, and offering to be a father to everybody. But in the world at large, except for a year or so, or for a few minutes at a time, fathers have practically gone by, even in our own private houses, and the whole tone of life between generations, between classes, in the world at large is one of speaking across, of saying We, of being identified in a mutual expression to which each contributes an element and to which each contributes a measure of the final authority. In France and America children every day before everybody's eyes can be seen changing their fathers' minds and contributing to their fathers' mental points of view, providing pleasures and expectations for fathers that fathers who took a tone of authority would never get a chance to have.

Fathers budge in England more slowly, but they budge.

In France, mothers are so identified with children that fathers budge more, and the creative imagination, the eternal youth, the initiative and boldness and brilliance of the French imagination in distinction from the German, is largely due to the fact that the French nation puts forward, encourages and treats as equals its women and children, and the German does not.

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We wish—millions of us in America, that something could be done to get Germany (in exchange for our listening to her) to listen to us about this.

It is (now that the war is on) one of the things the war is about.

It is one of the finest and noblest aspects of the German character that has led to its thus being comparatively unmodern and undemocratic in its intimate psychology and in the subconscious assumption of the German mind.

The reason that Germany has held out longer for the tone of authority and obedience than other nations is that in Germany authority is and has been more kindly and beneficial, more shrewdly serviceable, and has been held together by bigger, more generous motives, and has been able to have more consummate abilities, in more individualized people, than Authority less habitually patriotic, less habitually loyal, affectionate, big-hearted than the German, has been able to retain in other countries.

It is because in Germany the tone of authority has been abused less and because it has been kindly, fatherly, far-sighted, rarely wise, rich in sympathy, that it has held on so long.

History turns for a thousand years on whether or not the German interpretation of human nature is right, or that of the rest of the world.

One would be first inclined to say that the German interpretation is right for Germany if she wants it and can make it work. Then one remembers why we are all spending fifty million dollars a day on murder.

Why is it? It is because Germany cannot discipline her fathers, because Germany cannot or will not put her Kaiser in his place, because Germany has nursed and coddled and petted him into being a man who regards all others as his children, and who would rather stave a hole in the planet or blow up a world than not have his way.

With sorrow and heavy-heartedness the rest of the world is

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fighting for the right not to be the Kaiser's children. We want to be his brothers.

. . . . . .

I have dwelt on this point a little because I wish to show that it is the supreme inefficiency of the German Government—the inefficiency that goes with all soldiers' governments—to understand human nature, to deal with human nature, and to take human nature seriously as an art-form which has plunged the world into war.

Entirely aside from the matter of dates and of who began, the fundamental fact remains that Germany got Belgian human nature wrong, because she was not informed how intractable human nature was outside of Germany.

It is because Germany has judged the world by herself that we have been obliged to spend our fifty million dollars a day.

This war is a human-nature problem and nothing but a human-nature problem, and the first nation that makes itself skilled and ready to deal with human nature all the world over as human nature really is and as human nature really works and can be made to work, the first nation that studies and masters the art of getting the attention, mastering the imagination of the peoples of other nations, will be gladly proclaimed as the leading nation by all the leading nations of the world.

I do not claim that this is true of the United States.

But anything which can be said or be done to make it true will at least be, as far as it goes, as good for other nations as it is for us. No one is going to interfere with or be jealous of America's being great if it is seen becoming great by understanding, by loving and serving other nations.

We say Godspeed to them all. And nothing would suit us better, if it can, than to have some other come in first. Whichever comes in first will help us or help somebody else to come in second, and the second will help the third.

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XII

THE ART OF INTERNATIONAL CONFESSION

I have tried to suggest one or two points of view which German and American national confessions could take up together. A very strong German confession or frank view of our precisely opposite failings in America would do us incalculable good and afford basis for amazing mutual comparison in the same spirit.

But nothing will avail either nation in the way of personal self-defense but mutual listening and mutual candour and confession.

National "preparedness" prepares enemies. National confession prepares friends.

It is the only method of self-defense that adapts itself to the spirit and the national methods and the innate assumptions of our modern life.

When Germany stole into France in days of peace and built gun-foundations and forts disguised as hotels, by that one act of consummate treachery to modern life and to the spirit of modern institutions she has exposed herself to the suspicion, hate and organized defiance of a hundred nations for a hundred years.

The more efficient Germany's hate has been, the more scientific and thorough her spy system and her distrust of her brother nations, the more she has heaped them up against her.

How can America help Germany to contradict this hate and suspicion? The way for America to defend herself from Germany is to help her on her hate-problem.

If America at this late date does not break away from the

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other nations and deny that the present régime in Germany represents the true Germany, and deny that the German spy system is a true expression of the German people, America will miss the most stupendous and strategic use of her power, in behalf of a whole world, that any nation in a great crisis of history has ever had. America is the only nation in a position to make a stand for Germany and to stand out for German human nature by saying we are not afraid of her in spite of all, and that we refuse to arm against her. From the point of view of national and social psychology and common sense the one practical thing for America to do in self-defense is to appeal to the German people against themselves, and in this hour of the loneliness and fear of all nations, be forever remembered for it. This is best done by a statement in a masterful national Confession of Faith, addressed to the imagination of the German people, which in the form of literature and in the substance of religion expresses the soul of America to the soul of Germany. This statement after it has been written by the nation's experts, geniuses in expressing great ideas, and submitted to the American people, and after it has been duly approved and duly issued, and after it has been duly advertised by the nation's experts in attracting the attention of others, shall then be duly dramatized by the buying and selling and the daily actions of ninety million people.

This is as definite a campaign, with as thorough a scientific basis, as big a financial backing, and with as definite and up-to-date a technique, as any humdrum general or admiral morally and intellectually mooning around in the last century, without a single ray of light in his mind as to what the modern world is really like, will ever worry us into with an army or navy.

. . . . . .

I do not find myself quite in accord with the apparent position of the people in the Middle States. For the most part so far as they are against large armament they are merely fighting in a

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negative way. They are merely not interested in it. It has seemed to me that the way for the Middle States and all the rest of us to fight extreme preparedness, so-called, is not to say we do not need it, but to propose a substitute for half the money which will work twice as well.

We will propose an army of ninety million men to which we will all belong, and initiate a definite campaign in which we all offer ourselves, our lives and our business to defend the country from the fear, the evil, the hate and suspicion in the world.

While declining to get ready to shoulder guns against Germany would be possibly the clearest and best preliminary statement of our good-will and our fearlessness toward her, and would be our most practical first step, we can only make it work by following it up with an enormous, unanimous campaign of mutual understanding and mutual self-expression and mutual action, in which all our people are seen coöperating.

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XIII

THE END OF A MILLION BABY WAR

There is a chance for America to coöperate almost at once at the close of the war. Germany wants more room. If she adopts with America and other nations a system of defense by international advertising and by mutual confession, why should not the American people favour Germany's having more room and being trusted to have more room?

A million new children every year appear in Germany.

They look up in the faces of their fathers and mothers and smile and say, "What are you going to do with us?"

The fathers and mothers in the houses and factories and streets and in the shops and country fields go about wondering. They do not know what to say.

Nearly every day the million new babies smile and look up in the faces of their fathers and mothers and say it again.

In another short year a million more look up and smile and say—they say it all through Germany to the fathers and to the mothers, "What are you going to do with us?"

To an American it would seem simple enough. Ten million uncles and aunts and nephews on farms and in stores and in factories all the way from Ellis Island to Seattle would write letters and say it is fine over here, and send money orders.

If you are a German father or mother and find yourself looking into the inquiring face of say the nine hundred and sixty-eighth thousand three hundred and sixty-seventh surplus German baby—if you find yourself looking into the face of No. 968367 Extra, which the German Government does not know where to put or really see any use for . . . why should

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you worry so long as there is a great roomy country like the United States looking out for him and waiting for him? Why should anyone, even his own father and mother, worry about No. 968367?

Let him laugh and cry and gurgle and tumble and sleep. There is room somewhere for him, and if not, he has got it in him—anybody can see it as he laughs and kicks to make room for himself. He began by making room in one house well enough and he will keep it up on the planet.

This is the way an American would think of it and would put it to the German father and mother.

At least I would—yesterday.

But this morning as I sat in the train and watched Ohio and Indiana slip past through the window, and looked at the great barns and yellow harvests of the farmers and thought of the fields of battle and of the Germans and the French, I found myself thinking of the Germans in a new way.

I had been spending a couple of days with a man I had known merely as the head of a great business which has dotted Russia, China, France and Germany and the fields of the world with its machines. I had never seen him with his family about him before.

The little four-year-old child who ran in and climbed upon him spoke to him in German. As his wife was an American, and as he certainly was an American and had always had a tremendous interest in American political parties, personalities and programs, and had taken no small share in the most utterly and typically American movement in politics that this country has ever known, and as I had looked upon him as one of the masters and interpreters of all that is best in our American life, I was puzzled to see him talking with the child in his arms as if they had just moved over from Germany a year or so ago

I then remembered that the main ideas he had stood for and had made his career out of were ideas he had seized upon and seen the American bearings of while studying in a German university.

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It came out a little later that he had quarrelled with his parents and his teachers in boyhood and had run away from an American school to Germany. He had turned the whole thing around, and as the German boy or the French boy runs away to a new country, he had run away to an old one. This was the secret of his power. His children are being taught German and are speaking it in the family while growing up, because they will have English anyway, and he wants his children to get as much out of German civilization to use in America as he had got out of it and used in America. He wants the German virtues wrought in, while they are growing up, with their American virtues. Of course if there is one thing in all the world that would be becoming to our American virtues it would be to have a few German ones mixed in with them. Even if the German virtues are bad for the Germans, they are good for us.

The best way to do in getting a German virtue is to get it where it is made. It cannot be taught or read. It must be breathed. One gets it best by being surrounded with thousands of people who have it and who do not even know they have it.

As I came away from my friend's house I kept thinking. I saw how he had made a career out of the German habits of mind he had caught as a boy, out of the thoroughness and honesty of his thought, out of his spiritual persistence, and above all out of that sense of soundness and well-being which he conveyed in everything he did. Then suddenly and without anything being said about it, it came over me how a German father might feel, possibly, with a new German baby Germany had no room for, looking him in the eyes and saying: "What are you going to do with me?"

When the fathers and mothers of a great people stand on the edge of a nation and see a million children a year being pushed off into the sea to be floated off and breathed into by strange civilizations, to have their lives seized by other ideals and caught away by other enthusiasms, one sees or suspects one sees what the Germans are really fighting for.

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They are fighting for the right to keep on being Germans.

They are fighting for the habits of their minds and bodies. They do not want to be isolated one at a time and set in totally different human climates. All the peoples have their faults, and looking into a baby's face that you must send away and thinking that he may come home to you some day a sleek Frenchman, a respectable Englishman, or a glib American is not a happy experience.

How would we feel ourselves?

I am not saying that this point of view justifies the war. Germans have certainly taken the wrong way to tell us about their million babies a year, but the idea they are trying to get into us, some of them, is a right and human idea.

The world has got to provide for those million babies. They are ours as well as Germany's. And we are going to help Germany to arrange for some ground on the earth—her own room—on which to do it when our attention is really got to it.

She is making a desperately clumsy business of getting our attention to her million babies, but for my own part any nation that knows enough or is buoyant enough to have a million more babies a year than the older, tireder, or may I say more spinsterish and maiden-aunt nations would want, has got to be listened to.

When one thinks of it, a million surplus babies in a nation is about as neat a compliment to this planet and about as noble an appeal to the chivalry of the world as anybody could hope for from any nation.

Anyway, there is something about it—about that million extra babies, which if the Germans will ever stop fighting us long enough to let us think, will yet reach all people, and make us act and think like men and women again, like fathers and mothers again.

After the roar and darkness and bitterness the Kings and Ministers at last shall let the little children speak, and the nations will be gentle in their hearts.

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There is not a nation of us nor a man of us all that can take one real good square look, even in a shop window, at a pair of baby shoes, and not think fair and straight.

. . . . . .

The nations are afraid to let Germany have more room because they believe certain things are true about her which either are or are not true. If they are true, Germany can undertake to change these things, and America will help advertise that she has changed them. If they are not true, America will help advertise that they are lies. In any event, the only practical way to determine whether Germany should or should not be trusted with more room is through international confession and international advertising.

If Germany will advertise for more room in the world in a way in which America can join, America is waiting to help her.

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XIV

A LITTLE DOORWAY OF PEACE

The reason people want increased armament is that they must have preparedness of some sort and have it at once, and that no adequate substitute for increased armament has been placed before them.

I am placing before the people in this book my substitute for greatly increased armament—a stupendous campaign of unarmed advertising in nations we are afraid of and that are afraid of us—an Understanding Army for national defense instead of a standing army.

If the people of America, as events prove, after this book has been out, turn the book down, and at every point stupendously contradict it, I am as much in favour of having the largest navy in the world as anyone. I should probably want a larger one than the President. It would take a good many guns to defend a people as scared as we are, a people who have shown point-blank that they are afraid of their own brains and afraid even of themselves and power to express themselves.

If this is true about us, I say for one the more guns, the better.

If I find I am really living my life out in the daily presence of a great unanimously scared people like this, I shall be more scared than any of them.

After the proposition in this book has been before the people for a reasonable time one of three things will happen: Either the people will satisfy our President that they have the brains and the nerve to carry through a policy of self-defense by self-expression, a policy of putting up a big fight of under-

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standing and being understood, or the President will satisfy the people that they have, or I will have revealed to me that my people are a dumb gunny-witted scared people, that they have no sublime wilful national self-assertion of their own which they can masterfully express to other nations, and that dynamite lyddite and poisonous gases and sneaking submarines can only express them.

I am not launching forth in this book a program of defense for people in general, no matter what the people are like. It is because my program of sublime will to be understood, my program of advertising, is like America and goes with American men and goes with American gifts and American ways and means of action, that I have felt that it could not but be in our hands an arresting, convincing, and stupendous engineering feat in a nation's being believed.

If my program does not go with the American people, and if the people will say it does not, I shall promptly take my stand against it. And after this book has been before the people and the people have answered back and have given me a real showing of how afraid they are, one single proof of their terror over trying to express themselves to other nations like human beings, I shall favour a larger armament than the President or anyone has stood for yet.

On the other hand, if, after my substitute for national defense has been fairly placed before the people and before Congress, the people shall say "Amen" to it, the President will find himself by the sudden self-revelation of what Americans are really like the President of a new people capable of carrying on a new policy. He will find himself President of a people with expressed wills, with released faiths, a nation touched with a high, quiet imagination about itself and about the world, a nation in which every man shall believe his own heart, and ninety million men—still, calm, fresh, rested western men at last with love and fearlessness and common sense shall subdue and win the nations of the earth.

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Of course, when the President finds himself the President of a new, or apparently new people, of a people that has found itself and expressed itself and that has poured out its new will upon the earth, he will be in a position to carry out a program of self-defense that is as new as the people.

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ACT III

FOREGROUNDS AND BACKGROUNDS OF AMERICAN BELIEF

You and I Street
The Land of They and It
The We Country
What Being a Neutral Is Like
What Being a Neutral Is Not Like

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LOOK I

YOU AND I STREET

I

THE FEELING OF BEING A DOG

THIS chapter consists of a few thoughts about dogs. Thought I. Anybody a dog does not feel identified with he hates. This, of course, results in his having to have two sets of principles. He has one set of principles he keeps for use in the streets and another set for his own yard. He has a looser ideal for the streets. Streets, he argues, cannot be helped. Other dogs and other dogs' masters have to be allowed on them. He makes discreet exceptions here and there, but this is his general idea.

Thought II. The difference between me and my dog at any given minute as we stand together, say in the middle of my driveway in my yard, is that he is a patriot and that I am not. The moment anybody appears in my yard without a ticket for my yard, Tomtom barks. He demands a pass. He assumes that there is always something the matter with people who come into my yard, or rather his yard, or rather, as one should say, our yard, without an introduction. I assume that nothing is the matter with people until they have proved it. Tomtom thinks that this is superficial in me. He never can get used to it.

Thought III. When I sat down to write these few tentative thoughts about me and my dog—or rather my dog and me—my general notion was that I would proceed to show, in spite of the

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compact that is forever sealed between us, how different we were, and how superior on the whole I was, or am. I was going to go on quietly from this to point out, in order to help clear up a little our current muddleheadedness about war, that what makes me different from my dog, and on the whole, if I must say it, superior to him, is that I have outgrown being a patriot and fighting for my own yard, and he has not. But I have come up against difficulties. It has just come over me, while I write, as I have looked down on him lying on his big red pillow at my side, asleep in the sun (he has stirred now and looked up to see if I am not through yet with this confounded yellow paper I am always fooling with up in my lap, to see if I am not ready for our regular morning run)—well, as I was going to say, as I look at him lying there full of trust and sleep before me and before my life, I take it all back. I am not different from him or superior to him. It is all an illusion, as it always is about my being superior to him or to anybody. (I know this in my bones, but I do keep forgetting on the outside not to be superior, or not to have superior spells.) Now here is the truth: the only difference between me and my dog, between Tomtom's patriotism and mine, is in the size of our yards. He says our yard goes out to the street and to the end of the barberry hedge, and I say it reaches up High Street and goes around the world.

Thought IV. What I am trying to do in writing this book is just what Tomtom is trying to do. I am merely trying to defend my yard as well as he defends his. We are one at heart.

He has just waked up this minute, put his forepaws on my knees and looked in my eyes and reminded me about this.

And now he has turned back with that old, wistful, hurt, resigned look and is trying his other side and is settling down to waiting for me again.

(We could not stand it any longer and went out.)

Thought V. (As we ran along together down the hill.) Everything is in the size of the yard. All of us are alike.

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II

THE FEELING OF BEING A FOREIGNER

When people quarrel and look back on the quarrel afterward, they are apt to be quite reasonable and clear-headed as to how it happened. They very often find themselves having a new, fresh, and not altogether unhappy clear-headedness about themselves. All that had really happened to them was a violent or rheumatic twist or bend in their perspective. For some reason and in some mysterious way our small differences with people get shoved in front of our large resemblances to them, and we find ourselves with a great crowd of sudden immense-little things looming up between us which the next morning or the next week in the calmest and most bewildering way become as little as ever.

There are certain types, temperaments and national traits that human beings seem to have to come in, and there is hardly a man of us all who has not every now and then a curious, almost abysmal sense of difference with certain persons and certain kinds of people.

It is not a thing that one's reason seems to have anything to do with. It is something akin to a superstition at the bottom of a quarrel. It is a kind of superstitious sense of distance that takes hold of one. There is the foolish way many of us feel about the Chinese, for instance. Ever since I was a boy I have lived with an immense hot chunk of earth eight thousand miles through and all melted and boiling in the middle, between me and my Chinese brothers. Every now and then, as I remember, a few of them have wandered vaguely around the edges of it and across a little low bench or counter they have peered over

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into my life. All the unimportant little things about them ever since I was a little child—their wide eyes and pigtails, their untucked-in shirts, and their vague and floppy feet—have loomed up in my imagination, and I have never had any real, solid knowledge of them or any real conversation or dealings with them beyond "Done Thursday night, please," or "Yes" and "No," and little ripped-out pieces of paper.

The result is that I find myself looking at them, in spite of myself, furtively and as if they were a different order or kind of being from Americans. And this feeling we have about the Chinese or about any people who for some reason have come to seem even temporarily of a different order from us is a not unfair illustration of the moral basis and working basis of all wars and quarrels. Very kind and reasonable people the moment they once get it fixed in their minds that the people they are dealing with belong practically to a separate or private human race, and are not like the rest of us, become brutal and heartless with them. Only the other day I was struggling with this unreasoning sense of distance in people.

I sat in the car all the way up Mount Tom with a Chinaman just across the aisle. He sat with his face turned toward me a little, and when I got out, he was still there sitting with the same set far-away look, as if he were eternally going to Holyoke.

When I sit opposite a Chinese face I always keep wondering about it. There seems to be something about the way the Chinese are made. The face on a Chinaman always looks like an afterthought. It's as if, after the man was all done, his head, his trunk and legs and the rest, a face, just at the last moment, had been put on to know him by, more or less as a last resort and as a concession to other people. It is a rather utilitarian thing at best—a Chinese face is. And economical, too: just a slight tracery or indication of features in it, little marks or symbols, one side of the skull taken as it were and finished off a little differently, for what must always seem, to me at least, when I look gravely into it, some unknown purpose. The pur-

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pose is deep probably, and I know in a general way that there must be something I do not understand; and of course I am speaking of Chinamen not as they are, but as they seem at first to people in a young flighty impromptu civilization like ours. They look like idols—all the Chinese laundrymen do—idols that have just got down or got up (most idols I know are squatty) and are now walking around and doing things. And they look for the most part like replicas of the same idol. They all have that same nice, solid, comfortable look, as if they had sat thousands of years without a wink, being bowed to by generations, and not caring; and yet every time you go in their bell-ringing doors there they are, ironing your shirts, handing you out those funny little tickets with those nicknames on they know you by; and all the time you have the feeling of being waited on by some civilization from afar and of being served faithfully and dumbly by these unknown gods.

My superstitions about Chinamen happen to be sate, peaceful and agreeable ones, but what if they happened to be different?

This feeling we have about the Chinese, some of us, is the fundamental moral basis of all quarrels. And as it is an illusion and is merely a matter of acquaintance and experience to remove it, it affords a working basis for diagnosis and the removal of all quarrels and of all war between nations.

All we have to do is to get past the little outside things on one another that we have let loom up in front and we are at peace.

As civilization like a great churn is engaged every day in rolling all peoples of the earth together for the first time in history, the nations are face to face at last with the slow, final, implacable peace of the world. And it is for this and not for war that nations that believe in Preparedness must prepare.

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III

THE HABIT OF AGREEING WITH ONE'S ENEMIES

When I was a boy, and began studying chemistry, there were twenty-seven elements.

How many are there now?

It has been found on closer examination that elements that looked different were alike.

People pigeonhole each other off in the same way and nearly every quarrel is based on a distinction without a difference. When there really is a difference, the difference is found to be a difference the people can use better together than they could apart and better as friends than they could as enemies. One wishes nations, or rather the so-called statesmen that think they can run nations, would consider going back to nature. People were intended by nature to enjoy every day the sense of being different as much as they enjoy the sense of being alike. Every man has been intended by nature to be very grateful to some woman for differing with him enough not to be a man.

One of the first things people discover, as they grow older and live deeply and with vision and with love, is that a difference between people, if it really is a difference, is one of their great mutual possessions. It is the difference they have in common which makes them one.

The power or dignity of being a human being, the perpetual freshness, the sense of vista and expectation of having a human life, lies in letting one's life be different enough from other lives to have something to supply to them that they want, and to have something to get from them and to keep collecting all one's life from them, which one was born without.

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When Christ told us to love our enemies, He was not telling us with a kind of sad proper look of something we really ought to do; He was telling us of something that would merely make us happy. The statement one might make that loving those who differ with us, after a little practice, is as interesting as a hotel lark, that it is the greatest, and most exciting of all personal adventures in this world, is an understatement.

Loving one's enemies instead of being a kind of extra flourish of morality or religious day-dreaming is coming to be seen at last as just a plain, ordinary, every-day law of psychology and a way of having brains and insight and of getting what one wants. It is such a plain, practical law of nature that one would have said it would hardly need to be put in a Bible at all.

Even if the differences between nations and between men are there and are not mere distinctions without a difference, they are not so important as the resemblances and as the things we have and love and need in common.

The difference the man and the woman have in one being a man and the other being a woman, is a trivial detail as compared with the resemblance they have in both being human beings.

When people or nations fight, they either fight over differences they would prefer to use together if they stopped to think, or they fight because the difference they think they see does not exist and is really a disguised resemblance, or they fight because they do not figure up their difference accurately and see what it is worth. In war we always miss our calculation, and because we have, say, one tenth of one per cent. of not resembling the enemy, we propose to give up once and for all ninety-nine and nine tenths per cent. of being just like him and belonging with him.

. . . . . .

Once upon a time there fell to quarrelling upon the earth two men, one called Up and the other called Down. Down began to hit Up because he was up and Up began to hit Down because he was down. They shut their eyes and pummelled

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each other all day, day in and day out. They were wild over not being just alike, and fought because there was a difference between them.

God came along in the cool of the evening one day, stopped Up and Down a minute, and pointed to the stars.

God said that there was no such thing as any real difference between Up and Down. Everything—Up and Down and all—was just going round and round and round, God said.

Then Up and Down stood with God and looked at the stars.

And Up and Down looked in one another's eyes.

Then Up and Down fell on each other's necks, and have been doing plain, happy, modest team-work (in the air and the water and on apple trees) ever since.

When God pointed to the stars and said to Up and Down, "Everything is going round and round," it was another way of saying, of course, that everything is going over to its opposite and coming back to itself.

Everything in nature is loving its enemies—except us. Everything is striking up a mutual interest with differences in proportion as it is powerful and alive. In a few years after this war the most powerful people and nations will, too.

Every nation that really is heard of or noticed in our modern world will look upon fighting as anæmic.

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IV

THINKING IN THE DARK

When I think of the debt the world owes to the Germans for singing about the stars, and of what the Germans and all of us owe to the poets of England for uncovering the sky above the earth, for sweeping it into the lives and the thoughts of men, I wish I could make them all—all the Germans and all the Englishmen—look at the stars one night together.

I wish some night next ——— say the night of ———, the six million men in the German army and the six million men in the armies of the allies, would all agree to stop fighting, and stand one night and watch the stars together, all the worlds up there, those same worlds that Germans, Austrians, Englishmen and Frenchmen have watched every night together since they were little children—just stand and watch their worlds awhile, so still and powerful year after year, night after night, whirling around their opposites and reaching over and making themselves strong and steady with their opposites, and swinging about on their enemies as fulcrums and leaning on their enemies as their stays and supports. . . .

Then after they had looked and thought all night, if they wanted to they could go on killing each other in the morning.

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V

THINKING IN THREE DIMENSIONS

There are these stages in the evolution of the life of a man:

1. Saying We with one's mother (at the breast).
2. " " " " brother.
3. " " " someone else's brother.
4. " " " someone else's sister. (Saying We with a Woman or representatively with Nature—the whole other half of a human race.)

Then as life unfolds:

5. We with one's employer.
6. " " " own class.
7. " " " city.
8. " " " nation.
9. " " the world.

To get a man's attention deeply and permanently one must first believe that it can be got, that the precise thing he has picked out not to see and that he cannot focus under his eye is the thing that he can see and is going to see as well as anyone.

The screw of his attention to a subject has got to be screwed up like an opera glass until it stops looking like a blur to him. That is all. The fundamental practical working doctrine or basis for peace I am standing for in this book is that everybody is like everybody—when screwed up.

Nine out of ten things we cannot get a man to see he fails to see because we try to get him with enormous effort to look at a blur. The average man—one new subject after another—will stare at a blur year after year and be angry with us for al-

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ways telling him we wish he would stare at it over and over and that we wish he would see how fine it is, when all the time one single turn of the screw of his attention, so that he really has one look at it, would make him as enthusiastic about it as the rest of us are—or anyone.

To get a man's attention permanently to any subject one must turn the screw of his attention in three gears.

There is the low gear, or I-gear, the You-and-I-gear and the Crowd-gear.

In using the I-gear one must always deal with a man as if he were somebody in particular, the way his wife does.

One points the subject at him I-end first, and with his own immediate individual self in the foreground.

In using the You-and-I-gear the subject which we want a man to see as we see it must be presented to him as a type, as a member of a class or group of men with whom he feels directly identified.

In the Crowd-gear one deals with him as the latent universal human being he really is. One thinks and acts with him seriously and openly as having all these crowds of other people in him—latent people. One deals with him on different subjects and at different times as being potentially all sizes of a man, as a boy-baby, or boy-man, or man of all ages, a member of all classes and all eras, a brother of all religions, a citizen of the world.

One should use these three gears in getting a man's attention or a nation's attention. If one wishes to be deeply successful, one uses all three gears at once in a man. To get his deep attention, one appeals to and tries to rally and to express at the same time his self-consciousness, clan-consciousness and world-conconsciousness.

. . . . . .

The main difference between a good or efficient act and a bad act is that a bad act is superficial and that a good act is thorough.

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A bad act works for the moment, but if one looks back at it or looks forward for it, or examines it in all three tenses, one desires eagerly not to do it. The railroads are all sorry now they acted as they did twenty years ago.

This seems to be the first test of goodness or efficiency in an act for a man, a corporation, or a nation, looking at it in three tenses.

The second test is in looking at it in three persons.

What I want to say in this book is that every action is an expression. It is a sentence dramatized. This sentence in action can be carried out in the first, second, or third person (singular or plural).

The moral value or energy-voltage in an action culminates in the first person plural. Generally goodness (i. e., energy in an act) evolves something like this:

One finds one's self thinking in more or less unconscious pronouns, and, as the subject gets a deeper hold on one, and one comes to closer quarters, one is apt to find the unconscious pronouns one is thinking in run something like this:

I
I, They
I, You, They
I, You
You or I
You and I
We

Probably the reader has noticed it.

Take any subject and really penetrate from the outside or circumference of the subject to the centre of it, and you will find that on the outside of it and the first edges of it you find yourself thinking of the people in it in a distant or third person terms and with a kind of They and It feeling, and at the heated core of it when you focus on it as with a burning glass before you know it you are thinking of the subject in We—in the terms of We.

The movement of subconscious pronouns in a man's thinking

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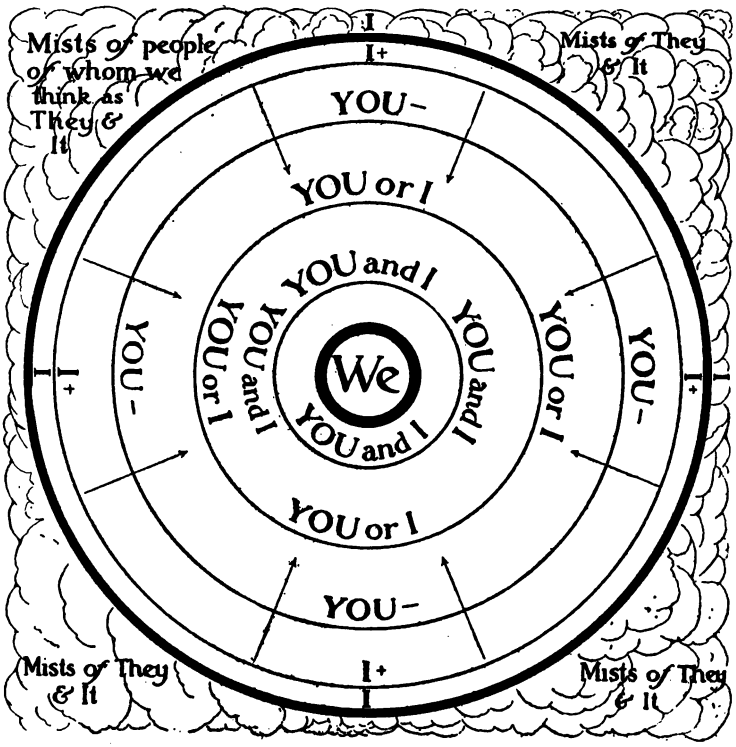
from the outside or circumference of a subject to the heart of it might be pictured roughly something like this:



The measure of the energy and effectiveness of a man in this world turns on the power he has of taking every act and thought he has and thinking it out and working it through the three persons into the first person plural.

In dealing with a subject he works past the fainter and vaguer way of thinking of people in it in the third person plural and through the smaller, meaner, first person singular until he stands

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face to face with it and thinks with people rather than about them, and with them rather than for them, with them rather than to them, sees the deeper, the more universal truth and says We with it.

The more a man says We in his thinking, the more he sees to do and the more of what he sees, he does. The measure of a man is the number of people he does his thinking with, the kinds and number of people in his life and in his business he can say We with.

What applies to men applies to nations.

The way for a nation to get the attention of nations and to defend itself from nations is to say We with them and say it first, and deeper, and better than they can, so that in their own interest they cannot help but listen.

Germany tried to get England's attention by saying We in the way of commerce and a common use of waterways and in sharing territory, and she could not do it. So at last Germany coming to the same difficulty with the Englishmen that their own wives and the suffragettes had had, tried to get attention by threatening England with the ruin of a world.

Germany was as wrong and shortsighted and unpractical in trying to get the attention of English gentlemen in this way as the suffragettes were. But it was not unnatural, and it was not all her fault that she thought she had to.

The principle of saying We which I am trying to express is illustrated not only by the way individuals learn to say We, but by the way the public learns how it works to say it. At first the public thinks of others as in the third person. Then it begins to say You and I and then You *or* I and then You *and* I. At first the Public said to the Trust: "You must divide with us. You must say You and I with us." Then the Trust began to say You and I with consumers.

Now the Public says to the Trust: "You must divide with your employees," and the Trust is beginning to do it. It is

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merely a matter of thinking in three persons, and everybody becomes fair and everybody becomes efficient. People cannot be divided off into employees and employers and consumers. They all find themselves saying We when they are thorough or really think their interests out. Every consumer is also an employee on some one thing that is made. A man's interests as an employee are not more important in three tenses to him than his interests as a consumer. He does not want lower prices at the expense of the employee in any industry. The cause of the employee's having a more than living wage in all industries is his cause. The cause of the employers' having a fair profit is his cause, too, if only to give employers a chance to keep on giving employees something to do.

Any business that does not divide up and divide up fairly between owners, consumers and workers is soon to be in this country in daily peril before the people. They will not need to legislate so very much.

The public opinion and the public will will be expressed.

The public will is only beginning to be expressed now in paper books and in votes and in the liberty it is going to give to the men who respect it and in the overwhelming bondage, ostracism and business failure of the men who do not.

As the public can only become self-conscious in a book, and as a book is the quickest way to mobilize and gather the public up —a book that the public will sign its name to—I am doing what I can toward expressing what this public self-consciousness of America is in this book. If any man wants to know how America feels about the hold-up in business, no matter whose hold-up it is, I cannot help hoping this book will be left lying around near him. There are several chapters ninety million people would like to read aloud to him until he gets some inkling of what America thinks about him and of what America is going to do to him. Every man of the larger sort who does business in America to-day is being gripped in the We-spirit as in a vise by ninety million people. What is true of the fate of the hold-

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up in business is still more true of the hold-up between nations. Any great people that feels superior to saying We with other peoples will be overwhelmed by them. Any great power that holds up the world to-day soon slips back into third or fourth place in it.

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LOOK II

THE LAND OF THEY AND IT

I

THE IDEA THAT A GOVERNMENT MUST NOT BE PERSONAL

THERE are certain superstitions, bogies and humdrums of the Governmental Mind as we see the Governmental Mind now flourishing and now daily having its way in Europe, which the American people in spite of the historical and political backgrounds in which they have lived for three hundred years often share, but which America, as it seems to some of us, exists on the earth to-day to contradict. The first of these ideas which I would like to touch on for a little is the idea that a government must not be personal.

. . . . . .

Every little while up in my workroom here in Northampton I hear a kind of businesslike buzz on the wall near my desk and I wake up from what I'm doing. "That means me, probably," I say to myself. Then I reach out with my hand quickly, lean over a little, and put the city of Northampton up to my left ear—twenty thousand people—it may be any one of them, or Springfield, perhaps—ninety thousand more—or, for all I know, it may be any one of three million people down in New York I'm being exposed to in taking up that terrible, anonymous, innumerable little black gutta-percha Thing—that hole on the end of a wire—and holding it deliberately against my left ear.

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I say "Halloa!" in a dull, safe, cold, gray tone—a more or less iron-gray tone. (I don't mind wearing my heart on my sleeve at times with people I have my eyes on, but I don't propose to put my heart on a wire here in Northampton where any one of twenty thousand people can tap it by calling out a number to a young lady down on Main Street. With twenty thousand people hovering around I naturally begin with the cold gray tone.)

Then I hear a feminine voice.

This chops off ten thousand at once. There are ten thousand men, anyway, in this town who are not in it now.

Then I notice (while I'm being asked if I am myself) that the voice is not the voice of a child or of a young girl. This brings it down five thousand more.

Then I hear a name and four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine women of this blessed town are cut off with a breath. Out of all that awful unspeakable tangle of copper wires and female voices I had felt mixed up with, four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine more hurry politely away and I am left alone with a mile of copper wire and Mrs. ——— of No. 377 Elm Street!

The cold gray tone modulates into the same shade it left off on the last time I sat on her right at dinner or the tone I use naturally when I think she is asking me to sit there again.

That sudden, tremendous, precipitous fall she has had from the steeps of anonymousness, from being almost anybody in general into being somebody in particular—the fall we both have had out of being everybody into being ourselves—makes us seem like two entirely different beings in a second. We have recovered our habit of being somebody in particular, and instead of acting as if we didn't know what we were about we take the liberty suddenly of behaving as though we were two quite intelligent human beings.

This pleasant feeling of sudden intelligence that is always coming to people over the telephone when they find each other

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out and proceed with a violent jerk of friendliness and of efficiency to treat each other as if they knew something, and as if they were really somebody in particular, has seemed to me not without its bearing to-day on the relations of nations. It has seemed to me to light up the practical relations, too, between different classes of people in society and between employers and employees.

The principle is seen working most plainly between employers and employees.

What is really the matter with employers and employees, with Labour and Capital, to-day, can be traced back almost always to the cold gray tone. Several thousand invisible stockholders through a few hundred invisible officers try to talk by long distance telephone, as it were, with a few thousand invisible operatives. Nobody feels he is dealing with anybody in particular. So he holds back and does not show what is in him. He is on his guard or ugly. The very men in business who, if they came in direct contact with particular men, would be fellow human beings and simple and reasonable, are colourless. Everybody is mad because nobody feels he can make an impression. It is as hard to make a nice human dent in a big going-by, conventional manufacturing business to-day as it is in a porcelain lined bathtub. All the things and all the people in it and all the people's minds in it seem porcelain-lined throughout.

And so at last everybody is overwhelmingly coming to see that no matter who he is, if one is to get things out of a man in business, one must treat him as if he were somebody in particular.

A man is much harder to deal with if he is not somebody in particular. One never really gets down to business with anybody, never commits one's self in details, until one knows an important detail like who the man is and what he is like. It would not be hard to prove that nine out of ten labour troubles and class and national troubles to-day are based on our trying to deal with people by machinery, on our trying to do people

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off alike in huge thoughtless swoops. It is largely because nations try to get things done with one another in inhuman, impersonal and machine ways that we are always becoming unreasonable and having all these huge personal misunderstandings with each other, and it is because nations try to do things with lies, reservations, chilled-through diplomats, and cold gray tones, that they have been so inefficient in doing them.

Ninety million people in a nation speaking to ninety million people in another nation and narrowing themselves down through a diplomat as a kind of funnel naturally cannot hope to make an idea carry in a cold gray tone.

The more people there are using a cold gray tone, the colder and grayer it is.

A nation cannot make any other nation afraid of it or make any other nation honour, respect or trust it with a cold gray tone any more than a man can.

The general realization of this principle among all classes of people in all countries except professional fighting men or professional national dickerers or diplomats—men who think they have a peculiar, inhuman, national, especially sterilized tone for expressing a nation—puts an entirely new and revolutionary face on the question of the most shrewd and practical program a nation can have of self-defense.

. . . . . .

We have all come to believe that every man has a right to be treated as if he were somebody in particular.

So has every nation.

If the attempt to get what one wants out of a man by not considering his personal feelings is regarded as unpractical, the attempt to get what one wants out of a nation by overriding the personal feeling of a nation is still more unpractical. It may have been the custom for hundreds of years not to consider nations as having personal feelings at all. And it may have been true that men who have a genius for being personal and

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for expressing personality have not been the kind of men nations have chosen to express their personal feelings. It is because the extreme personalness of the feelings of nations has been overlooked that we see all the nations to-day at last—their feelings about each other all cooped up for fifty years—now fighting to express them.

The practical way for one nation to deal with another and to come to terms with it is to deal with the nation not as if it were a big, abstract, vague hunk of statistics of people, but as if the nation, to put it roughly, were somebody in particular.

Only men who are somebody in particular themselves and who have a delicate and masterful human sense of other people as being invariably somebody in particular, too, are going to be given the chance to act as diplomatists between nations. We are through with negative men and dickerers. The noble, human, astounding feats in getting the attention of nations, in engineering the fate of empires and in expressing to one another the souls of great peoples are sure to be beyond them.

America as yet, in spite of her brilliant beginning by sending over to France a nation-revealing, masterfully naïve specimen American human being like Benjamin Franklin, has not succeeded in giving to other nations a supreme and compelling expression of her national personality through her foreign ministers and consuls. We have relied on the cold gray tone as other nations do. And the cold gray tone is no better than a penny whistle, and not so good, to express America through.

The whole secret of having other nations get on with us and of defending ourselves from other nations turns on the power America must have as any gentleman has of expressing warmly and conveying in words and actions the American national personality.

America does not share at heart the cold gray tone idea of international diplomacy which has been thrust over America like an ether cone for a hundred years by the conventions of European courts.

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And we propose to throw the cold gray tone one side as a nation at last and to spend millions of dollars when we speak to other nations in being as much like ourselves as we like.

The world of diplomacy for hundreds of years has been a world in which it has been proper to keep thinking and to keep talking in the third person. It is the Land of They and It.

In business and in affairs men who deal with a man face to face as if he were in the third person neuter, as if he were an It, are being crowded out of their positions. One can see them on every hand—the men who do not have a vivid sense of human qualities—being crowded out of office by men who do. The governments of the world are almost the only places left now where people who are not vividly human and personal can keep their jobs. Even in governments they can only keep their jobs by having armies to help them. And even with all their armies, even with all the dear people joining in desperately on every field in Europe to eke out their governments' wits with their blood, they are merely managing to make their last desperate rally, these men who do not believe in human nature, before they forever lose their jobs. They must all go.

Experts in human nature, who believe in it enough to make it work, will be in all the big places in governments, very soon, as they are now in business, in journalism, engineering and science.

This is a revolutionary fact and makes possible a program of revolutionary and original national defense.

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II

THE IDEA THAT A GOVERNMENT CANNOT MAKE A MISTAKE

One fine sunny morning some years ago, at a time when I was just rounding up the ends and finishing off a new book, I sat down and deliberately took a little piece of yellow paper lying on my desk and proceeded to make fun of myself on it. The book I was finishing seemed to me so true, so just, so beautifully expressed, so altogether lovely that I knew there must be something very ridiculous about it or about me and I could not bear (to cut a long story short) to let another day go by without seeing what it was. I felt that if I could see what it was before anybody else did, see it first and keep seeing it harder than any reader could, so that he could never really quite catch up to me in seeing how ridiculous I was, I would stand some chance of being believed in the things I saw about other people.

This was the gist of the situation. I wanted to be believed, and knew that at bottom and in the long run I could not hope to get people to believe me about anything or about anybody as long as I got myself wrong.

So I sat down deliberately with that poor, bleeding, raw three hundred pages of unpublished book and proceeded to be, that eventful morning, in a rough clumsy way, a whole row of people to it.

Every time I fixed up something nice and comfy to believe about some place in it, I stripped it off. The husks of sweet illusions as I worked away, page after page, lay all about me on the floor. I did this all day, and all the next day. I am ashamed to say how long it took me to strip away one after

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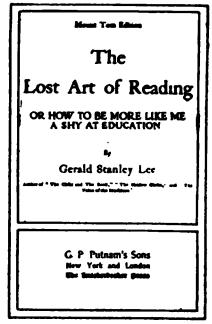
another all the happy things I had managed to believe about that book. Finally I saw through to at least a kind of glimmer of what was the matter with it, and I sat down and wrote grimly —almost with tears of joy rolling down my cheeks—the following title page for it, the one that belonged with it, the one that anybody could see, from me up, it deserved:


Mount Tom Edition

The
Lost Art of Reading

OR HOW TO BE MORE LIKE ME
A SHY AT EDUCATION

By
Gerald Stanley Lee

G P Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press

The publishers, to be sure, would not let me be straight-out and friendly in this way right in the front door so—of my book. They thought I ought to be more subtle as it were about it and go around to the side door with my humility, and it was shoved around a good deal and finally put in over on the three hundredth page or so—but at least I had faced the thing, I had keeled myself over at least a few minutes, and it did me good, and of course if anybody got as far as the three hundredth page, it did them, in a small way, good, too.

What was more—at least as I looked at it, it gave me one more last chance with my reader. He and I were sure to have to get over (before that three hundredth page came) a good many tight places together in which I either saw more than he did or he saw more than I did, and in which we never really had it out, and possibly after I had been really friendly with him and stern against myself in this way he would go back to one of these places and do unto himself as I had done unto me.

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At all events, in any long book a reader and I may have to go through together, there are enough places where if the reader and I both would go outside around the house as it were, and peek in through a window at ourselves, it would help, and give the truth a good running chance between us.

Anybody can guess what is coming next. Having given in, like this, I am going to take advantage of it.

It seems to me that what I have been saying has a grim bearing on the way the nations just now are acting in Europe. The reader can say what he likes but I am going to say it—why shouldn't a nation now and then act like me? Why shouldn't a nation, just because there are, say a hundred million people in it instead of one, have nice, humble, lucid intervals?

I think it is because the men who represent nations and who speak for nations think they ought always to speak in special, unnatural, big bowwow tones for a nation. They think a nation ought to have what might be called possibly a kind of national holy tone in speaking about itself.

If they were more human, they would not do it.

And this brings me to my contention. The men who represent nations, the great totals of human beings, instead of being more human than we are, so that they can express us better than we can express ourselves, are less human than we are. Taken as a class, the world around, the men who act for the human beings, for the great groups of men we call nations, are below the average of efficiency in seeing what human nature is really like, and acting for people and speaking for people as they are. I would not join the jeerers and say or seem to say that all officials are alike, that these men, prime ministers and others, are mere red tape monsters, huge leviathans and hippopotamuses of officiality, that they are all built with small lowered heads, with big stupid horns, with huge thick armoured skins lying in folds about them, or that nobody can ever get at a human feeling in them anywhere. But I am saying that whatever deep visions, ideas, or theories these men may have about human nature in

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their off moments or for their own daily use in their own lives, they do not dare to let nations let themselves go, to let nations be natural, and they do not believe a nation should be allowed to take the liberty of being human in the plain homely way real people are, or that they are themselves. They do not see human nature underneath. They do not see that with the right men to handle it, being direct or human, dealing like one man with another, is the only thing in the long run a nation can make work.

They tell us that two or three-hundred-year-old devices or arrangements would have to be fixed up for nations in this present world, before any nation could hope to make being human work. As a matter of fact, it is very simple. A nation can be human without any practice, without any thought, without any rehearsals, all in a minute, the way the United States was the other day in Belgium.

Why did the United States become human all in a minute the other day in Belgium?

Because Brand Whitlock was there. He had the name United States on his door-plate, and assumed that the United States was just as human as he was, and acted accordingly.

The representative of Germany in Brussels called on the American Minister and said he had come to enter an official protest for his government. He said that there was a wireless outfit concealed in the top of the front chimney in the American Embassy building. He demanded of Mr. Whitlock that a commission from each government be appointed to investigate that chimney and hand in a report to their respective governments.

"Is that so?" said Mr. Whitlock. "Germany thinks there is a wireless in that front chimney upstairs? Let's you and I just take a run upstairs to the roof and look down it together for a minute and see about it right off for ourselves." So Brand Whitlock—or rather the United States—went up the stairs two steps at a time, Germany joyfully and cheerfully jumping along up behind him. And it was all over in three minutes.

This is a very simple episode. It does not look like a very

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large affair at first sight. But as a good international working model of the way for two governments to act, of the spirit and the method that governments want and must have if they ever hope to get things done, it is a big and significant event and points out clearly how the war began and how it can be stopped, and how the kind of men the people are going to have to represent them in their governments after this are going to get things done by allowing people to be as natural and as sensible, as free and strong, ninety millions at a time, as they are one at a time.

It looks complicated and it certainly is complicated to take the kind of men we quite largely have in office now, especially in the old world, and have them all act like Brand Whitlocks. It takes Brand Whitlocks to do it, men who have a natural superabundance of juice in them, who have such a gift of being human that they keep on being human and cannot help being human anywhere.

The time is at hand when we are going to put in office men who are efficient as human beings and who are like folks and who represent folks.

. . . . . .

When people who have read Billy Sunday say he is irreverent, or frivolous, or that he is a poseur, or that (as some people seem to think) he is a mere financial adventurer or speculator in sermons, the most common reply one hears from people who have heard him is, "I thought so, too, until I went and listened to him and watched him." Then for a few minutes one hears the more or less helpless apologist for Billy floundering about faithfully and trying to explain (like explaining the flavour of a raspberry to one who won't taste one), and saying how strangely and unaccountably different he feels about Billy now that he has seen him in person. After an hour and a half of giving Billy Sunday a chance to show what he can do in the way of saying "You and I" with people who feel like different orders of beings from him, al-

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most any man is apt to take an attitude he would not have thought he would at first.

The same thing is always happening between nations. The Englishman is always saying he likes individual Americans he actually meets but that he hates Americans as a whole. Germans feel much the same about individual Americans and Americans about individual Germans. And Russians, Frenchmen, and Italians are like this, too. Nearly every nation in the abstract has a semi-hateful feeling toward other nations in the abstract. It is not the people in the nations that cannot get on. It is the abstracts of the people.

Abstracts of nations are ugly because they are vague, inaccurate, unverified half-ghost and half-bone affairs, not looked up and not filled in enough to be lovable. The anatomy or skeleton, the bare outline of a man is never beautiful, and the anatomy or skeleton, the spiritual skeleton of a nation, is never lovable. It is not even unlovable. It merely makes people suspicious. Live flesh-and-blood people always are and always will be shy and non-committal with angels, and the spiritual skeleton of a nation is too unbecoming to it to be practical, to make a practical working basis for internationally noble and internationally human relations.

The American National Personality, like any other personality, is a secret.

It is only personality that accomplishes the great results among men, and it is only National Personality that can accomplish results among nations.

And personality only accomplishes these results by being expressed. It takes an artist or a man with a special new technique, and a very different technique from a diplomat's or a soldier's, to express a new National Personality among the nations. Various public men—Mr. Bryan, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft—have all hacked away happily on expressing us, but they have only expressed phases and moods of America. The only man we have produced as an artist who has been colossal

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enough and at once strange and familiar enough to express among the nations what the new national personality like America is like in literature is Walt Whitman. The only one who has expressed it in statesmanship has been Lincoln, and he expressed America to America rather than to other nations.

No statesman has ever tried or had to try to express this strange, mighty, half-hewn personality that has silently grown up in the West, to other nations—until Woodrow Wilson now suddenly appears, fronts it up against a world, tells forty nations in a few simple words and a few plain actions what America is like.

Mr. Wilson's first *Lusitania* note to Germany, while it looked at first to soldiers and many other people ineffectual, was a great achievement of statesmanship because it was conceived in the spirit of a great human document as an expression of the prayer, anger and hope of a people. The plain humanness in it, its simple, still, self-revelation of the controlled and truly great spirit of a great nation toward an irreparable injury, its success in at once expressing blame and high expectation, its sincere, cool, masterful sense of identity with the real or eventual soul of Germany—all these point the way to a new original and effective method of national defense. With a few We-personalities put forward in America, put in places where they can express simply and naturally the we-spirit and the we-religion of the American people to all other peoples, we are going to make a colossal program of Shooting Preparedness unnecessary.

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III

THE IDEA THAT THE WAY FOR A GOVERNMENT TO CORRECT ONE MISTAKE IS TO MAKE ANOTHER

"The gravestone over one German grenadier is more important than all the cathedrals of Europe," says General ———, a retired officer of the German army.

1. This is logical. Be a barbarian and get through is the idea.

2. The fate of Germany is the fate of the world. "Me and the World" is the idea back of the idea.

But this is what England says: "Me and the World," and Russia says it, too. Anybody can say it. Somebody must be wrong. The fundamental illusion is that expressing this idea by killing people does not make any provision for corrections and emendations. We cannot tell a dead man we were mistaken.

This particular idea: "Me and the World," "Me and God," can only be completely and conclusively and well expressed by trying over and over again and by crossing out.

The artist crosses out and modifies and lets in what the rest of the world thinks. The scientist uses the laboratory or let-us-try method.

The trouble with war is that it proposes to stop trying, to throw over all experimenting for the truth and kill off the experimenters.

In war a nation says, on a subject on which the whole world disagrees: "We only are right."

The only bright thing nations can do is to see that of course this cannot be so and accept it as one of the international axioms

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that it cannot be so. We will have every nation that belongs to the community of nations agree to use a method of expression which allows, as a war does not, for some doubts, and for corrections and emendations.

War is an agreement between two nations that they cannot and will not have a new idea or learn anything in a war until they are whipped. Why should each nation be so hard on itself as to tie itself up in this way and agree not to know more or act as if it knew more, until it is whipped? Of course, besides, when a nation is whipped it is too tired and helpless to use a new idea. And if it whips, it is too proud to.

The best issue of the war for all of us will be the victory of the nation that believes this first. The next best will be a draw or the exhaustion of every nation that fights, and an agreement on the part of each nation to take fifty years off to think, and fifty years more to put into power a government that can say what it thinks, in something better than dull, rudimentary exclamations and explosives, like guns.

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IV

THE IDEA THAT A GOVERNMENT MUST NOT THINK

They say, "The Kaiser says: 'Me and God.'" They say the Kaiser a while ago was awarded by some society the prize, and "God got honourable mention."

This is what passes as war talk.

But I know an Englishman who is like this. And there is an American precisely like it just around the corner—just around anybody's corner. And there are days or moments in my life when I do not even have to go around the corner to find an American like this. For a few swift seconds at a time I have had a sharp twinge myself of this Me and God feeling. I merely did not dare to say it out loud. And if I had there would not have been anybody to encourage me. And this has saved me. If I was as exposed as a Kaiser is to people who were encouraging me, what would I come to? The Allies this minute in millions of times and places a day are all out in the fields all over Europe, saying, "Us and God!" They are all rushing in man after man and trying to drown Wilhelm out! They say he has driven them to it. It is true perhaps that "Us and God!" is a shade more humble, but nothing really to speak of. It is the same root idea.

The fact is we are all human. And why not get together and confess to each other how human we are? And instead of making arrangements for expressing ourselves in rigid, unyielding, permanent and indelible art-forms, like murder, and then trying to apologize or correct ourselves to people in their graves, why not make international arrangements for expressing ourselves,

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and our especially stupid moments in less indelible ways? Why not arrange to have our enemies, instead of wiping our grandchildren's tears away, wipe ours? It is all a matter of choosing a less sudden and less finished way of uttering our unfinished ideas. Human nature is alike in all countries. Countries are mixed. It is hard for a single man to express himself the first time. Countries have to try harder. Countries are as human as we are. We all know that this is true about human nature. We all see it about ourselves and about each other. Our governors and our diplomats and our soldiers are not the kind of men that do. So we have war. They say suddenly in a week or so that we must be like them and express ourselves like them! And then we all rush in in a week and do it! We ask ourselves while we hack away on each other, Why do we do it?

Because suddenly the world has been handed over under the supposed exigency of a supposed war—supposed by certain supposed people—to the third class minds of the world. In the ordinary course of business and affairs the third class minds of the world—the soldiers or gun thinkers and the politicians or law-and-police thinkers—are kept in the background where they belong, by men who do things.

The people in Germany who run the ocean steamship lines and make the aniline dyes for nations, the men in Paris who choose the clothes of the world, and the men who run the mills in Manchester and the banks in London, all these men see daily and use daily the fallibility and flexibility of human nature and the governments do not. Governments have the Me and God habit. They cannot think. And of course no government—neither the American government nor any—can think, as long as it keeps saying Me and God.

Our American feeling about the "Me and God" habit in nations is not addressed to any one nation. We are all human beings. We do not propose to be cooped up or shut in in our love and criticism to mere geographical streaks or spots of people on this planet. This planet is small enough as it is when

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we consider the height and depth, the starry height and depth of the human spirit that wavers and glows through us all—Wagner and Shakespeare, Tolstoi, and Moliére! Though the cathedrals quarrel together and sing praises with siege-guns to their own little foolish national souls, and rain bombs on each other's naves, we take our stand in America by the great bells ringing in their towers, by the souls of their poets overriding the years, by the prayers and songs of their heroes, artists, inventors, by the mothers and the little children.

We are all in the same world. We are all alike. We will not say of any one nation what we will not say of the others. And we will not say of any man what we will not say of ourselves.

We may occasionally do ourselves injustice in this way for the moment. But what is true of any of us is latently true of all of us, and the only practical thorough way to correct other people is to set one's self right.

The only nations that can hope to learn how to correct other people are those who have learned how by practising very hard and very long on themselves.

By the time nations get through practising on themselves, other nations want to be like them usually—whole races will want to be like them. They will not have to say much.

We all know this as plain folks. Why do not the governments of plain folks act in a quarrel more like plain folks? Plain folks almost never use physical force now, and plain folks always keep aware of a margin in a quarrel in which they know, privately, or know they are going to know, they are wrong. They provide for this and quarrel in ways that can be taken back. If a single man stands up and acts like a small boy in a fit of anger and throws his fists about he will be shamed out of it on almost any street of the world. But if a government representing ninety million people acts in the same way everybody seems to think it cannot be helped. People seem to expect governments not to know any better. People are only allowed to be childish now millions at a time. Small boys and bullies

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are almost the only ones left in modern life who act the way governments do. The reason for this seems to be that the common people in our modern world have been growing faster than their governments. While people in doing all the wide work of the modern world have been limbering up into all kinds of men, for hundreds of years a special kind of official person—official, smoothminded as a rifle, impenetrable, inhuman—has very largely been picked out in countries to represent the interests of the people.

Red tape and gunpowder instead of blood and brains have been depended upon by these people. They naturally live in a routine of thinking they know more than other people do. They have come to be a special left-over ordering kind of person, the person who gets things done by bullying rather than by thinking. This is why governments to-day are doing such strange left-over things perhaps. A government that is engaged at home every day, bullying and not thinking with its own people, naturally cannot stop. Getting things by not thinking and bullying at home, it tries to get things by not thinking and bullying away from home. It is clumsy in using other ways.

It is a mere humdrum or convention that this has been allowed by the different peoples. Because their governments were full of uninteresting men and did not interest them, busy and happy nations have allowed their governments to edge and riggle its way on year after year.

Each nation has been just privately ashamed of its own government at home but it did not think what would be almost sure to happen the moment the government instead of merely being stupid with its own people in a nice, safe, private way at home tried being stupid with all the other nations.

But governments do not change in a crisis. It is easy to judge the diplomats too harshly. Men who conduct governments could not really be expected not to have their intellectual tone pulled down, year after year, being so mixed up as they are all the time with armies and with fighters. It makes them naturally

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see things with a twist, in a moony romantic and unpractical way, and with only the most rudimentary knowledge of human nature. They get stronger on gold lace and brass bands and explosives in most armies than they are on human nature or on what really works with human nature.

It is only fair to admit that we cannot say much in America. Our Government would not be any better really, if it had to associate every day, as most European governments do, with soldiers. It is because our army and our Government in America never pay very much attention to each other that the country is so safe. Our Government does not feel obliged to make our army's mistakes as well as its own, and our army every time our Government makes a mistake does not have to put the mistake into guns and proceed to blow up the world with it. What is the matter with them in Europe just now seems to be the terrible intimacy of their mistakes with their guns.

It is a curious idea—having an army and a government right alongside in this way. One might know, one would think, that almost any day they would be short-circuited.

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V

THE IDEA THAT A NATION MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO BE HUMAN

The governments of the world have all been telling the anti-militarists and other modern-minded men that the ideas they have of substitutes for armies and navies in the defense of nations are not practical and that the governments cannot make them work.

If the peace-people instead of banging away and bearing on and saying how practical their ideas are would come to a short clean stop, would admit to the governments that of course the governments cannot make them work and would then proceed to put in governments that can, we would soon have an international self-revelation, and find ourselves plunged into a mutual demonstration of peace that would turn the world right side up.

Peace is not merely a row of propositions to be believed.

It is an array of men who believe them.

For peace-people to get up all around the world, and make dabs at governments, and for peace-people to ask a crowd of war-people clanking about with swords and guns to carry their peace ideas out, is visionary.

The governments of the world are nearly all of them quite right about themselves. They are nearly all doing the best they can. They never have done better than during the last eight months. They are acting at last precisely the way they feel and showing everybody what they are. The last eight months of Europe is the best that this kind of men can do.

If people like this last eight months of Europe as samples of history, if this last eight months of Europe represents the peo-

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ple, all the people have to do when the war is over is to ask these same men to take hold of the governments. These same men will then proceed to get ready (as fast as everybody can pay the bills and as fast as everybody can get born to be shot) to appear at their best again. We will soon have arranged for us another sample of their kind of history. Then we will see these same men out in front of us (for fifty million dollars a day) appearing at their best again.

I believe that peace-people are about to stop scolding and expecting with the governments of the world. We do not propose the moment we see that these men are through and are all out of breath expressing their ideas to try to get them to turn straight around and express ours.

They have had their turn in expressing theirs. Everybody will know when this war is over what their ideas are. We will turn them out and express ours.

The peace issue in the world at large is the home issue in every nation, the issue of turning out scared men in all the governments of the world and putting in men who are not afraid.

The wrong kind of men are running the governments of the world.

This is the fundamental news the war is trying to tell us about history and about ourselves.

The wrong kind of men make the wrong kind of things happen.

Men are the roots of events.

At bottom all that is the matter with Europe is that in each nation the wrong temperament, by preoccupation of the people in business and in the creative arts of life, has been allowed to get on top in the government and that each nation is busy misrepresenting itself. This is why probably each nation began this war by being so childish, by trying to look worse—that is, more terrible than it was. This is supposed to be the regular thing for a military or scared government to do. It's a kind of convention or humdrum of the governmental mind. It is

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like two and two are four to the governmental mind, that, of course, if you are scared, you must look terrific, talk in a full-toned, pipe-organ tone, swell around and make the world wonder what it can possibly do if you do not get what you want. If you are scared, scare somebody else more is the principle—the government humdrums.

And of course as everybody knows this principle and as everybody understands it and as every nation knows it about every other nation and allows for it, it does not work.

I do not believe what a single nation in Europe to-day is saying about itself, except Belgium. Each nation I know of has at least got itself wrong, to say nothing of the mistakes it has made on the other nations.

Each nation has got itself wrong because the governing classes in each nation under the present red-tape, out-of-date régime not yet stretched to the real life of our time, have been men of the wrong temperament—men who can only work either a fighting machine or a hemming and hawing machine. They are the kind of men who notoriously the world over cannot express themselves or anyone else. So they hem and haw forty years. Then they fight. We will put in their places men with some grit of faith—faith in themselves and other peoples, transparent men, clear, vivid, resonant human men, whose faces light up and whose voices ring.

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VI

THE IDEA THAT A NATION CANNOT LAUGH

Everybody is familiar with how a sense of humour in a man gets things done, surrounds, penetrates and overcomes obstacles in people and makes impossibilities come to pass. Most of the practical and powerful men who achieve results in business and affairs have a game or sporting instinct about themselves, a genius of give and take, a kind of insinuating, irrepressible, unconquerable and persistent limberness. They bend into their own way. They turn on themselves and laugh. Then they pray. The great protection of a nation in a time of war is its sense of humour. A kind of loyal plucky gay self-criticism is the very stuff that peace is made of. It was because Lincoln could laugh at himself, could laugh at his own side, could keep from taking himself seriously at the fatal moment, because he was big enough not even to take a nation seriously all the time, because he insisted on letting the nation be as human as he was and made the nation look as human as he was, that he became the most expressive, powerful and practical government official of modern times. Any man who can represent or has the nerve to represent his nation as human, as being capable of making a mistake and of trying again, will be in a position soon to make a nation trusted and loved. Then it will not need to fight.

One is constantly seeing what a sense of humour is able to accomplish when men get together. Why should it not work when nations get together? Why should not nations have it?

I believe they have. The moment we give up picking out military-minded men to represent us—men who depend upon commanding instead of thinking to get things, and upon their

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power of position rather than their power of self-expression, self-insight and self-revelation—nations will have too much sense of humour to fight. With human beings in office nations will laugh at themselves, criticise themselves, and see through themselves until they see clear through to peace.

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VII

THE IDEA THAT A NATION AS A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE MUST EXPECT TO BE MORALLY SECOND-RATE

"A nation cannot be as noble as a single man in it can," said Lord Rosebery.

I would say a single man cannot hope to be as noble as a nation can.

A nation is capable of an acceleration, a momentum of moral action. The nobility that is in a single man a nation can raise to an n^{th} power. One man who pulls himself together and loves, or one man who pulls himself together and hates, is impressive. A nation that pulls itself together and loves is sublime.

Even a nation that pulls itself together and hates all over with one mighty heat of hate is sublime. Every man in Germany who is singing Lissauer's chant of hate and fighting England with that chant of hate has ten times as much hate in his one single heart as he would have if he were hating as a single man. He hates everybody else's hate on top of his own hate. One stick of wood in a fire may be hot, but it is hotter with three more, and still hotter—that one stick—with three million more.

It is absurd to say a nation cannot be as noble as a single man can. It is a defiance of psychology and of the laws of dynamics in the human heart.

The people who try to draw one off from a kind of general nice outdoors of conversation at a dinner in which everybody by turns takes part, into a kind of lonely corner or back hall of just talking with them—the people who think things and see things in twos, and who keep on pegging away on a two horsepower idea

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with the twelve horses right on the spot all around them, all prancing and waiting for a good tally-ho run right beside them—are very suggestive of how a government should not be run.

A dinner is a fine symbol of society. All the best thinking and talking at dinners, the fine moments, the ones everybody remembers, are the general engagements. One subject and everybody taking a turn at it is Democracy.

The attempt to cut up a dinner of twelve people into six small tables which Europe has been trying to make the last fifty years cannot but be a failure.

Twelve men all on one subject are more than twelve times one man. Put twelve men together and let them think freely in turn and they immediately proceed to producing between them one great man. Twelve nations would produce one great world.

A great man may be defined as a man who has listened to a crowd talking, who catches up in spirit each ordinary little contributory man and composes him, what is wanted of him, into a whole. Thus he expresses the whole of the truth.

A great nation may be defined as a nation which has listened to a crowd talking, has listened to its own people.

Then it listens to the other nations.

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VIII

CHIPS

It is a humdrum idea that courage can be associated in 1916 with the sword. The courage to stand by one's common sense when everybody else is pawing the air with wrath, or standing around looking brave with epaulets and swords and drums and fine language and big-sounding, hollow, provincially patriotic talk about God and country, is real courage.

America is going to try to have it.

To let the nations gather around us and call us cowards because we will not fight their way will be courage.

Duels used to be brave and sincere. Now they are cowardly. They had to be stopped by law because people individually were too scared not to slash one another.

A chip on a shoulder, national or individual, says: "You say I am afraid to fight you. I am so afraid I can't make anybody believe I'm not afraid and so afraid I'll believe I'm afraid myself, that I am going to fight."

But the scientific spirit has changed all this. The stern, homely, clear-headedness of our modern world rejects this superficial noisy and false idea of bravery. It no longer seems to us to be bravery. We are not impressed. All we see in it is sloppy and effeminate thinking. It has gone by for men. Now it is going by for nations.

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LOOK III

THE WE COUNTRY

I

TAKING THE WAR TO OURSELVES

THIS European war we are having, as it flings up its soul upon the sky of the world to-day, is a direct, personal, intimate, spiritual experience of every man of us. It would be a pity with fifty million dollars and twenty thousand lives a day being spent on us, spent on dramatizing for us and putting on the stage of a whole continent for us, where we can see it, the truth about our own hearts, and what the pride that is in them, the overriding that is in them is really like, how it really works, and what it leads to . . . here it all is! . . . . would it not be a pity to have it all wasted, not to get all we can out of it, to have all its cries and tears sweep past us, leave us unhallowed, haughty, self-blinded, small, mean and sleek about ourselves?

America in the European war stands solemnly, face to face with herself. Now is our time to search our hearts and to establish our foundations, overhaul our religion, true our business, face our war with ourselves, our war with labour, with capital, not merely because it will be good for America, but because it is our only way to understand Europe or to know human nature enough to help Europe.

Our shortest way in America to understand the fight in Europe as it goes on from day to day is to stop fighting at home. Every day after reading the war news in the paper we can go to the

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office, to the factory, to the bank, to the bench, and move the news right over which has been cabled from Europe to our own lives. There is not an hour passes that a man in business to-day cannot get the good of the news from Europe that morning and put it into the way he does his work before noon. The European war has a bearing on the man at the next bench, and on every man's foreman, on his union, and on how he treats his employers, and on how he responds to the way they treat him, on how he votes in his union and how he turns out his work. It is all personal news—the news from Europe is. It might as well come from those grim battlefields by private wire to each man's life. The newspapers are full to-day, every morning, of news to a man dated Berlin and London, Petrograd, Constantinople—news to him about how to get on with his own wife, scare-heads to him on how to keep from fighting with the people next door, and cablegrams to him on the importance of seeing through himself, of criticising himself and getting on with himself.

The American people are proposing to do in this war the thing we will have wished we had done in twenty years. America wants to be thorough. She wants to be deep with the war.

How can ninety million people be deep? Ninety million people can only be deep by being personal.

Partly by watching the acts of others and partly by our own instinct we know that the only way that any man, even a governmental official, can hope to get and use the strength of a truth is to let the truth pass through his system and be assimilated and pass daily in and out of his own life.

The hope of America and the hope of the rest of the world for America is that while all the other nations are busy doing other things with this war America is going to digest it.

It is only by taking everything that happens in it personally and humanly and using it for ourselves, applying it harshly to our own hearts and lives, that we are going to be deep enough

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and true to human nature enough, when the time of settling comes, to be of use to other nations.

The nations over in Europe, each shut grimly away in its own part of the war, must be able to feel that all of the war, at heart, at least, has happened to us. If we cannot so true and so deepen ourselves as to stand and be seen by all to stand on the main highway of the world, with our thoughts, our desires and our decisions moving along the great common trunk line of all peoples and of all history, the one single great nation that the war has left free to be human, that the war has left free to stand near the centre of the human heart and strike the balance of the world, will have fallen short of what a world has a right to expect from it.

All Europe has turned itself into a vast Sunday-school, a kind of movie-picture Sunday-school, for Americans, on how Americans, if they think of it in time, can avoid what happens to fighters. Europe has extemporized for every man's own use, and for every nation, a kind of vast contemporary hell we can all watch ourselves in, in advance, unless we take warning in time—employers and employees, husbands and wives, and boys playing in the streets—and unless we give up the idea once for all that fighting gets anything, and begin to bone down quickly to getting things with each other instead of getting things out of each other.

We are living in an inventor's world—a great tissue of teamwork between things and people.

The whole thing has been tried out. Turnips corn and potatoes have all been cultivated. Everybody already believes that the more we work with turnips and the more we work with corn and the more we work with potatoes instead of against the turnips and against the corn and against the potatoes, the more turnips corn and potatoes we get.

It is curious how slow we have been in getting around to seeing that it pays to cultivate people almost as well as turnips and corn. One would have thought we would have thought of it first.

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The main idea that Europe is spending fifty million dollars a day trying to express to us in America might all be boiled down into a telegram, into ten homely words:

"Do team-work with people over there in America the way you do team-work with turnips and with corn."

There are five remarks Europe keeps making to us every day which might be said to underlie this telegram:

"As the Crown Prince of Germany puts it, 'This war is a stupid war.'

"The idea that things in this world can only be had by taking them away from somebody else is a sick illusion.

"What human nature wants just now is not a larger territory of people but intensive gardening of the people we have.

"If you cultivate one another over there in America, you will all be rich.

"If you cultivate one another over there in America while we are fighting one another everything we have will belong to you, everything we want we will have to borrow from you, and you will become, by the common consent of all of us, the leaders of the material and of the spiritual interests of the world."

Europe says this last thing to us bitterly, and, if America does not take her power which she has had heaped up upon her in behalf of all the other nations and use it in team-work with all the world, America will proceed to be not only the most hated, but the most hateful, nation since the world began.

As to how this is coming out, I can only leave it to the reader. My own idea would be that a nation which believes in team-work and which keeps on doing team-work when all other nations have stopped it and are fighting with one another—a nation which wins a temporary leadership over other nations by doing team-work with itself—will see that it can only keep its leadership by doing team-work with the nations it wants to lead.

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Then the nations will want it to lead. If they find America can keep the balance and arrange team-work with them better than they can with one another, America may soon become the only nation upon whom they can all unite.

I do not want to claim too much, but I believe America has a good running chance to be the nation to be asked to render the nations this service. Already we have practically broken in our American life the sinews of war between classes. The distinction between labourers and employers is breaking down all around us. We have seen that we are all labourers and that we are all employers.

We have seen that every human being is a labourer, an employer and a small public or consumer, by turns. A labourer is his wife's employer. A mother is the employer of her children. A newsboy employs other newsboys, and a labour union man employs labour leaders to represent him. Every voter is an employer.

We have seen that people cannot be divided off into employing and working classes. We all belong to all classes.

All classes are one class at heart. In proportion as a clan becomes powerful, it acts on this principle.

All nations are one at heart. The nation that sees this idea first, believes it and expresses it, stands out for it and conducts its program of national defense so that it proves it believes it, will be believed in by other nations first, and will first be in a position to be asked to act if need be as referee for a world.

The word "Empire" does not interest America so much as the word "Umpire." With a nation that can get itself ready to be wanted as Umpire, Empire is going to take care of itself.

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II

WE WORKMEN AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

There cannot be said to be anything very new so far in the way the American people express their feeling about peace.

All of the peoples of all the nations have said beautiful things about how they believed in peace. When at any particular time the people in a nation all get up and say all these things about peace loudly and sweetly, the trouble comes in getting other nations to believe them.

It was the way every nation kept talking about how beautiful peace was that started the war. The peace talk brought to a head each nation's conviction that it was the only nation that could be trusted.

How can America be so literal in her belief in peace that when she talks peace every nation on earth will believe her?

How can we prove in America to ourselves and to one another and to the world that we really depend on peace and that in a dangerous crisis between nations America will rush to peace as other nations rush to arms? How are we going to be made in America to take peace seriously the way we take salt, fire, water and air, eating, drinking and breathing?

I imagine it is going to be very much in the same way we have come, most of us, to taking salt seriously, and fire, water and air, and eating, drinking and breathing. We have all tried not breathing enough to see what it is like and to make comparisons. The best program for getting Americans to believe in peace, especially to believe in it with the deep, terrific, still seriousness that will make people afraid of us, is to keep up our peace practice at home, to keep up a national and daily drill in America

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in getting on with one another, a regimen of making peace work. We will initiate a peace drill for all Americans in their homes, in the shops, and in the fields, beside which the drill, the marching and countermarching of the German militia, for the last fifty years, will look childish. America is going to appropriate and take over and use our whole nation as a peace laboratory in which every man, woman and child every day is trying peace out and seeing how it works.

Every man living knows by his own private observations and personal experiments how Germany and England feel in fighting to get what they want. We have all tried getting things on this principle.

Every man's life is an international experiment station in this principle.

War between nations is a kind of momentum of the war they have at home.

Peace is momentum, too.

The men who refuse to fight, the men who coöperate with their small brothers when they play and who are at peace with one another when they work, and at peace with their wives when they go home from work, come naturally to have a kind of habitual taking-for-granted attitude toward peace as a means of getting things, and they cannot stop when they come to plan to deal with nations.

When disarmament finally comes to people who have won their spurs by peace, who have got everything they have ever got by peace, it is going to come as a habit, a momentum. I have seen that when a great international crisis comes our people shall throw their arms furiously away. They shall have a kind of fierce peace. They shall rush to peace before it may be too late. The thing that they have tried out and made good on in their own private lives and business lives they will depend on still more desperately, still more swiftly and magnificently for the life of the nation.

Any nation that wants to fight us we will assail with colossal

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advertisements of team-work—advertisements of team-work they will want to do with us, of team-work we are doing with ourselves. With fear or with love we shall hold them at bay.

. . . . . .

A national daily drill in habits of team-work may not have quite the fine sound or the brave look of a brass band and gold lace and epaulets going through the streets, but it is plain American common sense, is the only honest, deep, thorough and manly way for American men to propose to protect this nation from other nations, and there is not a man of us who does not know it.

There are certain definite results that are bound to come perennially, to keep coming like spring and summer, to a nation that enters upon a huge, daily, unanimous national drill of readiness in understanding and in being understood.

The American labourer who does his work feeling that he is a partner will do a third more work in a day than labourers will in other countries where the fight-psychology possesses the people and where employers and employees are all busy all day in fighting each other's interests in the shops, and going home at night to hold meetings to think how they can fight better in the morning.

The American labourer being able to earn a third more money in a year for his employer will have an employer who will give and will be able to give him a third more money a year to spend. He will spend it creating a third bigger market.

There will be (not counting Sundays) three hundred and fifteen days a year of creating wealth in other nations, and there will be practically four hundred and fifteen days in a year of creating and piling up wealth in America.

America will produce a third cheaper than anybody else anything she wants, and will not need anything anybody has, or need to be afraid of anybody because she does.

If worst comes to worst, and America after all has to indulge

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in a vulgar and rather discouraged thing like merely defending itself, it will have rolled up an amount of peace and a habit of peace to defend itself with that no other nation could begin to touch. No nation in which all the people are trained to fight, in which the daily labourers, the rank and file of the people, are not only being trained to fight but are being infected and degraded by army habits of thought, by the constant psychology of asserting their interests against others instead of with others in its every-day work, can hope to keep from becoming more and more underwitted in the use of a powerful and modern weapon of self-defense like peace. Fighting nations will cut themselves off from all mutual-interest practice, all daily drill, all stern self-discipline in using and serving others. Fighters will necessarily become ugly, lonely, effeminate and soft toward themselves, and helplessly on their own side. The mutual interests with foreign nations, which modern nations defend themselves with, can only be discovered, cultivated maintained and by a nation full of men of all classes who have a daily habit and momentum, a headway of living and working on mutual interests at home.

A nation that is not only getting a third more wealth a year out of being at peace with itself, but is getting a third more education and thinking skill a year, a third more understanding, and is piling up a third more brains for getting on with human nature, a nation in which all the people, a hundred million of them a year, are engaged in doing nothing else all day but studying how to understand other people, will be invincible. Everything that Americans do will educate them, ennoble them, and make people afraid to interrupt them. At last perhaps a great nation shall be dealt with the way people deal with a great man, with awe and love. We will front the world with unquenchable peace.

A hundred million people who are doing their daily work by being shrewd and practical and peaceful, who are discovering, inventing and using peace as an energy and as a way of getting things, will soon, out of its daily habit, produce and place in the

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courts of the world an array of diplomatic geniuses, of master mind-readers of nations, of nation impresarios, of international orchestra conductors, that no crude lonely fighter-nation could hope to rival.

Our peace proletariat out of a hundred million rehearsals and daily drills of peace will create, possess and elect peace geniuses to express us to other nations. The nation that can express itself the best will win the other nations, will be asked to express the other nations to one another, will be asked to express a world. No one will be able to withstand the peace geniuses, the experts of mutual interests that such a nation by having so much to choose from could put forward. They will be diplomats that no one can circumvent into fighting and that no one can take away from us. We will always have them for ours because we can endlessly produce more of them. They will reach down into the roots of our national life. They will be the mere mountain-tops of the genius of our people. America's peace will overflow the world. We will not have to whine about peace, or to run to the same dear old Mr. Carnegie once more to help us whine louder. We will not even moralize about peace. We will possess peace. We will go about making our own daily business alive, terrible and beautiful with peace. People will see peace flowing out of our factories at night, pouring out of shops and stores, running up and down the streets, and they will be afraid. The world will be fitted up with one national working model of peace. Any half-noticing nation will be able to see, with a look, how peace works. We will not need to superimpose our peace on others. They will covet it, and covet sharing it, and covet the fruits of it.

Then shall the earth be filled with the eagerness and the passion of peace.

Then at last perhaps we will be able, some of us, to look back at the peace talk we have been having, with patience and humour. We will remember faintly, forgivingly, all these gravely empty people we have watched for years in the Hague Palace,

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who instead of making the Peace Palace a huge Engineering Room for nations, a World Power-house, have made the Hague Palace come to look to us—to some of us—like a kind of Morality Museum, like some huge, beautiful, refined Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works of Peace.

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III

WE SALESMEN AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

Even the most ordinary low-geared and i-sized business man who still goes about whining business-is-business, and who still humdrums along thinking he must be one kind of man toward people in a parlour and another kind of man—a kind of polite, polished-up beast of prey—in his office, on the street, or in a shop, admits that the one thing that business is made of and that makes business go is credit.

By credit, he means a man's reputation of ability to pay.

Credit or the reputation of the ability to pay is what every business man works with and works for. Credit is the humdrum business man's religion.

All that an ordinary business man who believes in credit has to do to rise into the next class to-day is to move over from Me Alley and set up in business on The Avenue or You and I Street, the great shopping thoroughfare of the world. The moment the ordinary business man who believes in credit carries his belief in credit a little farther, slips it around the next corner and believes in credit more, he becomes a big business man and proceeds to act like a big business man the next morning.

When the credit a man depends on to run his business is his reputation of his ability to pay, he is getting along with as little credit as he can. The least credit a man could get along with and do business at all, is a slow, stupid, logy reputation of ability to pay. A cash register with a click, a ticket and a bell could have a reputation of ability to pay.

The reputation the big business man is trying to get is the reputation of ability to serve, and of a genius for being necessary.

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Credit for paying one's bills, i. e., a solid, substantial reputation for the money one takes out of other people's pockets—is not half as good business as a reputation for the money one puts into them. One would think that anyone would know that a reputation for making one's customers rich and making profits for one's customers would be a great deal more businesslike than a reputation for making profits one's self, and yet we have to face the fact that this negative, half-dead and half-alive idea of credit as a mere reputation for being able to pay one's own bills without a reputation for going around and helping everybody one does business with pay theirs, is what humdrum business has been practically run on for the last fifty years.

I have a revolutionary faith in what American business men are going to do to defend the nation because I have seen or begun to see the sweeping victory of corporations that believe in this bigger, larger, more permanently profitable kind of credit. Corporations, in other words, that believe in the Sermon on the Mount as the only practical shrewd working basis for getting and holding business, are going to drive all other kinds of business men, all the other morally hand-to-mouth and feeble i-sized business men out of their way and out of the people's way and sweep the country.

With the Sermon on the Mount in control and in known control of American character and of the American ways of dealing with others and of the lives of American people, the need for having our business men in Boston and in New York all running scared out of the back doors of their offices and rushing wildly out to Plattsburgh, N. Y., and drilling night and day to defend America and American business and American ways of doing business, with guns, will have passed over.

Business is in control of the world.

Controlling business men are We Country men.

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IV

NINETY MILLION FACES

If America really is a We Country all it has to do is to advertise, let people look at it just as it is and it is defended.

(1) America will employ a great General Staff of Artists—mind-readers of nations, who through the daily press and foreign magazines and books, shall touch the imagination of all nations. We will make this Press Bureau the countenance of this nation looking enemy-nations in the eyes.

What they see in our eyes will defend us; and what they see in our eyes will defend them.

If people know who a man is, if he has already kept himself expressed to them, his look is all that is necessary.

America needs but to be expressed and to spend enough time and money, freedom and genius, in being expressed and no one will want to fight us. We shall disarm the nations with a look, and wars shall be smiled away.

(2) America will spend in self-defense a hundred millions of dollars a year on an army and navy of moving pictures, that shall cover the face of the earth.

The American people will propose as a nation to begin fighting with pictures before we begin fighting with guns. It will be a great still peaceful war of seeing things. We will start a new fashion. We believe that nations after this, instead of fighting each other with guns, will have fights of photographs; they will fight their way into each other's hearts, into forgiveness and understanding; they will fight their way into each other's very presences, with vast flowing, ceaseless, resistless moving pictures of themselves, with mighty pictured catalogues of things to love, to covet, to exchange; of things to hope and to pray and things

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to strive for together. We shall be conquered with processions of faces, with each other's little children. We will come on each other saying our prayers, and we will overhear each other's cries to God.

Mr. Edison with his films in Orange, New Jersey, with his mighty flocks and herds of pictures softly nightly flashing and clicking around the world, weaving the nations into the light in each other's eyes, pouring out their minds upon each other's minds, will be our World-defense. With a hundred thousand square miles of pictures a night, we front a world, we challenge the nations of the earth!

Mr. Carnegie will stop his orgy of putting up buildings and will spend his money on moving-picture playwrights and on free and noble artists to start us off.

Novelists, bankers, merchants, manufacturers and editors, Fords, labour unions and priests, Edisons, Bells, Marconis, will fill in the details and do the rest.

Not only in our newspapers, magazines, books, and plays—but above all in our daily trade and in the motives, methods, and workmanship, the moral or immoral human personal qualities of our exports, we will be at all points a vivid, transparent people revealing ourselves. Our temperament and our intentions will shine through.

A series of self-revelations, like a great line of forts along our coastline, like a huge countenance of this continent, will smile at the world, 3,000 miles across the sea, and keep everybody from wanting to fight us.

The National Smile will make other nations smile. Everybody recognizes this vivid personal quality in a man. And in the same way that a man has it, a nation can have it. In the same way that a man disarms everybody with it, a nation can disarm everybody with it. The moment a nation like this, in a time of strained controversy enters a room, every other nation will be seen quietly putting its pistol back into its hip pocket. This is what America is going to be for in the world.

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LOOK IV

WHAT BEING A NEUTRAL IS LIKE

I

WHAT BEING A NEUTRAL IS LIKE

THERE was a time once when if two nations wanted to fight in the street, everybody cleared a ring and in a kind of vast warm human comraderie and love of sport and blood, everybody stopped everything they were doing and stood by and looked on and hissed and cheered. There was a time once when two nations on this planet would say to the other nations going up and down Main Street: "We are fighting for our lives! Are you fighting for your lives? Then get out of our way!" And everybody as a matter of course expected to be moved off and went and lived in the back alleys of the world.

America is unwilling to be assigned to a back alley of the world as a penalty for getting on with everybody. The rights of the people who cannot understand one another must yield, Uncle Sam says, to the rights of those who can. There is nothing neuter or insipid in taking a stand like this. There is nothing self-centred and provincial about it. It is understood that the people who have the most mutual understanding with other people, the most mutual business with them, shall not be interrupted in it and shall be allowed the right of way on the Main Street of the world. If two nations want to fight on this planet now, Uncle Sam says they must go out and fight behind the barn.

This is what being a neutral is like.

Germany and England do not seem to agree with us about this.

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They seem to feel that America, for a nation with such a small army, is rather presumptuous about their war. When Germany and England wave their hands to Uncle Sam, telling him that he must hurry off into a back alley or expect to be shot, what can he do? There are two plans to follow.

According to one plan Uncle Sam puts his hand on his hip pocket and talks and walks up and down with a flourish just as before on the Main Street of the world and tells the nations to come on! This is Colonel Roosevelt's way.

There is another way. When Uncle Sam hears the nations telling him to get off the Main Street of the world or he will get in the way and be shot, Uncle Sam stands up in plain sight as before and walks up and down the Main Street as before and tells Germany and England before he will be ordered into a back alley he will stand up and be shot and then, without putting his hand on his hip pocket, he goes on about his business up and down the Main Street of the world until by sheer colossal believing and a childlike faith in the chivalry of nations he brings the shooting to a stop.

Of course, this plan of President Wilson's is too original to be understood all in a minute.

At first Germany and England seemed to think that Uncle Sam was putting on rather a grand air as to what being a neutral was like. We were accused of being presumptuous and original and of breaking out in a new place in international law, insisting on getting what we wanted without threats and without ultimatums, through everybody's common sense, everybody's conscience and through the quiet assertion of our national will and national faith by our President.

At last America has broken away from Europe. We have done something of our own in our own way. It is almost the first time Europe has seen us break away.

I can only speak for myself, but it has seemed as if I could not bear it any longer to see our young beautiful ugly scrawny forward-looking Uncle Sam rolling down through history on the

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big automobile of the world, perched up on the rumble behind Europe, his long eager legs all cramped and folded away under him, holding on with both hands and peering and dodging and ducking to see what is ahead through the shoulders and elbows and ears of the Kaiser and the Czar and dear roly-poly John Bull . . . all seated solidly with their wide bottoms on that wide front seat with the future of the world unrolled before them and Uncle Sam all the while, to whom it seems to us the future is almost personally addressed, tucked up behind on his little P. S. of a seat, squirming to be allowed a look! It did not seem as if I could bear this picture any longer, but it is the standard picture of history. It is the picture of us they have been running in Europe for forty years. It has been running long enough.

. . . . . .

But it is more than a national self-assertion America has made. It is the assertion in behalf of all other nations which all other nations if they had been placed as we, would have made themselves. We have been original first because we have had the chance first—a chance every nation in the world has demanded of us as their right that we should not throw away.

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II

WHAT BEING A NEUTRAL IS LIKE NATIONALLY

The main working-trouble with neutrality is, that it is always being presented by people as a mere duty, as a kind of resigned virtue, whether for a man or for a nation.

America does not mean by neutrality a goodish, bored neutrality, a general array of weak good intentions not to take sides.

It is and always was a prettified saying about Hell, to say that Hell is paved with good intentions. Hell will probably be found to have no pavement at all. It is a soft, weak place run by people who do not have intentions. The fact probably is that the people who are bored—who are bored even by their sins, are most of them there. (And I do hope that all the people to a man, who are bored by their virtues, are there.)

I am not presenting in this book, in behalf of my people, a proper, anxious or virtuous neutrality.

I present, express, and announce for America a fierce, swift and passionate neutrality, a neutrality for which we are ready to die, a neutrality for which we are ready to be called cowards: a hazardous, glorious, ruthless overriding neutrality in behalf of a world, a neutrality which shall be for America a great smashing drive for peace, like Germany's smashing on to Paris through Belgiun. . . .

America's neutrality is not a safe, tepid looking out for herself. It is the stand she takes at the corner of Main Street on this planet, where the back alley she is supposed to back into turns off. She holds this corner as a pass for the fate of the world.

Instead of a neutrality that is keeping out of things, a neu-

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trality in which America holds and hugs her shivering soul and her soggy dollars to herself, it is a neutrality in which America breaks away, in which a great nation lets herself go; and leaps out into the middle of the world.

At a critical moment in the history of desperate nations, when right and wrong abandon persuasion and despair of advertising, when liberty resorts to slavery, and when right makes itself more wrong than wrong by appealing to force, American neutrality wants to stand forth as a kind of peace-presence-of-mind. At a time when right is not clear-headed enough to define itself, to give an account of itself, America has determined that the neutrality or love of all nations we all have at heart shall be expressed, shall be made spirited enough, manly and aggressive enough to attack, to surround and to overwhelm the attention of a world, to assault, conquer and bear down the souls of our enemies, to drink up their hate, and to wipe off their fear from the face of the earth. America is taking the stand that instead of confronting a man with a Springfield rifle, it is a more capable, a more felling thing to do to confront a man with himself.

We believe that the way for a nation to defend itself from another nation is to confront that nation with itself, to turn a thousand mirrors on it, to let it look at itself, in a stupendous, international blaze of light.

This more aggressive kind of neutrality, this assault of peace can only be carried through as a supreme, deliberate, almost religious feat in the art of national self-expression, as an expert-engineering feat of advertising and dramatizing genius. One hundred consuls in a city where now we have one. A Dreadnoughts-worth of moving pictures in every nation, telling the news to the people about our people every day and every night. A fleet of press bureaus in every nation, going forth every morning. Aeroplanes, submarines and searchlights of poets to arouse and express the spirit of the people. A huge array of Mutual Advertising Agencies in mutually strained nations. Neutrality dramatized in business, dramatized in tariff. . . .

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I believe we will soon have a National Commission to arrange competitions to pick out men of all types who can express, focus and embody the soul of this nation. This American National Commission will soon arrange for a world commission, to carry out the details in all lands—of what being a neutral is like.

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III

WHAT BEING A NEUTRAL IS LIKE PERSONALLY

If someone would have been so good as to publish a little manual for Americans about August, 1914, called "What Being a Neutral Is Like," and if it could have been placed on five million American living-room tables, and if we could all have used it a few minutes every day to help President Wilson to be President with during a world war, and to make him feel that we were helping, it would have made several things happen in American history that have had to be left out.

Most of us in America have had very lively experiences in being neutrals. President Wilson said at once that it was what we would have to be, and we saw he was right. But we did not know how at once. And not many of us know how now.

We found it especially hard at first. Reading large-calibre war news, marching up and down columns of it with our minds, and remembering we had got to be neutrals at the end of each paragraph, remembering that if we looked up over our glasses and said anything to the man near by President Wilson might somehow feel that we were butting in and bothering and making matters harder for him—was to most of us a very strenuous job.

But the President has made every man of us feel personal about it. He has made us feel that in the combustible state of the world what was going on in each individual mind was a national affair.

But we are not used to feeling so important in our minds—most of us. We had rather got into the habit of jogging along with our minds modestly and unobtrusively. The average American man is used to feeling that what he thinks is only a

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hundred millionth of the country anyway, and it makes him reckless. And now suddenly there appears before us the President of the United States coming in every morning while each man of us reads and standing by each man with his finger on his lips, reminding him that his mind is a national mind. It has had the effect of making a man feel that for the present he must act as he sees the nation must act. Each man himself must act as if he were a kind of small United States. Any other attitude, our population being as it is, would mean war.

To most of us this has been an exciting experience. We had always supposed that being a neutral was rather stupid.

I do not want to seem to assume in this chapter that I have succeeded in being a neutral to such an extent that I can therefore say with authority what it is like. But I have tried very hard, and I think I know what I am trying for, and what I am not trying for.

I find this entry in my day-book about being a neutral:

Friday, September —, 1914.

If being a neutral means being neuter—if it means maintaining a strict unexceptionable nothingness when I am reading the war news, if it means putting one's soul, ice cold, into a conversational thermos bottle, and not showing any warmth or having any strong gusts of feeling at all—then I am through trying to be a neutral. If such be neutrality, neutrality is insipid, stupid, and a little mean.

What I have been trying for is something very different. And it has grown on me—this sense of what neutrality really is—the more I have tried to get near to it. Neutrality in a fight is the most interesting, absorbing and glorious feat a man can undertake. The spectacle of a great nation maintaining, in the face of the world to-day, a true neutrality, is as impressive a display of power as the burning of a city or the sinking of a fleet.

In the first place, only a man of deep passions, of rich, powerful, intelligent sympathies and desires, has the equipment to be a neutral or the driving power to put through such a huge spiritual engineering feat as seeing all sides, sympathizing and understanding, mastering and ruling all sides, shaping them and

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moulding them and welding them into the Future, like a god.

I have noticed that there are three men or types of men in history who have had the heat and the light and the driving power in them to be neutrals.

The scientist, the great scientist, has a passion for burning down through his own prejudices to the truth, whatever it costs or however it hurts.

The great inventor has a passion for relentlessly pursuing all knowledge, blending opposite ideas and obdurate contradictions, taking things that won't go together and putting them into the electric furnace of his mind until they do.

And there is the poet, who, whether he is a man of action or a man of thought, relentlessly loves humanity and will not give up, who will be satisfied with nothing less than possessing, understanding and loving all people in his heart.

These men are neutrals. When we know one of these men or read the life of one of them, we know what being a neutral is like.

But having decided what being a neutral is like, how can a person be one?

When the war broke out I was sitting at a table in a summer resort with a German woman who had lived only a year in this country and whose husband (a professor in one of our great universities) had gone down to New York on the first train to get away to the fight. Everybody at every other table in the dining-room was against Germany. We were all neutral at our table. It was not hard to be neutral at our table.

I have come to believe, as I have observed human nature, that nearly everybody in this world would do what everybody else does if he came to the point of doing it as naturally and as unconsciously and as implacably as most people who do things come to the point of doing them.

The way to think and to come to one's principles like a neutral is to do one's thinking in terms of people. A fellow human being who will dramatize our principle for us, make the principle breathe and smile, give to it the tears that belong with it, surround it with the death that belongs to it, with little children, with sons, with dead brothers, with the memories of heroic fathers, helps one in being a neutral.

The best arrangement I know of in the present war would be for people to sit at tables and break bread with all nations. They

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are partly wrongheaded, but they feel about their wrongheadedness as we do about ours, and they come to it as we come to ours, and their mistake is costing them so much, and ours is costing us so little!

Another convenience for being a neutral, besides thinking in the terms of people, is thinking in the terms of the future.

Neutrality, instead of being a stupid equilibrium of sympathies or a state of indifference, really works out in the end into a passionate foreseeing of what is going to happen, and sympathizing with people for the way they are going to feel. Neutrality may be said to be taking sides in people with what they are going to be. We put ourselves where we see what they really want. We want for them what they want, a little faster than they themselves do. Neutrality works out, in the last analysis, into prophecy—into seeing ahead for people to where their roads come together.

The interests of fighters are all bound to converge into peace the moment the peace people calm down to a shrewd, quiet guessing on what they really want and where they are really going.

To be a neutral a man goes on ahead a little. He gets to the fork of the road first. It seems to be our patriotism here in America just now to get to the fork of the roads first.

The President is asking it of every American man every day—asking him to move on. Every American is expected to be just now all by himself, as well as he can, a kind of small Hague tribunal in advance.

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IV

THE RIGHT TO BE A NEUTRAL

Hundreds of millions of people have left off regularly every day for awhile now belonging to the human race. They merely belong to nations. It is hard to see how it can quite be true, but one nation apiece is suiting them, apparently, perfectly well. In a day of the wireless telephone, of aeroplanes and radium and all our other naturally international things heaped up about us, for men to allow their own souls, the souls that have invented these big, boundless things, to be cooped up in nations, seems anæmic. One would not have believed it possible two years ago.

Here is Ernest Lissauer singing and being decorated with the the Order of the Red Eagle for singing a song like this:

> *YOU* will we hate with a lasting hate!
> We will never forego our hate.
> Hate by water and hate by land,
> Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
> Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
> Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
> We love as one, we hate as one,
> We have one foe and one alone—
> *ENGLAND!*

And now here is a just and upright poet, a straight-minded man, a gentle fellow, like Percy Mackaye, partitioning poetry off and singing a song against the Germans.

Why should a poet, who of all men in this world is supposed to have something of the X-ray quality—the wireless telegraph quality, the freedom in him of the air, of that great Common

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called the sky, where the souls of nations like children all sing and run and play together—why should such a poet let himself slip into a weary humdrum attack on a single nation?

It has seemed to me that at a time like this, a kind of landslide of onesidedness in the world, we should demand of a poet that he should have the originality, individuality and headway of seeing things for himself and manage to be, in spite of the crowd around him, a neutral.

It has seemed to me that our poets to-day should be true to the larger vision, that they should be kept from falling into the intellectual illusions of the Philistines, that a poet should make being a neutral colossal, that he should make people feel glad for him and envious in their hearts. It has been pitiful to see the poets—William Watson, Kipling and the others—all falling short of the larger historic spirit of their nations and falling with all the others into the illusion that neutrality, instead of being a refreshing, exhilarating, exalting spiritual experience, a grim, mountain-climbing, heaven-storming experience, a sublime fight almost alone for humanity, a holding of the pass for God, for the whole truth against the whole visible world, is a dull neuter spiritless thing in people who have not character enough to make up their minds.

I do not understand how a poet can let himself speak or even sing of neutrality as if neutrality to-day in a war like this were a kind of faint, dreamy back-and-forthness, a moral wobble, instead of the fierce resistless energy, the birth-pang in the heart of man, of a new world.

I read that the Reverend Dr. W. H. Van Allen is reported to have said yesterday: "Neutrality is henceforth the refuge of cowards."

It does look cowardly often. That is just it. People fear Dr. Van Allen will call them cowards.

It takes more courage to be a neutral—when most people do not want to—than it does to fight.

I should think any man would have to admit this who stops to

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think and to ask questions. Does it or does it not take more character not to make up one's mind to-day than it does to make it up? With this vast roaring Hell of Sure People raging around one—a hell that has only been created and that is only being kept up because the whole world has fallen into a kind of panic of infallibility, of everybody going about shooting because he knows—which is it that takes the more character to-day (I ask any candid man), to grimly, lonesomely suspend judgment, or to pop into certainty, explode into a monotonous, white, godlike perfection and completeness like all the rest?

The one thing that is the matter with the world to-day is that we are having a kind of epidemic of certainty, a kind of bubonic plague of all being right.

Everybody is a pope now.

The moral rigour of being a neutral in the face of the world to-day calls out all the strong man's faithfulness against himself, all his humility and all his courage.

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V

NEUTRALITY PLUS

Many people look upon being fair as compared to being partisan as uninteresting. They seem to think it is hard to make it exciting.

I do not see how this can be true. It always seems to me more dramatic, surprising, stimulating and eventful to go around and see four sides of a statue than to stand still and look at one.

I think even the Colonel would calm down in speaking of neutrals occasionally if he would think of what is on the next page. (Anyone, including the Colonel, who is not interested in my philosophy about this, please skip a page or so here.)

It is curious, but if one takes two opposite ideas and carries either one of them relentlessly through to its logical conclusion, to its fulfilment, one is almost sure to get a third idea which will have a family resemblance to them both. This third idea or offspring of two contradictory ideas is apt to be the Truth. The Truth is always a conception, a vision of fusion or new birth from what look (to many people) like a couple of lies—that is a couple of frightfully unfinished truths that had a mutual consuming desire—not to be any more unfinished than they could help.

This principle applies to the experience of my mind with War and Peace.

It is the psychological background, the psychological motive power of neutrality, of neutrality as a spiritual and intellectual experience, which the American nation has had in the last few months.

Any man will find, I believe, when he looks into it, that, when his mind is especially waked up, he has the same feel-

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ing about an inexpressible idea, a huge latent unpenetrated paradox, that a Goethals has about a Culebra Cut, before he cuts it.

The moment a man's mind really begins digging into a truth the other side of it from the side he is digging on pulls on him like a magnet. It is the Pacific, the daily vision of the Pacific in the eyes of the men on the Atlantic side, that makes their shovels fly. The harder a man works on an idea, the more he sees two sides. Then the more he sees two sides, the more the two sides make him think and make him want to work harder. This is why peace in a man's mind in distinction from partisanship, makes for intellectual energy.

Peace is itself a dynamo in a mind. It whirls up energy like any dynamo in a power-house, by rapidly alternating opposing currents.

If seeing two sides of a truth makes a man think, seeing twelve sides makes him think still more. Twelve national viewpoints will make a man think more than two. Of course at first they may make him want to give up, lie down, stop thinking altogether, but if he carries the thing through, it energizes his mind. The first and most rudimentary degree of intellectual energy is one-sided energy and is illustrated by a partisan. The next degree is two-sided energy and is illustrated by what we call the paradox. Then comes the three-sided energy illustrated by the naturalness of the conception of the Trinity, by the three dimensions and by the triangle. Then above this in rank comes the improved triangle or arch, the semicircle. Finally there is the circle, the highest energy—the energy of thinking in the complete round and of seeing all sides.

Of course God does most of the thinking in the round, and naturally when a man approximates to it or rather approximates to it for a man, his very manysidedness very often makes him helpless in its first stage. We are all familiar with times in our own intellectual life when any manysidedness we may have managed to work our way around on has left our minds high and

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dry and unfit for action. This is what seems to be the trouble often with the liberal mind.

One does not think necessarily of a liberal mind as having the highest form of energy in a mind. This might seem to contradict my contention. But the trouble with the liberal mind is not its liberalness or its manysidedness. A liberal mind is like a top or a planet or a bicycle: it is only when its manysidedness is kept going that it amounts to anything. As long as manysidedness is static in a man, or produces a mere wobbling motion in him, manysidedness is helpless, but the moment it focusses, the moment it whirls, manysidedness becomes the turbine wheel of thought.

This is my conception of peace. It is an amazing, resistless, whirling all-sidedness.

Peace is the seeing and driving together of all sides—the driving an idea through the whole cycle of vision. In this sense, the peace energy in a mind may be said to be the highest voltage of energy in the mind of the human race. Peace is the turbine wheel of the world, the drive in folks that goes with the drive of the planet.

It is because the nations are too lazy to drive through to peace, cannot work their ideas out around peace, cannot express their ideas in the round, that they are falling back on huge armies and navies and are engaged by law in drilling boys in being bullies.

. . . . . .

I might cite an example of how peace energy in a man when I have felt it being directed toward me works upon a hostile state of being.

When I have a fighting feeling toward a man, what it really means—at least with me—is that I get so tired of myself and of the way he makes my nature conduct itself inside when I am with him that I believe he is my enemy and act accordingly.

Then I find that I am dealing with a man who is full of peace

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energy, with a man who is not as tired of himself as I am of myself and who, having more energy of brain waves in my direction, tells me decisively that he is not my enemy and will not be my enemy and that I cannot make him my enemy. He insists on feeling identified and upon acting identified in spite of me. He may not bear on about it perhaps at first. He may even begin by seeming to be as different out of politeness as I tell him he is. But slowly as occasions offer, he proceeds to show by words and by actions that we agree more than I thought we did. The sense of identity playing across our difference stimulates like the positive and negative poles, touches, draws out and electrifies our imagination on both sides.

"I agree with you underneath and you agree with me underneath," he seems to say. "Let's get underneath." This is the undertone of the peace energy at work. I do not see how anybody can call being a neutral or insisting on settling without fighting, a lazy or insipid undertaking. I submit that conveying to people what they do not know about themselves, and conveying to one's self what one does not know about one's self, making two men new before their eyes, is not a pacific or sleepy process. It is stern, self-conquering hard work.

This is why I speak of peace as an energy.

This is why I know peace is coming in the world. The men who have the most energy possess peace—their minds work for peace. It is peace that makes their minds work and they will subdue all others. In an era of machines and inventions, of colossal victories of peaceful minds over earth and air and sky and over the lives of men—the days of weak-minded or fighting men, of men who are troubled with mental anæmia or hatefulness, are over. They will doubtless continue to live but they will be crowded out of high places. They will have to fight every year with less and less significant people. Nobody will notice them and finally there will be nobody for them to fight with except themselves. Such a man can sit down in a room if he wants to alone and be ugly to himself, but that will be his limit.

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VI

FALSE HONOUR

If one takes a subject and puts it on a slide, looks at it narrowly and by itself, one can be very certain and very quick, and act on it with a fine flourish of efficiency.

Here is the *Arabic*, with its eight more Americans deliberately murdered by Germany.

When one looks at this fact all by itself one has at once a fine feeling of knowing just what to do. A hundred million people should go to war—the one normal sane nation the world has left to hold the planet together while the others fight should back down from its appointed position, its great, distinctive, lonely office of keeping the world from falling apart, for the sake of these eight Americans who should have stayed at home, and for the sake of another hypothetical eight who should be ordered to stay at home.

America is the cement to-day that holds the world together. We have no right to fight. The cement must be cement, and do its work as cement.

It is enough for America to state her position and register her protest and record with Germany and with the world her vow that at an opportune time and in a suitable way she will compel Germany's full attention and in the meantime dealing with a desperate nation fighting for its life, she will make allowances and wait until she can do something to bring Germany to her senses in a less idiotic, visionary and unpractical way than fighting, or threatening to fight. If Germany wins, she will need us. If she fails, she will need us still more. The time for us to produce an impression and make a reckoning with Ger-

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many is when she wants us and wants what we have. We would then be in a position to make Germany hear, with a whisper, what now she would not and could not hear thundered at her with guns. If we state and put on record our position explicitly and unmistakably, there is no disgrace in waiting for the best time and the best way to compel a reckoning for it.

Germany says to us, "We are busy. We are desperate. We cannot listen. We do not hear."

To give up our position of holding the world together to compel a desperate fighting nation, a lioness with her cubs, to stop and purr to us while she is busy clawing off twenty nations, is an academic, unpractical, humdrum, lazy, self-indulgent thing to do.

Of course we feel like fighting, but what of it? We must keep the main issue in sight, which is the fate of a world.

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VII

FALSE SIMPLICITY

It is convenient, but it is sentimental, visionary, unobservant and otherworldly to think of men as being simple. It is also visionary to think of nations as being simple.

All the nations look simple very largely in Europe just now. A nation has to look simple to fight. America almost alone of the great powers is not fighting and does not have to look simple. It is because America does not have to look simple, and still remains open, human, and complex that it is of some use, and that nations are slowly turning to us. We do not exactly blame them for being obliged under the circumstances to look simple. We think we understand how each nation fell into it.

Once let somebody blunder, once let some threatening-minded scared person, who is in a position to look as if he knew, tell everybody up and down a nation that everybody in the nation has got to fight, and of course the nation gets simple, whether it is or not—all in a minute.

Europe suddenly confronted with eleven perfectly simple nations went mad, as a matter of course. Such a thing had never been dreamed of before—that there would be such a landslide of nations all becoming perfectly simple rudimentary one-idea nations all in a minute. But America holds her ground. We look around this monotonous façade of simplicity on the European nations. We see the two nations in every nation. It is what we are for, in the modern world just now—not to be fooled by façades or by the façade habit in nations.

Germany may make England believe that it is simple but we will not believe it. England may make Germany believe that

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England is just a simple, uncomplicated, plain, bloodthirsty nation but we will not believe it. Every nation in Europe, to us, is putting on airs with guns.

We know that millions of Germans are glorying even while they fight in the pluck and sorrow of Belgium. And we know that it is natural for the moment for Belgium not to believe this, and to think how simple Germany is.

We keep allowing for these things. We will blame nor praise no nation wholesale. When a nation goes to war the party that is on top at the moment automatically takes command. The first people a nation attacks when it goes to war are its own vast helpless minorities. When a nation fights another nation the first thing it does is to whip half of its own people.

We keep remembering this. America stands by and proposes to see that the part of Germany that has been whipped by Germany shall have a chance to rejoin the nation and take its turn sometime before everything is finished up, or at least have its hearing. The war party in Germany has expressed itself, probably as well as it knows how to, with guns. The other party has other means of expression and has ideas which can be better expressed in some other way. In the meantime America hopes to conduct herself in such a way that she will be in a position to deal with Germany as if Germany knew more, as if, of course, Germany could express herself better than she lets anyone think. We know that Germany is, that Germany must be more thoughtful and more reasonable than she looks.

We have the same feeling about each of the other nations.

If we could—here in America—as soon as we got the chance we would start up some kind of organization, some campaign of mutual understanding which would keep the noisy superficial shouty and shooty persons each nation is diseased with from misrepresenting it, from standing in front of it, in front of all the other people, the people in the nation that we particularly want to know and that want to know us—the every-day people that can do real things and that any quiet, sensible nation in its

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senses would want to do real things with—the live, interesting, up-to-date, peaceful, expressive men in all the other nations, the men who think and who have something to live for, the men who want things that we have and who have things that we want. We all want to get together. And we will the moment all the gun-brags and the gun-blowers in every nation who are flourishing around in front of all of us, saying that they and they only are the nation and represent the nation, have thinned each other out enough to think. We wait. We know that they will find that they cannot think without us. They will have to ask us to come forward and do their thinking for them.

So we bide our time. Of course it is too soon to get the shouty and shooty to see it now, but it is merely a matter of time, of letting them have their turn and letting them use it up. Then we will have ours. We will begin with each of us presenting each of our nations with a little time, a time of waiting and looking, of seeing what it wants; we will give each nation a little time with itself, and give it, the people in it, time to express themselves, to set one side, if they want to, their more scared and threatening-minded leaders, and to put in front of the nation men that really represent them. All the nations are getting ready to see the main truth about this war—namely, that if every nation to-day would take care of its own enemies at home there would not be any enemies abroad. Who are the men in every nation who are the sort of men that make enemies abroad for the nation?

We will find out the names of these men and arrange these men. It is not boundary lines and maps of the world that need arranging in this war. It is people. The thing we are all going to agree in every nation to do, I imagine, when the lull comes, is to organize all human beings, all people who are trying to be human, whatever nation they may be trying in. We will sort out all the others, all the German Bernhardis, English Bernhardis, the French and Russian ones, the scarehead Americans, move them over into some special marked-off country on this globe by themselves—some large, roomy, safe, bare, hilly country, a kind

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of wasteland that is not much good except for fighting. Then we will let them settle down there—all these waste people—and fight and throw themselves away at each other to their hearts' content. They will have their specially partitioned-off pen on the world to fight in and the peaceful part of mankind will spread out and live on the rest. We do not need (after this has been attended to) to bother with boundaries very much. We can already see, looking over the high fences of our nations, that almost any boundaries for nations would do if the people inside them have been arranged. In the meantime, until this has been done, until human beings have organized being human as well as armies have organized being not human, we prefer to make a stand here in America on our philosophy of human nature. We will not join with Dr. Gordon in taking the war as the last beautiful, simple demonstration of what human nature is like, and of what each of these nations is like. We are not going to be caught up, 3,000 miles across the sea, into the international hydrophobia. It is one of the rights of the world, it is one of the rights of every nation in Europe—every nation that has been seized with international hydrophobia—that America should not let itself be seized, too, should keep itself sacred, should keep itself immune. We are the Red Cross nation. We will be, if need be, almost savagely neutral. We have become the altar people, the confessional people, and every man caught in every little pitiful self-deceived ugly cooped-up nation shall flee for what is left of his idea of a World—to us. Not that he needs to come to us. We will stand by him at home in his own nation and where he is. America needs him where he is probably. America wants him to keep on representing the world there. We want him to feel we are all open to him and listening to him, and standing by him.

Every human being who is hoping to be human again the moment his government allows such things has a right to feel he is being represented to-day, that he is being officially stood up for by American citizens. Every man of them has a homestead in our hearts. And whatever the nations they are mixed up with,

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we wait for them. We wait for their turn and lend a hand. We will stand by them against the other nations, against their own nations, until they speak for themselves.

This is what I mean by saying that we do not believe that the nations of Europe are as terrifyingly simple as they look. Perhaps I have no right to use the first person plural in this way, and say that this is our honest, actual, typical American point of view, but I will say at least that this is the plain human way I have to look at it myself. I know there are two Lees. I am not simple. And I insist, apparently against Dr. Gordon, that Dr. Gordon is not simple and there must be two Gordons. And there are two Germanys, too, and two of all the rest of the nations. This may or may not be the typical American point of view. I can only ask, or make this book ask, my nation: Do I express this nation or do I not? In the meantime I believe that the plain millions of our people are going to make themselves felt. I believe that this war is America's turn to assert its temperament to the world. Our temperament is our practical philosophy about human nature. We keep a plain, unadorned, unremittingly human view of things. Documents and diplomats and guns cannot make us blink. People keep on being people. They may try not to look it, but they do. Nations are just crowds of folks. All folks are partly Hyde and partly Jekyll. To us, 3,000 miles across the sea, there is a Jekyll and Hyde in every nation, and Hyde seems to be having his turn.

We are taking our stand for Jekyll here in America and all the Jekylls, the German, French, English, Austrian and Russian Jekylls.

I know a man and his wife who have had great difficulty for years in maintaining diplomatic relations. They separate every little while, and both come to me and both try to get me to take sides against the other. All I can ever do, I find, is to insist on taking sides with the best in the husband and with the best in the wife against the worst in them.

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When they come to me in this way they are sadly mixed about themselves, usually. I know they will be seeing in a little while what they were really like.

When a man is saying things about his wife that he will all but knock me down for believing three weeks afterward, does anyone suppose I am going to believe him?

And here are all of these nations in Europe deeply and inextricably necessary to each other. The more they are alive the more and more necessary to each other they get. The thing America is now in a position to do is to be faithful to each of them, to refuse to take sides against its best self, to make a stout, slow, good-natured, obstinate stand in each nation's behalf, not for what it wants to make us believe now, but for what it will wish we had believed afterward. It is going to be our national business, the next few months, as the papers go flocking through our homes every morning and every night, to make a shrewd, loyal, human guess on what each nation in this fight will be glad we had believed and said. We are to be in America world-psychologists now. We are to be the mind-readers of nations. It has been thrust upon us. Nobody else is giving any time to it. Our people are to be asked to be the poets and interpreters of the other peoples. New York, Chicago and Denver are asked to read the hearts of cities, of Paris, of Berlin and of London. Our cities listen to their cities and our fields to their fields.

There is something awkward about it in a way of course. Our cities seem rather young and rather pert to do it. But we are buoyant and believe in people and expect the best of people, and in a way, after all, we are experts in being more like children than the other peoples. Jesus spoke quite literally, perhaps, when he said one day, "A little child shall lead them."

It is the child after all that is the great Common Denominator of the World.

Some old-man nation might do better in some ways. It would be so wise. But probably it wouldn't hope enough. And it is hope Europe wants and must get from somewhere now, a

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hope that burns through and lights up, a hope that warms the hearts of nations, lights up their years, irrepressible, insatiable . . . a hope that has something almost terrific and majestic in it like the look one sees in a little child's eyes. This is what Europe wants and must import from somewhere or borrow from somewhere to-day. The roll of Niagara Falls, the crunch of the glacier, the sublime weight and power of the darkness of the night—these are nothing to that boundlessness one sometimes sees, that one sometimes stands on the shore of, in a child's eyes.

Almost any child will do. Anyone can get that look. After I have got one, I read my morning paper. I face Europe with that look!

I have seen dandelion down in the wind and sunrises. They have that same something in them, too, that is in the child's eyes. It is in all the world, and I will not believe that a world that is full of things like this can go wrong very long!

I have seen that our souls are awaking, that we are but beginning. To-day, at last, with Columbus, Copernicus, Bell and Marconi, we have all been waked out of our little separate selves. We have rushed to our windows. We look out through the windows of our souls upon the earth. The nations shall yet be to us as the voices of happy children playing in The Yard.

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LOOK V

WHAT BEING A NEUTRAL IS NOT LIKE

I

MR. SHAW SHAWS

I WOULD like to deal in this chapter with Bernard Shaw's endeavour toward peace which he published early in the war, called "Common Sense About the War."

I might as well copy one or two entries in my journal at that time:

Sunday, December —, 1914.

Bernard Shaw's advertisement inserted in the New York *Times* and in the papers of all countries, that he is without a country, and that he does not want one and that he would be ashamed of himself if he had one, is being read to-day by millions of people in all the countries he might have had, or that might have had to have him.

Most of these millions of people are pondering in twenty languages on this still Sunday morning what Shaw says about the nations and about Shaw and are feeling as glad this morning and as relieved this morning that Shaw is without a country, as Shaw is. They are thinking what their country would be like, or would get to be like with a Shaw in it.

Only England knows.

Monday, December —, 1914.
(Next day.)

I talked with ——— this afternoon about Shaw's article.

He tried to prove to me that it was wrong for a person who was always harping on peace to feel as I did toward Mr. Shaw for

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having so much Common Sense about the War. He would not admit my accusation that the main thing the article brought out was that Shaw was without a country. He said it was full of acute ideas that England needed to have expressed. I admitted that in a way the article was full of acute ideas but I said that the only idea in the article that Shaw had successfully expressed, the only really convincing thing anybody got out of the article—the only idea that everybody alike got out of it—was that Bernard Shaw was a man without a country, and that he liked it. The rest of us poor fellows, of course, have to have countries. Mr. Shaw does not blame us exactly. We do not know any better.

So for thirty thousand words we have Shaw crowing over people that in a day when countries were acting as they are to-day no one would catch him—not Bernard Shaw—having a country.

En route, New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad,
———, 1914.

I have been talking in the smoking-room with two men who got off at New Haven, about Shaw and the war.

I have been a little puzzled and shocked now that I have stopped talking about it to see how my mind had conducted itself with regard to Shaw's ideas about the war. I find that when I take them point by point, isolate them, disassociate them from Shaw or think of them as if someone else had had them, I soon lose the kind of unreasonable anger I struggle with. And yet I am sure that there is something about the very unreasonableness of the anger that is sound and just and that I do not need to be hustling around trying to put a stop to it just because it is anger. I have decided at last that I ought not to be angry at what Shaw says, but that if I was not angry at the way he said it, I ought to be whipped.

And yet Mr. Shaw makes many points I have been waiting to have made. I am profoundly concerned in the thought of any man to-day who has detachment enough to keep a balance and to see truth—especially to see a disagreeable truth. In many ways Mr. Shaw has the best endowment of any man alive for seeing what people wish he wouldn't. He is like a child with a new toy, with a new disagreeable truth.

Few men could be as sure of as fine a hearing in as many

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nations as Bernard Shaw the moment he chooses to speak. There is not a man of us who could bear to see him throw his chance away. The moment has demanded of him another spirit.

When his article first came out I tried over and over again to get past the spirit in which Shaw has said things to the things themselves. But I could not. All I could see as I read was this stupendous stage of this modern world, this vast audience of us all reaching away up around him—the silent waiting nations, and the stupendous godlike frivolity of the man we were watching.

I have spent half my life, bending and twisting my mind into sympathies I have not had before, in squirming my inner nature around and in trying to imagine how people can do things, but this time—this last time, I have failed.

In the most solemn hour of modern times, in the face of the assembled world, the faces of twenty nations rising up around him as in some mighty Coliseum against the sky, behold there appears before us Bernard Shaw—the most lonely monster of his time—and in the hush of a mighty breathless moment, a moment of the death of nations, a moment of speechless fear, of the still prayers of great peoples, in which we are all assembled and in which we all see the destiny of a world hanging down from the sky before us all, like a thread—Mr. Shaw steps out glibly and cuts up antics with his mind.

I have not admitted that Shaw was frivolous before. But I have never seen him with eleven half-dead nations gathered around him and in a world-hush that would bring him out. One would have thought as one read, that Bernard Shaw was nowhere in particular, was out behind a barn in Williamsburg, doing handsprings with his mind, that he was keeping eleven balls in the air instead of eleven nations. One would have thought as one read that nobody was looking and that nobody cared, and that he was just having an off moment by himself.

Not a breath to indicate he knew what filled the hearts of the men and women of his time.

Or that he ever would or might.

The entire planet was wiped off of his consciousness apparently while He gave a world ether, while He put a world on the little white scoured operating table of his mind.

Then he began cutting and laughing.

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Of course one almost never expects to hear any very lively peace talk. But if Mr. Shaw wanted to be really lively, if he wanted to stir up peace in the nations of the world, the best way for him to do would have been to show them for thirty thousand words, a kindling and a contagiously peaceful man.

Every man knows peace when he sees it in another man, and he is deeply stirred by it, especially in a time of war.

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Peace is a striking state of being, a penetrating personal quality, an immeasurable still whirl in some people (like a gyroscope) that keeps them indomitably, irrepressibly balanced and human.

To Shaw, peace is a theory. It is an analysis. I cannot find one tenth of one per cent. of peace in his essay. I can only feel, page after page, as I read, how peace would suffocate Shaw. He would be as bored as a cannon set up as an ornament in a park, if he was being peaceful for a minute, or even if he was conciliatory.

Of all times, peace is in its native element in a time of war. It supplies the elemental converting power in human nature to construct a world out of. It is a spiritual precision of decision in conduct, an energy of insight into people. When everybody is fighting, a peaceful man waits a little. Then he overrides and dominates with peace, with the sense of the future of the fighters, with what all the fighters are going to see that they wanted afterward—sees further ahead, does his thinking in three tenses and three persons, saying, 'We' now, 'We' everywhere, 'We' always. The fighter says 'I' now. He doesn't say even 'I' everywhere or 'I' always. If he does he gets caught and thinks, and stops fighting to think.

If we are to have peace it may have to be surveyed and laid out by consulting here and there Shaw's estimates. The materials, the corpse, the autopsy of peace are there. He has furnished us a very good anatomy of a dead peace. But nobody can

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make a dead peace do anything to eleven very lively nations fighting.

Only some man who shall see for England what Shaw has seen, and who shall endow his words with beauty, dignity, love and expectation, with a vision, with virile hope, with a challenge to the heroic and the generous in all nations, can defend England from being a fighting nation. Only a nation that can get an artist to express peace for it can get it.

If the noble efforts England has put in first and last on Bernard Shaw all these years in trying year after year to set him in his place, had been differently directed, if instead of trying to manage Mr. Shaw by telling him he was shocking or wicked they would have told him simply and quietly that he was merely a moralist, a Puritan turned punctiliously inside out, or a prig working backward, and that he was not an artist, they would probably have got more control over him than they ever have had yet. The only way anybody could ever scare or subdue Shaw is to point out that of course he is not an artist. Anybody can see it. As long as his "Common Sense About the War" is written in a way that drives people out of their senses with wrath and makes them fight, he will have to give up supposing he can write. He does not know how to express himself. He does not make words do with people what he sets out to do with them. He is superficial with his words. He merely gets people's attention and makes them want to fight. He, himself, from top to toe while he is writing about how to get a whole world to agree, would all but commit suicide if anybody agreed with him.

The state of being Shaw is in, when he writes about peace, is itself a state of war. Mr. Shaw himself would say that this was hypocritical. But this would be rather too gentle, I think, and an understatement.

I speak as a champion of words, of what words are for, of what wonders words have worked and can work on a world.

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I am not willing to let Mr. Shaw get off with his essay's being by a hypocrite. I say it is not by an artist—that the words lie down in it, that the words in it do not do their work.

Perhaps it is this superficial quality in Shaw that has always kept him from being able to hold anybody's attention. He merely makes people notice him long enough to make up their minds not to give it to him.

I keep wondering: If nobody has ever listened to Shaw yet, if nobody has ever given himself over, seven words in a row, to Shaw, why should he write about peace?

Between what Mr. Carnegie has done to peace on the spiritual side, and what Mr. Shaw has done to it on the literary side, peace is having a struggle.

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Probably if there is any one particular person the devil envies in this world it is George Bernard Shaw. Other men put in bigger strokes for evil than Shaw does, but Shaw does what he does and says what he says in a way—right here in the middle of all these warm throbbing people about him—in a way that would turn hell pale.

Part of the time I anatomically agree with him. He often does what needs to be done. He analyzes in "Common Sense About War," here and there, as no one else could.

And if this is so, why is it that when the devil read it over after he had made Shaw write it, he found he did not need to change a word?

I do not wish to set myself up as an authority on what the devil thinks, and why, but my personal impression is that Shaw does to people with such elegance and such distinction the very things that the devil is trying to do to them, every day, in his plain, rough, comparatively humble way, that the devil finds he cannot keep, in spite of himself, from looking up to him and imitating him. He even trims his beard like him. (See Faust.)

So when the devil looked around and saw half the people in

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Europe fighting, and wanted to do something that would make the other half of the people who had stayed at home to read and had not gone to war, wish they had, and when he looked the world over, all the authors of the world, and saw that he must have an article which should be itself the quintessence of war, that he must have a great lonely article without a future and without a past and without a God, by a man without even a country, by a mathematical, cosine, and triangle sort of person, with a deadly meaningless correctness about him, by a poor sterilized depoetized unrhythmic logarithmic man—a man who thinks antiseptic thoughts, who has pasteurized emotions, who never gives and takes, never warms or colours with human understanding, or with human love—he saw that Shaw was the only one out of us all in all nations that would do.

So a tract on "How to Be Peaceful," from Bernard Shaw—the most lonely mind of his time, the man who has out of all the world the most magnificently endowed incompetence to speak of human beings, to say what human beings think or what human beings feel, or what they can do, or what they mean by what they do—was presented to the struggling peoples of all nations.

This may be a strong statement, but I have stood up for Shaw in one way or another all my life. He is always saying things I hate to believe. He has sent, year after year, red blood coursing through my faiths. He has given me by the sheer bleak contrariness of his mind, by the fishiness and chill of his thought, by his remoteness from human nature, by a kind of other-worldliness there is in him, by a kind of aquamarine or aquarium quality in his mind—he has brought out for me the warmth and glow of my world, has made me see my fellow human beings moving around me up in the sunshine on top of the earth like heroes, like great warm-blooded giants, like little brothers of the gods. It would be hard to over-value the use of Shaw in our generation, but always as one values ammonia or sal ammoniac. The world needs such things, but when Mr. Shaw oversteps his

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function, his biting acidulous genius, when he forgets that all he is for is to act as a kind of gallbladder for England, and when he seriously tries to set the whole world right and tell people in England and everywhere how they have got to be more human, it has seemed to me to be worth while in the present crisis to try to point out where Shaw is valuable and where he is not, just where what his mind secretes can be used. Far be it from me to underestimate the value of gall. I merely point out to my fellow mortals what I have painfully learned: that Mr. Shaw's secretions on "How to Be Human" should be used in the body politic just in the small modest place where Nature intended. They are not intended to be swallowed, or to be mixed before eating with human nature's daily food.

My idea of what to do with Shaw is to accept him a little stiffly perhaps but gratefully, and then use him as one would any other valuable but very horrid chemical. I remember when I was a boy what wonders I could do with blue vitriol by putting it into a few jars with some copper and some zinc. I could telegraph downtown with it and order groceries for my mother, or make engagements to play duck on the rock. I always used to wonder (as president of the Boys' Telegraph Company of Cleveland, Ohio) at the way that blue vitriol in those jars made those two metals bite each other and warmed them up into doing things. This sort of thing is what Shaw is for apparently. Used discreetly both in America and England, he is invaluable. But people should keep their Shaw in jars, I think, and not try to use his mind as many people do or try to do, especially in England, in a loose general way.

Shaw sees no future for Germany or France or Russia or England, or for the world, or for human nature. He really in his heart thinks it is rather terrible for a thing like human nature to have a future. He has no crowding-in, imperious vision for his world about him. He has never conceived or travailed in spirit or given birth to an idea, not even to a moral idea. He is at best a rather severe, childless-minded, moral old maid, who

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tells what is the matter with other people's children, but who could not have one and who would not—not for the world.

. . . . . .

At first I was drawn to Shaw by what I had conceived to be his courage.

Even his courage, which is his most arresting and attractive quality, is not to be compared for a moment to Lowes Dickinson's. At best Shaw's courage is like the courage of any chemical, like sal ammoniac or any kind of cleansing chemical. It does not know really what it is eating into. Shaw will eat into anybody without particularly noticing.

When Lowes Dickinson disagrees with people, as in "Letters of a Chinese Official," as in "Appearances," or as in his recent essay on the war, when he defies his environment, or rebukes his native country with the East, he does it full-knowing, full-counting the cost. Lowes Dickinson has courage against his own country in behalf of the world, and against his friends, and against himself. People are warm and alive. They are not so many dots to him, or dolls of themselves, or copper or zinc.

His courage becomes a spiritual feat, a true victory over himself and over others because it is so intensely personal, so vividly aware of people and of all people, that it gives a kind of gentle splendid wilfulness to his thought. He will not let the feelings of one set of people bedazzle him or blind him to the feelings of another.

Dickinson's courage makes him see people more humanly, approachably, and more universally every day.

Shaw's courage makes him lonelier every day.

Mr. Dickinson carries being personal so far that he comes to have a kind of superhuman, superpersonal, multipersonal quality of insight. His mind is one in which people discover one another or guess shrewdly at themselves. It is a little Hague Palace of a mind where nations sit down by the fire—no, by the Lamp in the light (there might be a little more fire, I think!)—and talk.

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It's the personalness and intimacy of Dickinson's mind that make it the stuff peace is made of. Dickinson's mind (with that pale, slow, Aladdin's lamp glow in it) incubates peace.

Shaw carries impersonality, or rather unpersonality, so far that he attains a kind of tableland of inhumanness, of nonentity, of nowhereness and nobodiness, without a soul in sight, where he lives alone with George and with Bernard and with Shaw.

. . . . . .

Mr. Shaw does not illustrate my idea of what being a neutral is like. And what I have been saying about Bernard Shaw does not illustrate my idea of what being a neutral is like.

Having called Mr. Shaw names in this book, having called him blue vitriol, sal ammoniac, a logarithm, a fish, an old maid and a gallbladder, I am aware I have placed myself in a rather awkward position to say what I would like to about how spiritually powerful and morally superior it is to be a neutral. I can only express my regret that I have not yet attained that high level of energy, that finer spiritual voltage of neutrality with regard to Mr. Shaw that I long for, or wish I could long for. But perhaps these few pages will serve to give this little orgy of neutrality I have been having in this book a touch of restraint.

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II

MR. MÜNSTERBERG TAKES A WALK

December———

"One German up in Yonkers or out on a back street in Pittsburgh can put up a better fight for Germany to-day than a thousand Germans who are merely killing off Frenchmen and Belgians and Englishmen way over in Europe." This is what I was saying or trying to say to a friend the other day when he took me up on it.

The idea to which I was trying to make him agree was that a German in Yonkers is located in the strategic country. In the end the court that decides and makes awards to the nations in this war is to be the court of neutral nations. America is the leading neutral and a German in Yonkers is right on the premises before the jury while it is making up its mind.

My friend did not altogether deny what I said about America.

"But you don't know Yonkers," he said.

He said he wished I would come up and spend the week-end with him. He said he would like to have me meet a German in Yonkers. He would like to have me have a little talk with him. He would like to see what I would have to say about a German in Yonkers and how he can help his country after the little talk —say next Sunday.

"Well, I didn't say any German in Yonkers. I said a German in Yonkers who kept his head and who impressed everybody as having kept it."

Then he brought up Hugo Münsterberg. He asked me what I thought of Mr. Münsterberg's first appearance in the news-

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papers after the war broke out, of the way he lectured America that first memorable week.

I said I knew plenty of Germans who were keeping their heads, who were doing Germany, with every person they met, a great deal of good.

I said I was sorry about Mr. Münsterberg's first week. I thought perhaps Mr. Münsterberg was. Everybody's first week was rather bad in this war.

My friend replied that he didn't believe Mr. Münsterberg had begun to be sorry yet. He didn't think I would find many Germans who were, either. Of course if ever there was a time when a German going about the streets of America was entitled not to keep his head, it was that first week. I surmised that a man who has as good a head as Hugo Münsterberg, on a special occasion that could only happen once in two or three thousand years, is entitled not to keep it. Certainly there are very few of us in America who were running wildly around the streets those first few days when Germany was apparently wiping Paris from off the face of the earth who are in a position to be censorious with Mr. Münsterberg about his head. We were enough to make any man—any German man at least—feel queer.

Mr. Hugo Münsterberg, who, by the way, many of us are glad to see is now being paid six hundred thousand dollars a year by Harvard for being its Professor of Psychology—that is, the interest on ten million dollars Harvard said it would rather let go than give him up—has done a very great deal since he came to America some years ago to make being a college professor in an American college look interesting. We are more than glad, most of us, that Harvard felt that six hundred thousand a year for Hugo Münsterberg (with or without his head) was cheap as compared with having it known that Harvard University would not let him be himself, or that it took orders from a millionaire, and it does us good to think that Hugo Münsterberg is here and that he is an American. It is in his capacity

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as a German that I am driven in this chapter to take issue with him, and humbly venture to make a text of him.

Being a German in this country just at present is a very delicate and exacting business, and as several million Germans are attempting every day before our eyes to do it in the best possible way it can be done, and trying to be Americans at the same time, and to make Americans understand Germany and to represent Germany to Americans, it may not be amiss for me to dwell on one or two points. There were one or two things Mr. Münsterberg made happen to my mind during his first week that have a hopeful bearing on the art of being a German in America.

First. When Mr. Münsterberg came out with his letter in the papers I wished he were in Yonkers instead of Cambridge. (It's like being allowed to talk to the jury through a megaphone to be at Cambridge.)

Second. I couldn't help thinking that after the first day or so anyway probably the German Government wished Mr. Münsterberg was in Yonkers instead of Cambridge. Of course Yonkers or anywhere would not do any good now. After he has once broken out, after he has once, all in one morning, burned it or branded it into the American mind what the modern German may be, probably with many people, must be like, it is too late for the German Government to transfer Mr. Münsterberg to Yonkers, though if it could really manage to do it, if it could really have him for a modest sum like six hundred thousand dollars tucked quietly away in Yonkers, it would be a good bargain for Germany and for the ultimate peace of the world.

Third. As it is now, all that anybody can do or that any German can do is to prove to everybody by the way he acts and talks himself that the overriding spirit in which Mr. Münsterberg writes of England, France and Europe is not a fair picture of modern Germany.

Big events that determine the fate of nations do not turn on facts. They turn on tones. In the last analysis they turn on air. They turn on how people walk. They turn on how

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people carry themselves. What the Allies are fighting or think they are fighting to-day is a Strut.

Fair-minded Americans three thousand miles away, who are being appealed to on every hand, have heard a very great deal first and last about this Strut. They have been trying very hard not to believe it until they have to. The enemies of Germany have been telling us, "You don't see it. You are three thousand miles away."

Then suddenly Hugo Münsterberg, a German gentleman living as one might say in a prominent intellectual brownstone front on the intellectual Fifth Avenue of the world, is seen emerging from his front door quietly with his big stick in his hand and his moral silk hat on, and with all America—Washington, Los Angeles and Chicago—lined up on the curb all the way down the Avenue from the top of the hill in Central Park to the Washington Arch—he STRUTS!

Mr. Carnegie, looking out of his window on the corner of Ninety-second Street, blushes. The Public Library and the Brick Church look on gravely astonished. The busses, with all their little audiences on top, crane their necks and buzz. In Washington Square four hundred sleepy citizens on benches rise respectfully and stand before him and watch him. They regard him solemnly, thoughtfully, like a mile of policemen going by.

Of course after a great scene, a monster demonstration like this, a kind of national pageant of how Mr. Münsterberg feels, all of the would-be, half-desperate, doggedly fair-minded people in America who had been saying all along that the German strut was one of the island illusions of England, or one of the Boulevard provincialisms of Paris, found it very awkward the next day meeting people in the streets. Everybody said: "Say, look at the Strut! That is it you see! That is the way all Germany feels. That is what Germany is like! Germany is one big, long, wide, overbearing parade of Münsterbergs. Germany is Münsterberg raised to the n^{th} power. The strut of his in-

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dignation across America is just a small imitation of the strut of all Germany across all Europe."

What can anyone say? What is there anybody can do?

Three things occur to me: There are ten million Germans in this country. Every tenth man, woman, or child one meets in America is a German. Every one of these Germans is in a position to prove without going out of his way and by just letting people know him that even during these days of supreme trial and provocation, as he goes and comes amongst us, strutting is not a German trait. It is not for nothing that in these days, when the American jury is making up its mind, every tenth man in America is a German. If every German will do off nine Americans, will keep the nine Americans next to him wondering at the way he keeps from strutting, it will not take long at the rate of nine men apiece to every German before America will see things fairly.

There is one other thing that can be done. Every man of us who belongs in one of these nine that some German has got to do, can help by being fair and by walking softly.

Incidentally, too, no doubt the Germans themselves, while they are working on us, can put in a little side-work on one another. Any German strutting that has got to be done they will arrange to have done privately and among friends.

One other word. It does not seem in all our war talk now that very much encouragement is being held out for anybody to be meek. Moses himself would strut just now probably. It is only fair to admit this in speaking of Mr. Münsterberg's walk. Probably a great many of us—most of us—if we had had a prominent intellectual brownstone front to take the walk from, as he did, if we had had the things to put up with from Americans that he did and that all Germans do every day—would have taken a walk. I am not blaming Mr. Münsterberg in this chapter for taking a walk. I am merely pointing out how it worked. And I do wish for one that, for quite a little while now, he wouldn't take another.

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III

PROFESSOR WALZ CALLS A MEETING

I read in my paper a little while ago that Professor Walz, professor of German literature at Harvard, had called a meeting of the Germans of Massachusetts to organize the Germans as Germans to take action in the next national election. The announcement as reported in my paper was made to look very threatening and boastful and I read it with sorrow and anger and with what people call (when it is theirs) righteous indignation. I started to write a letter to the *Republican* (which I locked up in my desk). It began like this:

The one single ostracism, the one single colossal, imperious intolerance of the American people is going to be toward any race that seeks as a race through organized political action to threaten or bully or dominate the country.

As the open hearth of the world, the trustee of the liberty of all religions and of the welcome of all races, America will not believe that on second thought the German-Americans of the country will trifle with America's trust in Germans in this way.

If Germans seek to make by political conquest a worse aggression upon America than merely taking American territory, if they seek to bully American ideals with German ideals, they will have to reckon not only with America, not only with American men, but with men of all nations throughout the world who have a personal interest in the personal freedom of American men to express their ideals. While men in other nations may not live here, they at least think here and let their souls out and pray here. If Germany wishes to pick out some sure way of facing financial, social and industrial ruin, of being shut off the planet, and crowded down in under it out of sight of the sun, all she has to do is to encourage German-Americans to act as a unit, in threatening the individual and personal wills of American citizens.

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The whole world will rise in defense of America.

America, the one great nation of welcomers and beckoners, the nation which stands on its wide shores and greets the unknown, whose face has shone upon the despised and upon the forgotten of all nations, is not going to be swerved from its high destiny in the world by the threats or by the political bullying of any one race it has welcomed. Any race that seeks to take treasonable advantage of America's generosity, its gusto of goodheartedness, to try to force it backward into the ruling and political ideas from which America has helped it to escape, is going to meet an outburst of patriotism, of fervid ostracism, of social and business annihilation such as has never been dreamed of in the world before.

Germany herself will soon be holding back German-Americans if they attempt to use organized conscious, political action to disturb the innate, organic mutual understanding, the political ideal and social and racial balance of American life.

It is racial insanity and world treason for German-Americans to seek to act as a political unit and to attempt to bully a free people into their personal ideals. If they want their personal ideals to control this country, they must behave in such a way and be such a people that they will make us all want their personal ideals to control the country.

As a matter of fact, this is what in a very large degree, until a few German-Americans have been made insane with the German crisis, they have been doing.

All we ask of them is to keep on doing what they have done before.

. . . . . .

I wish to make a confession to the reader.

These last two paragraphs were not written the morning I read the announcement that Professor Walz had called his meeting of the German voters of Massachusetts.

They were written the morning after a long meeting behind closed doors had been held when, according to the report in the *Republican*, the German-Americans voted not to take action.

Of course I was thinking when I wrote it, that this letter of mine to the *Republican* was on neutrality and about neutrality. But I was glad I locked my neutrality up.

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ACT IV

ELEVEN NATIONS ASK US

THE WAR LONELINESS
THE WAR AND I
REVERIES ON THE BACK STEP OF A TROLLEY
CROWDS COMPARE NOTES
ELEVEN NATIONS ASK US

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I

THE WAR LONELINESS

IF EVER in all its history this little planet needed another planet to confide to—needed another planet looking on, another planet that would hang about near by, and tell us frankly what it thought of us—it is now.

The next best substitute for this would be some man on this one who could present us with a nice cool two thousand years from out of the past, for nations to stand still a second and see themselves in, or some one quiet-hearted man with tears and laughter in his eyes, looking a couple of centuries ahead, who could make the nations hush a minute, look over his shoulder a minute, and look all together at To-morrow—and To-morrow. . . .

Here are the poor sick noisy-headed nations running gesturing about, throwing up their arms like poor insane patients in a huge Sanitarium twenty-five thousand miles around. Even the vast, quiet, indifferent oceans have lost their heads and are filled with hurry and fear, and the huge silent Vacant Lot of the blue Sky is filled with nations, with the evil spirits of nations flying, scurrying about in it. Voices of hate whisper and throb through little white clouds. . . .

We are walled in out of the universe, shut in with our own hatefulness. I go out at night on the meadow before I go to bed and stand and look up at the sky, at that wide wheeling radiant company of worlds, and it does not seem as if we belonged in it any longer. . . . It makes one very lonely. . . .

The reader has noticed it, probably. The night you knew the *Lusitania* went down, did you look at the sky that night? How quiet were the other stars!

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II

THE WAR AND I

I have been very much puzzled during the war to know what to do with the newspapers and with the things the newspapers have been doing to my mind. They seem to keep on doing things to my mind whether I am reading them or not. I keep reading yesterday's papers over and over in my sleep and I dream I am reading to-morrow's.

I feel some days and some nights as if sometime in August, or about August, 1914, I had apparently mislaid my mind. It seems to be way off somewhere quite separate and away from me where almost anything that wants to happen to it just comes along and happens to it. I do not seem to be allowed exactly to be connected with my mind any more. Any incredible thing that wants to comes drifting out of Nowhere and grabs it, sucks it up into it, by a kind of capillary attraction, like a fly on a ceiling. I believe it tamely.

I have always had before, as everybody has, I suppose, a certain mental attitude I am used to, toward a world. Day after day I go about vaguely now.

I feel as if I had mislaid a world.

The other day, after reading the war news in the morning, I broke away. I decided that I had let things go in this way about long enough.

I went up on Mount Tom and looked back at what had been happening to me. I saw how it all was from a distance. I had been eating and drinking and breathing war. I had been buying ten papers a day. I read in the streets, and I read while I ate. If there was a new headline, the people I was with dropped off

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the face of the earth. My whole being was scooped up and drunk away those first weeks with war.

Now and then I would forget for a minute perhaps. There would be a group of us, and we would be swept off into a gale of laughter about nothing. Then suddenly I would see men rolling dead bodies up a hill to fight behind those cold still entrenchments, or I would wake in the night out of deep sleep, and remember and listen to a roar three thousand miles away. I thought of the gay little flaxen-haired children I saw playing in the streets of Cologne, now crying as if their hearts would break, and of the silent mothers.

I read at meals. "If I have time to eat I have time to read about the war," I thought. Why should I know whether there were peaches or cantaloupe on my plate?

While I was up on Mount Tom I faced the situation. I began to think what was going to become of me if I kept on very much longer letting my soul get away from my body and get away from me like this.

There must be some sense, some direction and human meaning to be drawn out of all the things the newspapers were making happen to my mind.

When I came down from the mountain I recorded a vow or arrangement with myself in my journal that I would see how it would work for one week not to read a fresh paper at all. If I felt that I had to read something about the war, I would read something I could find my way in. I would go back to the older papers, read the quieted-down news—news three months old, news that was seasoned and that had fallen into order a little. If worst came to worst, I could read the early August and September papers about the war when it first broke out and see if I could not possibly by this time make some human meaning out of them which I could really use to live with and to understand the world with. "Things can keep on happening if they want to." I find in my journal: "I will not tackle this morning's paper or yesterday's. It merely makes me unconscious. It is

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like taking ether to read each fresh morning's grist of all these incredible things that keep happening over and over, one after the other, that one cannot make a beginning, middle or end of. News never changes much practically from day to day—all these unspeakable, monotonous duplicates of murders, a kind of conventionality of killing people. . . .

"It all comes not to mean anything after a little like reading the genealogy chapters in Genesis."

I would almost rather die myself than read lists of killed and wounded every morning as if they did not mean anything. The only fresh human live thing one can do to fend off the hellish deadness, the unspeakable crime against one's self of being bored by dead people, of being put to sleep by the heaped-up sorrows of a world, is to stop to assimilate, to put in order and make sense and thought and action out of the sorrows one already has. I do not want to read about eight hundred more men going down with one roar shut up in a great steel box in a footnote, or between spoonfuls of grapefruit—this vast conventionality of horror, this sing-song, this bottomless drone of death.

I take up my paper and read five incredible things a minute. If I could forget twelve months, smash back into my last year's mind, read my paper with that, I would be getting sixty incredible things a minute. Here is one "from an illustrious personality" in the *Deutsche Tagezeitung* about the *Lusitania*.

"At last our submarines have executed a great coup which it is hoped is to be only the beginning of such attacks unless England and America suspend sailings altogether. We Germans rejoice to the fullness of our hearts over this successful stroke. We have only a cold smile for the common cries of anger aroused by the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*. Under no circumstances must we cease our methods until this villainous nation of shopkeepers has been fought to a finish."

Or I read that Germany arranged an official holiday for school children when the *Lusitania* went down. What shall I believe? I know in a way that in ten, twenty, fifty or a hun-

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dred years there will be something to put with these things I seem to see and that I seem to know, which will bring me to my senses, but in the meantime for the ten, twenty and fifty years how am I to live in this helpless craze of doubt, wondering, and ignorance and what kind of a fellow human being shall I have to allow myself to be?

. . . . . .

After breaking away from the newspapers and snuggling up to my journal for a day or so and trying as well as I could to strike a balance with the world, I woke up enough at last to see at least for myself, what to do next. Slowly I got away from feeling lost with myself and feeling lost with the world.

I went deliberately to work to try to find out what it was that had been happening to my mind, and I began to pick out one after the other the things that had been happening to it, put them in some sort of order, decide what they were, and decide what they were for, and what I or what anybody else could do with them.

I began at first doing this just for myself. I began day by day as the news came in, taking it up and seeing what it did to me and what it did to my world, or rather my two worlds, the one I have and am used to, and the one I am trying to get.

I have been writing it down day by day as it comes. And this book which the reader has been going through, at least in its spirit and on the inside, is a kind of journal. I have tried to tell in it the inner story of one man's soul struggling with a world war, and talking back to a world war.

. . . . . .

Finally it has occurred to me that I could not be the only one who had felt as if he had been dreaming since the war broke out.

Perhaps my way of finding myself will work for other people, too.

I have been going about doing the things that I usually do,

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but it has seemed to me all the time to be somebody else that was doing them. I was just tagging around.

"Who was it?" I asked myself. "I am going to find out." Then I began taking an inventory. What have I been letting the war do to me?

The sun is rising as usual. The chestnuts are ripening in the trees. Gasolene keeps making wheels go around. Electricity is on the job all day and all night. Cocks crow and dogs bark and horses go by in the street. Everything is being itself and fulfilling itself and quietly making the world go around—except me.

Then it came over me that it was about time, with a great absorbing event like a world war going on before my eyes, that I should be of some use. Reading all day and all night about disasters that are happening to other people does not help them much.

I had been reading about a war for months as if I were in the middle of some huge, interminable, idle, helpless dime novel. I had been profoundly and hopelessly absorbed day and night, but I had not helped the characters in the novel. There must be some way of reading news about a war which would put one in a position to help.

It was then I began to wake up, apparently, thinking how I could help. I began thinking out my own personal relation to the war, the relation of the war to my vision of human nature, my vision of the next hundred years, and my vision for my own people and for the world.

It made an amazing and immediate difference in my reading of the war news when I began to slow down my reading and to try to see the relation of what I was reading to my vision of human nature and of the next hundred years or the next ten years.

Everything became steadied. I spent less time finding out what the news was, and I spent more time finding out the news about the news, in determining for myself what the news was for,

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and where it belonged, and what logically it would do with me and with a whole world. Most of all, I asked, what is this news going to do with us—with us in the United States? And how are we going to assimilate it, understand it, and act on it?

With this point of view in mind, this searching behind the news for news about the news, I am beginning to get some satisfaction out of reading about war. Instead of being sucked up against the subject and flattened out into not knowing who I am, or where I am, or what I am doing, I am steadied into action. Perhaps the way to help is to think, and to think first, and to get into the habit as soon as possible of knowing what I am about.

Perhaps this experience of mine in reading war news has something to do with all of us.

. . . . . .

I know it is a helplessly tragic thing to say; but the most important thing that is happening in the world to-day is not what is happening to the men in the battlefields of Europe. It is what is happening to us.

All that they can do is to kill each other. They cannot decide anything by killing each other. They can decide, possibly (which has nothing to do with the subject), which can kill the most. But even then, having spent two hundred thousand or four hundred thousand men on each side and fifty million dollars a day to decide who can kill the most, nobody, except those who are dead, will be in any position to help. The dead will help because they will be through fighting.

They will be quiet and strong and assured. They will call out reverence and love. That will help. But the living will not help. They will be helpless and useless because they will be filled with rage for five hundred years, with the weakness and helplessness of rage.

We and the other neutrals will have to decide the matter. And the way we decide, the ability we are to have to sit in judgment on the fate of a world, will depend on what is happening to us now from day to day while we look on.

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It will depend upon the spirit and the insight with which we look on, upon the deep, still fairmindedness, the daily hope, love and prayer, the daily fighting for truth, with which we read our daily papers. These are the influences which will make us strong when the real battle comes, the battle which will put away the giant-little, roaring-futile, helpless battles like the Aisne and the Marne into darkness and forgetfulness, that mighty battle in American thought, on American soil, that is soon to come for the peace of the world, for the continued existence of fearless men upon the earth.

It is our American battle that is going to settle things.

How are we daily schooling ourselves as we look on? How drilling our hearts to wisdom, to self-control and quietness, reading the temperaments of the nations, keeping close in spirit to each, making them feel it and know it, so that they will turn to us at last as the only power on earth that can afford the world a breathing place? We must prepare ourselves in thought and action to make America the clearing-house of all peoples. We will make our Capitol at Washington a kind of temple to which the tired nations may come to think and to pray.

Then we shall save them, in their weariness and fear, from destroying themselves when they are too tired to destroy one another.

A great many things are happening in our minds while we read up and down our columns of battles—mighty faiths and indignations and hopes, and mean little unbeliefs. A great many questions come, questions about human nature and about the world. It is the mighty daily task of American men to-day to pursue and face these questions, to arrange in our minds what is happening to us and make our hearts ready to readjust a world, instead of reading one more rumour, or one more twist or turn in a rumour, of another blind, helpless, useless wasted battle.

Battles always have to be taken back. Only men who understand, who possess themselves and love others, do things. What

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other men are doing we might do. But God has given us three thousand miles of open sea. What America does with that open sea, its perspective, its freedom, its youth, joy, sunshine, its mighty-heartedness, shall be the self-expression, the communion of America with all the peoples of the earth.

God save America for the world!

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III

REVERIES ON THE BACK STEP OF A TROLLEY

I jumped on to a car in Springfield yesterday and rode for awhile hanging on to the back step. There were four other men on the step, and we got down and stood on the ground to let people get out and in.

After a little I moved inside and tried hanging on a strap.

While I was hanging I thought.

The car was collecting five cents from me for my standing up and five cents more from somebody else for the seat I might have sat on.

And the fare recorder above my head kept snapping hopefully away, pocketing all these dear people's money with a brisk little chirr and a hearty little ring.

I looked at the fare recorder critically. I wondered if anybody besides me had noticed it—noticed it carrying on in that gay mocking way with everybody standing up.

Nobody seemed to be noticing. It seemed to be a very pleasant enjoyable occasion. Everybody was good-natured. Of course we stepped on each other's toes and lurched our shoulders at each other, and sat in each other's laps, and put our elbows in each other's eyes a little, but everybody loved everybody and felt peaceful.

And all the time the fare recorder above our heads was singing its beautiful little song, "Five-cents-more-gone! Five-cents-more-gone! *Fivecentsmoregone!*"

And the yellow car full of yellow light, a kind of dull, happy glow of folks going home to supper, rolled and purred its way up the big hill.

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I tried standing on my other leg and suspending myself by my other arm. I tried looking up and down the aisle. I thought I would see if I could make out any difference between the kind of people who got seats and the kind of people who got —what I had. One could never have constructed a philosophy about the Seated and the Seatless in this weary world from that car. There was no philosophy in it. Everything had just happened. There were many men who were sitting. Some of them looked tired and some of them looked as if they could not get tired if they tried. One man I watched was very large, and was getting ten cents' worth of room they could be charging somebody else for. I thought how happy that somebody else —or to speak strictly, that two fifths of somebody else—would be if it was I instead of the fat man I saw sitting down.

And all the time as I stood and hung and swayed and thought I heard the voice of the Corporation up above my head singing "Five-cents-more-gone! Fivecentsmoregone! *Fivecentsmore-gone!*"

. . . . . .

When I got home last night and was sitting by my fire in my slippers, and the big clock I live with was ticking and ticking away as if nothing ever mattered or ever would, I fell to thinking again of the street car in Springfield.

It came over me gradually how much that street car meant, what a deep, wise and rather wonderful street car it was.

No other country in the world could have produced a street car like that.

I felt a little rebuked by it when I thought about it. The street car had apparently—all when I was not knowing—held me up quietly, good-naturedly, while I was in it, made me stand perfectly still and laid over on me an Idea! (It takes about seventy-nine people to make me have an Idea.)

As I sat by my fire I recalled all the faces and the attitudes of those people I had been with in the car, and all the while that

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gay mocking little fare recorder up there above their heads singing to them sweetly of the seats they were paying for that they hadn't got, and it came over me what it would have been like if I could have taken all those people that were in that car and suddenly put them out and put in Englishmen instead.

London could not produce, not if it tried a thousand years, a single street car and fit it up with people like that. Paris and Berlin and Petrograd and Tokio and Hongkong could not. They would not even believe that such a street car fitted up with people like that could exist, until they got into it, paid five cents in it, hung on a strap in it, and thought.

All jammed full of kindness and hope. A kind of small neatly packed-up rolling America. The Money singing and singing away for dear life up over their heads and people standing and joining in the chorus. Inconvenience and joy.

Anybody who came over to this country and wanted to see America and see it soon, should at once be shown into a street car. It is the combination of discomfort and irrepressibleness that brings us out. Nobody ever knows us by sitting down with us in parlours. To know Americans squeeze them. Then see them smile! Put them in some place where they cannot get in or cannot get out. Then see them act the philosophy they cannot talk, and live the religion they think they do not have. When I come home from London, where every man wears his rights like a chip on his shoulder, and see our street cars, all full of crushed and happy people, these wronged and joyous spirits all overflowing on the cars and hanging on and dripping off, I thank God I am home again.

So as I sat by my fire last night and felt rebuked, I thought what a wonderful street car it was I had stood up and found fault in, and thought about myself in, and about how thin I was, and about the rights of thin men.

It was a deep and wise street car. Elijah's chariot looping the loop and making a great idle useless glorious lonely flourish in the heavens, was nothing to that Springfield street car bowl-

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ing jovially along up the hill—not as a sign of the times or a prophecy of the world. Elijah's being grabbed decorously and caught away in the heavens all alone was not so essentially religious as what had happened to me that afternoon—all for five cents.

An Englishman who was visiting in New York the other day arrived an hour and a half late at a dinner uptown. Everybody had waited for nearly an hour. He was so distinguished they had to. Finally when he came in and was asked why he was late he said that when he went down to the subway station at Thirty-fourth Street at six o'clock every car that came by was full of people standing up in it, and he waited for a car to come by with a seat.

I have my enthusiasms about Englishmen, but they do look in a bus like so many bullets in a bottle. Two Englishmen have never been rubbed together since the world began. Nothing has ever rubbed off of one Englishman on to another. It is a part of his religious ideal to keep from being rubbed.

The main spiritual secret and glory and power of America is that crowds have souls in it. People blend into one another and run together. They love one another in the streets. An irrepressible forgiveness, a great mutual hope hangs over the smoky cities. We breathe expectation. Christmas and sunshine are in our veins.

So as I sat by the clock and the clock ticked and the fire crackled last night I was rebuked by the happy yellow car.

I like to think of the streets these last nights before Christmas, of all the crowded street cars bowling by wishing everybody a Merry Christmas.

The sense of identity—probably that is what Christmas is. A huge You and I. All on the same planet! All on the same car! God bless us!

. . . . . .

When I am feeling hostile and feverish and am suddenly confronted with a smooth-natured, big-natured man's mind, what

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I feel at first is his mind quietly surrounding my mind. I storm around and hit out more or less possibly, but there is so much room in him that everywhere I hit what I was supposing would be a wall in him, I find there is nothing there; that his boundary line is further off. His range runs way around mine.

This is the way the American national genius of mutual expectation, the moment that even a small fraction of it is expressed, is going to defend us and keep any quarrelsome or feverish nation from dragging us into war.

The American nation has been drilled by its immigrants, by its habit of welcoming and understanding people, its power of waiting and reconceiving people, and its way of seeing daily within its own boundaries old nations born again, has acquired almost even by the mechanical action of its national life a habit of thinking all around a subject and all around a man before fighting and making up its mind. America is the most egregiously slow nation to call anyone an enemy in the world. It keeps gentle and big-spirited. It stands with a kind of loose, shaggy good-nature protectingly, hopefully, like a huge national Newfoundland dog toward a fretful nation, a nation nagging eternally about with its little funny roars, yaps and ultimatums. It looks upon a nation that regards itself as an enemy as sick, as crippled and helpless, hysterical, and as deceived by itself. America settles down in its huge, obstinate healthymindedness and waits.

I do not like to speak self-righteously for my people but with geography and history to help us and with no special credit to ourselves, we have acquired a kind of national slow-burning quality, and unless the heart of our people is betrayed by false leaders, the nations will naturally turn to us as the umpires of the world. Our destiny lies in searching our hearts and making ready.

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IV

CROWDS COMPARE NOTES

I want to say a little about the national failings of three nations and of what promising failings they are—the American, the English and the German failings.

The things that are the matter with us, with any one nation of us, properly mixed and put with what is the matter with the others, would make out of any one nation of us all what we hope to be for ourselves or for the world. It is not by fighting and by being more different, but by trying to be more alike that we are to become great.

The nation of all that does the most team-work with the other nations and does it first, will be the greatest.

Naturally in certain important particulars at least America is my candidate.

Perhaps as I am deeply and more or less searchingly interested in what a German expects of Germany and in what an Englishman expects of England, our German and English friends will allow a plain American, as long as he keeps his sense of humour, to hope and pray, and with definite details, for America.

Of course with the Englishman, England is the candidate, and the German offers Germany.

But in the meantime, before anything is determined, it may be well, after noting what our respective national powers and failings are, to consider which of these three nations has the best prospect of being first accepted as the leader by the others.

My feeling about America is that our spiritual vice as a people, the vice which seems to be produced by life in our new continent, is likely to be our strong asset in taking our position as a We-

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nation among the nations of the earth. Our over-blending, colour-running, run-in-together minds, the thing about us for which we are criticised and sometimes dreaded, is going to become, when subjected to implacable world-action and duly subdued and toned down, our special national gift and special service in the family of the world. The American power of partial racial de-individualization, the power of distilled personality, of penetrating a crowd, or a vast mass or cold lump of personality and making it over in a flash into a huge unit of a thousand entities, our power of making a crowd of a thousand souls become a new spiritual atmosphere or climate of men and women, a great cloud of rain or snow or mighty heat or burning of people, our American way of precipitating a crowd into singleness of thought and action—is naturally the strongest point and the leading trait of an immigrant nation. We are as a nation assembled in a few minutes. We are as a crowd in the streets from the four corners of the earth, all acting as one man. This is going to be the reason as time goes on that I see or seem to see eleven nations asking us!

An English crowd is round, and shaped a good deal like a bomb. If one were to take all Fleet Street and the Strand from St. Paul's to Trafalgar Square at any time, crumple it all up in a flash, into a single crowd, in about five minutes or as soon as it had time to go off, all the people in that crowd would naturally explode apart. An English crowd (when one really gets one) explodes into individuals as a matter of course.

This is why (any nation would have to admit it) the only really safe crowd on this earth that anyone knows of is an English crowd. It is safe because no Englishman proposes to be mixed up with any other Englishman more than a minute if it can possibly be helped.

If one were to try to crumple up Broadway, all the people on it, say at ten in the morning, a vast mass of running-around good souls, all going along lonesomely and absentmindedly with their eyes straight ahead, it would get one acquainted with

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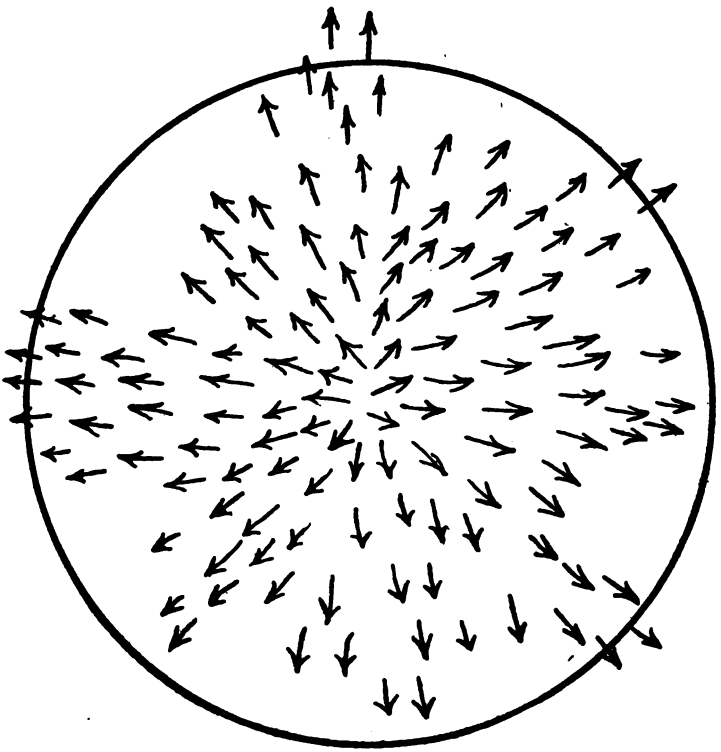
America very quickly. If one were to try to crumple up Broadway from the Battery to the Times Building to-morrow morning, one would find that all those people instead of exploding apart would explode together. They would explode in instead of out; they would make in a minute a solid, red-hot, indistinguishable, single mass of humanity. Their souls are made to be exploded into one another. It is all a matter of natural crystallization. An English crowd is round, and shapes itself like this—like a bomb:



English souls are all born outward bound.

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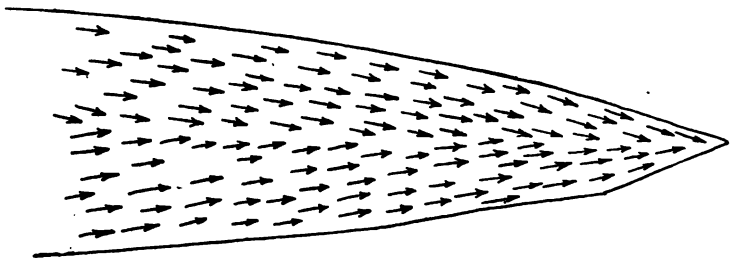
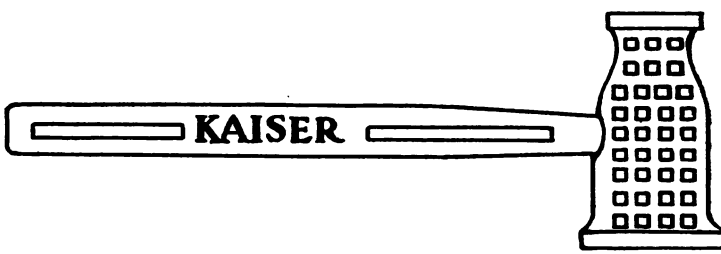
An American crowd is wedge-shaped, and any force applied to it only drives all of it together, further and harder together.



An American crowd is like a cartridge.

A German crowd is shaped like a hammer, with the Kaiser for a handle.



Germans allow themselves to be placed in neat orderly squares fitting closely together, where they can be easily handled, but a German crowd, unlike an English or an American crowd, has no intrinsic bottled-up nitroglycerine of its own. It is just a square, splendidly massive, unconscious, stupendous iron-end on a handle.

Of these three types of crowds, it is easy to see that the American crowd—a comparatively new invention in human nature, over here on a new continent—constitutes the most sublime and terrific form in which human nature has ever been put up.

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A German crowd is comparatively safe because it can be counted on and because it has a handle. An English crowd is comparatively safe because the first thing an English crowd does is to blow itself apart. An English crowd explodes into not being a crowd. An American crowd blows itself into a thousand thousand smithereens of being more of a crowd than ever. Every smithereen of individuality or particle or eon of every single man in it, is flaked off of him and melted down and then blown into one central single hard amazing mass of the assembled atoms that have been exploded off of other people. Nobody exists as precisely or even approximately himself when he is in an American crowd. You touch a man on the elbow but he is not there. And why should you shout in his ears? You are shouting into a blank hole of a million million unidentifiable, indistinguishable atoms that have been blown off of other people and exploded into him. Why speak to him at all? Why howl into the ear of his conscience? He does not exist. He has gone. He is not there. He has disappeared as an individuality. You might as well address yourself to the gas or the smoke coming out of the top of the chimney of the crematory where the body and the soul of an individual man have been burned up.

The only difference is that in a crematory this gas that was once a man is in a chimney and floats harmlessly into the air, and in a crowd this gas that was once a man, this smoke of a soul given up, becomes the most powerful explosive for good or evil that was ever known.

This is the sublimely bad or sublimely good side of our American run-in-together genius or natural way our people from everywhere have of converging. One minute I worship it and another I dread it—this radium power we have of bringing ourselves together.

Beelzebub has always been an anarchist before, until he came over to America. We have all come here, and all our fathers have come here to get together and flow into one another and

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run and blend and create a new world out of selected pieces of a thousand old ones, and our whole genius as a people is a converging or coöperative genius. It comes to us naturally in this country to invent the trolley system, and to be pulled home to supper by the same engine all together, and it comes to us naturally to invent the trust, the run-in-together idea of industry which is simply the central power-house idea applied to business. The English, when they travel by rail, shut themselves away from each other in small compartments, and suffocate to be by themselves, and we, even in our parlour cars, are all rolled fondly up in a row together, and prefer being bowled along in rows together to hell or to heaven.

I am putting it just as it is. We are being bowled along together to hell or to heaven. The way for Americans to get to either place and to get there quickly is in a crowd. Nobody has been seen in America for the last forty years going to heaven alone, or going to hell alone.

I say this both as a criticism and as a prayer. It sings in my heart one minute and curses the next.

When I have looked across the water and have watched the great swirl or panic of nations, I have seemed to see the same principles and phenomena at work.

Under the extraordinary stimulus of fighting for life and for self-preservation, we have the spectacle in England of an English Crowd, of a whole nation, acting like an American Crowd. The German Crowd, too, has become like an American Crowd, swayed by the one same colossal emotion of oneness in fronting a world. The same is true of France, Belgium, Austria and Russia. Every nation at war in Europe to-day has suddenly, under the sublime stress of self-preservation, focussed itself and is showing all the characteristics, the We-powers and We-dangers of an American crowd.

The war has made the crowd in each nation self-conscious. It has made America self-conscious. But in America, gathered from all the world, to be self-conscious is to be world-conscious.

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All the world is in our hearts; and when one crowd over in Europe falls in fury upon another crowd, the crowd in America has been waked out of its sleep into a fierce neutrality, into a massive self-consciousness, into the sublime, passionate internationalness, into the world-love out of which, bone and sinew, blood and music, ideals and religion, America is to be made.

. . . . . .

So in America to-day, by our crowd-genius, by our national gift thrust upon us by fleets of ships, of making nations run together, of making all nations as one nation, we find our nation placed at last without our asking and without our being asked, suddenly and almost by force, in the position of what might be called the official peacemaker of the world.

The peace of Europe that is to be, already flows in our veins. The peace of Europe is in our speech, in our very accents. The peace of Europe lights up our faces in the streets.

Anybody can see it. Anybody can meet the peace of Europe any day—in the sunshine, going back and forth smiling up and down Broadway.

The Peace merely has not got to Europe yet. It had to come over here to start. It had to be conceived and born here. And now at last do I see in America Peace grown up. In this all-nation-in-one-nation that is ours, peace fronts the darkness and the chaos of a world.

I believe no Englishman will blame us long for seeing this.

I believe no German will blame us long for seeing this.

We see it in behalf of England.

We see it in behalf of Germany.

It is our patriotism for a world to see it.

Daily I go out and look in the faces of the crowds in the streets. I could not live a day without the thought of them, or without the thought that somehow before I die I shall see at last these crowds express themselves in America and express the world.

In their dumbness and in their might, in this strange new

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world of ours, with the high mountains and the vast prairies, I have seen that crowds shall lift their faces, shall speak for all the crowds, and for all the peoples of the earth.

In this solemn hour of the earth's history, while we are all standing in our crowds every hour, every day, watching the crowds in the older nations fighting with death—we the happy and strange children of the West—it has some days seemed to me as if the ends of the world had fallen upon us. It has seemed as if the world for the next one hundred years had been handed over to us as some mighty trust.

In all the history of this sublime, comic little human race, straggling across its little planet between birth and death—if ever there was a time for a crowd to lift itself up to its fate, to lift itself up to a sublime and high destiny in behalf of all nations, to face its God—to search its own heart—to govern its own will—and to make crowds at last strong and gentle and quiet-hearted and sane and at home in the world; that time is now.

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V

ELEVEN NATIONS ASK US

The Eleven Nations never intended to ask us. They would have broken out laughing, all of the eleven nations would, two years ago, if anyone had suggested that they—the eleven nations—would ever be asking us for anything, or that they would be asking us what we thought. They never have asked us before what we thought. And they have never wondered a minute what we thought about them or what we would, or what we might.

Europe has never really noticed us before. There was a little flurry of noticing us for a few days when we were not whipped by Spain, and again for a little when Mr. Roosevelt sent the fleet around the world, but not until the other day, when the nations of Europe fell to fighting among themselves and were literally driven at last into having some world left to refer to and to appeal to, did it really come into their heads what that world was—that we were the World—that by their own actions the World had petered out and simmered down to us!

Since then everything has been different with the governments of the world, when they think of us or speak to us. The Embassies bow, the Press Bureaus rage or walk softly, or coo to us, whichever way suits best.

The governments of the earth have noticed us.

The peoples had noticed us before. The peoples of all these proud governments had noticed us—peasants by their firesides, mothers writing under lamps, sons, uncles, cousins—all the silent, humble peoples had had us and had our cities and our fields trooping through their thoughts and through their hopes and

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fears. They sent their children to us. The people knew us. How often have I heard them—the peoples of that older world a few hours out from New York—greeting us, praying for us from the sea, singing to us in the holds of ships!

. . . . . .

The process of peace in Europe when the panic of fear and shooting is over is going to be essentially a process of assimilation.

So far as people are concerned, assimilation may almost be said to be an American institution.

We are reeking with national faults and there are certain defects of temperament that anybody can see we have. But the national power to swallow in America, the power to stow away, to make into national bone and sinew whatever comes, the amazing greediness and efficiency our nation has shown in building up tissue out of impossibly opposed elements, stands out as perhaps the most astonishing and the most crushing feat of vitality, of sheer, splendid, lusty humanness the world has seen.

It is this lustiness, just now, which is going to prove to be, it seems to me, America's first great service to the world. If there is what might be called one We-country on the face of the earth, it is America. We say I and We in America with everybody. We are the door openers between the peoples, the understanders, the listeners. We are the gate-keepers between nations and between races. We draw close. We feel identified. We are a million Walt Whitmans in our hearts. Walt is at the dock in America. No other nation has a Walt Whitman.

So eleven nations ask us.

We have often made mistakes and we have often gone too far, but such as it is our national genius is the genius to converge people, to draw people together into ourselves.

It has come to be like a mighty unseen driving force across all modern life. America is the huge whirling Social Gyroscope of peoples on the top of this planet, which is steadying it. It sucks

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the nations together. It steadies the hills and seas and the hearts of the people. It keeps the nation right side up. There is something about it, about this driving force of welcome, of opportunity. No one knows what it is, but it has prepared in us a kind of international temperament. We have been rehearsing for three hundred years to be the peacemakers of the world.

I look over in spirit at Europe from Mount Tom. I see eleven nations, the Germans and the Irish and the English and the Italians, and the Poles and the French and the Russians out in the fields all night, all day, killing each other. I look at New York. Then I see the eleven nations, those same eleven nations in New York! It is like a small vision or prophecy. The thing can be done!

New York is itself a vast daily cyclorama or spectacle of the peace of Europe. Germany, France, England and Russia are engaged all day, every day, in New York in getting acquainted with each other and doing things together and getting on with each other.

The nations in Europe have to get ready to form The United States of Europe.

Europe has got to do with her eleven big nations what New York has done with her eleven nations in miniature.

New York is full of melted-down Germans, Italians and Russians all melted into the People.

America is the symbol of the hope of the world because in America international coöperation, inter-racial coöperation is the daily habit, the daily necessity and fulfillment of every American's life.

Every true patriotic American is a little Europe. In his own heart and mind, his business and his religion, he is living over on a small scale the future of the Old World. He is a small working model of what the great continent over the sea from now on proposes to be like.

Of course, to-day, as I write, the Old World like some huge *Titanic* seems to be tipping itself up, driving itself, with one long

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roar and crash, into the sea, but when it rallies and recovers what will it do? All Europe is going to devote itself—its colleges and schools, its priests and statesmen, its great stores and rolling mills, kings and factories—to trying to see how much it can be like New York. The typical American works down through himself and through other people in this country and gets what he wants. He came over here or had his grandfather come over here, to live a larger life, to fulfill and express himself. Team-work is a part of his process of self-fulfillment. He likes team-work. Team-work is not a theory with the typical American. It is his instinct and daily habit, his way of living and even of earning his living. The main fact about the typical American is that he gets his living out of getting people different from him, and different from one another, to organize their differences and act together.

This is why eleven nations ask us. We would rather they would not. They would rather not, but as they are all being driven to it at the rate of fifty million dollars a day, as they are all converging on America as on some great Four Corners of the World, as they are going to bring us into a great crush of deciding things for them, it is good to think that in spite of our crudities and limitations, our people have acquired by our daily habit of living, of earning our living, a kind of human many-sidedness and limberness, openness, a kind of crowd-mindedness, a get-together temperament which will make us more fit to act perhaps than at first thought either we or the world would have hoped.

What the fighting nations are all daily at work on, is to see which of them can lick the other.

What the United States is daily at work on as the leading neutral, is to see which side has a right to lick the other.

Right is going to be the determining principle in the European situation because it is the only principle that will work. The General Staff principle that might makes right, will have been tried and failed. Nobody, and least of all the nations that have

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tried it, will believe in it or want anything more to do with it. And they are going to turn to us by common consent the moment they come to themselves, because we have never believed it and because we stand almost alone on the face of the earth as the headquarters of not believing it, as the authority in the art of getting might and of arranging and handing out might, on the principle of right: that is, upon the principle of what is practical and of what works in the long run.

We do not make any special pretensions. We might do infinitely better, and we are deeply chagrined because we do not. And we freely admit that it may be our geography and not our souls that has brought this course to pass. But at the same time, if any nation that is all tired out and used up in believing that might makes right, were to look around to-morrow morning and try to find some other nation to stand by it, while it tried to get of some other nation what it wants by proving it is right, instead of by proving that it is big, it would turn to America as a matter of course.

Probably the one single thing that this moment all the nations of Europe can be said to agree on is the core of America. In spite of the hurt feelings of the belligerents toward us, they believe that at the core America is peace-sound, that America has a peace-way of getting things which they would not admit of any other nation or of one another. When they are through trying their way, they all know they are going to try ours and that they are going to ask us to stand by and be neighbourly while they try it.

So we see it coming to pass before our eyes. Every humdrum, stupid, monotonous, bygone school history battle they fall into over in Europe is bringing it one day nearer. The great, silent, watchful, bloodless battleground of Europe is here. Eleven nations struggle with our souls. Their fate is in our conscience, and in our understanding, and in our love, and their songs and their dead faces are lifted up to us!

Our function is shared with all the other neutrals—with Hol-

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land, Switzerland and Spain, but with our two oceans to keep us peaceful, to protect us and to cool us off, with our big distances to give us perspective, we are more powerful and free to help, more equipped by temperament, more crowded with personal representatives from all nations, more ready and eager to understand and believe the best, and therefore to do the most, for all concerned, than any of the others. And it would be a crime against history and against ourselves for America to-day not to silence her national soul, not to listen reverently, humbly to the cries of the nations to her plains and to her mountains, not to prepare herself in daily thought, make herself ready with solemn faithful daily self-control, with love, shrewdness and faith in others—to be the gently, relentlessly disinterested, trusted peacemaker—the Little Brother of the world.

We are not worthy of it, but we will try.

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ACT V

THE PRESIDENT, THE PEOPLE, AND THIS BOOK, ALSO THE COLONEL

THE PRESIDENT, THE PEOPLE, AND THIS BOOK
THE COURAGE TO UNDERSTAND
THE WILL TO BE UNDERSTOOD
FEAR-SURGERY
A FEW OPERATIONS

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LOOK I

THE PRESIDENT, THE PEOPLE, AND THIS BOOK.

I

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARLOUR CAR

THE President feels as deeply as anyone about America's self-expression and about America's defending itself by looking as if we were ready to shoot.

People who have a definite proposition naturally crowd up to the White House and flock in around the President—say they are the country first. People who have no counter-program to offer except objections naturally stay away.

And they stay away from their Congressmen.

The armament program which has been outlined by Mr. Wilson has been put forward as an inquiry of the people.

The only possible way in which President Wilson or any other President would have the right to make a revolutionary, contradictory move for this nation would be to make it as an inquiry of the people.

"You have not shown that you have thought of a better program or that you would back me up in a different one. In the meantime, here is this one which is being loudly called for. Now is your time to say what you think of it," Mr. Wilson seems to be saying to the people. No President could say otherwise. A President who finds himself heckled daily with men who are afraid, with men who have been infected and caught away with the orgy of self-defense now going on in Europe, is naturally obliged to let the scared people in the country have their way.

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One always tries to be considerate at first to the people who are most scared. And unless the people who are not scared in America can back up their program, which seems to many to be a mere negative vague program of not being scared, by definite reasons, by proposing a shrewd, expert, highly organized, highly definite campaign of getting the attention of all nations and making, in this moment of forty frightened peoples, a blow or a shock of common sense and fearlessness upon the world, the humdrum program of looking terrible, of having a big armament, will have to go through.

America is not going to be effectively fearless in a general way. We can only be fearless by facing out one by one definite fears and misunderstandings, with a definite appropriation for dredging them out of people's minds, by undertaking an assured, scientific, persistent engineering feat of excavating from ourselves and from hostile nations before everybody's eyes the cause of their fears and ours.

If Mr. Wilson is the President of a scared country, he must have a policy that goes with scared people and that people who are feeling scared can instinctively and automatically carry out. Just at the present writing the President is probably feeling a little like the porter of a parlour car when somebody in the car makes a faint hopeful move and seems to believe that air ought to be allowed in it. I have often brooded on the porter in a parlour car and the way he always acts when a great moral crisis like being allowed to breathe or keeping other people from breathing is brought before him. Why is it that when there are two kinds of people in a car—the people who are afraid of breathing and the people who are not afraid of it—the porter with unvarying suave monotony all over this land is seen taking sides with the people who feel that air is improper?

It is because there is something roomy-minded about people who like outdoor air and they are willing to keep still and to give up. They sit and smother hopefully. And the people who are filled with fear, who run through life everywhere they go, in one

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perpetual tunnel of being chased by draughts or of being attacked by a chance to breathe, are the final and infallible arbiters and rulers of the Invisible and of the Powers of the Air with the Pullman Company of Pullman, Illinois.

I have seen in this way cars all my life, a row of memory of them since I was born, carful after carful of people stewing lovingly, of people wrapped away in their own old breath, of people sitting in a kind of mist of dumbness and patience while one unconquerable dear sweet little monster in a kind of drowning grip of fear enthralled and held the porter in her grim and breathless spell.

Other things are like this.

It is because the plain, calm, busy, fearless men of this nation with a margin of vitality and sanity have not hurried down to Washington and shut down nervously around the White House, that the President has concluded for the moment that our people to-day are too scared to want to try breathing, too scared to be willing to try freer, more modern outdoor air methods like advertising and have deliberately chosen to depend on walls, gunpowder and forts, that they have given up living and moving about a free-limbed, open-aired, open-eyed people and feel better to shut the windows of the country up tight.

I have often had a wild feeling in a parlour car—(there is always something about one that gives one longings for the wild and primitive)—that the next time I wanted air I would stand up in the front of the car, call the car to order, make myself temporary chairman, and put it to a vote whether or not we the people who were in that car, and that that car was for a hundred miles, believed breathing should be allowed in it.

I have somewhat the same feeling about my native country at the present moment. I am getting up in the car in this book.

Who are the people and how many are there of them who believe that this country can be defended by self-revelation, by self-expression, self-confession and self-reform and advertising, and who are the people, and how many, who do not?

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I have believed that when the program of this book is placed before the people and they once begin rallying around an attention-engineering campaign, around the idea of an Understanding Army, as vigorously as Mr. Hearst and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gardner and the other more scared, more red and loud militarists have rallied around their shooting one, no one will be happier to make advertising and national self-expression the main reliance of his program than the President.

. . . . . .

I daily keep making myself remember every morning as I sit down to write these final chapters that Mr. Wilson this same morning while I am invoking him as President is engaged in being Mr. Hearst's President and Mr. Roosevelt's President and ninety million other people's. There is no reason why he should be cooped up into being mine. (Of course I cannot help at odd moments harbouring the thought that possibly Mr. Wilson would feel let out in being mine as compared with being Mr. Hearst's or being Mr. Roosevelt's.) But however this may be, I am very sure that if by any chance these ninety million other people in America who are a little less forward than Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst, who live more dumb and thoughtful lives and are more unexpressed, should suddenly prove to be expressed in this book and should give Mr. Wilson reason to be sure they are, Mr. Wilson would be ready for them.

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II

THIS BOOK

America's most characteristic poet—a kind of homely working poet of course, when he was telling people what he was for in the world put it like this:

"I lead the present with friendly hand toward the future."

When Walt Whitman spoke in this way of the present, of the men he had about him, he had on his poetry-working clothes. He was doing something.

Naturally a man's belief in people cannot be of very much working value or have any real grit or poetry in it, unless it is immediate, unless he believes in somebody in particular at a particular time, believes in the men who are about him and believes in them now.

A poet may not believe in everybody alike, but there is usually a place he can find in every man to believe in, and he can hold on to it and use it from hour to hour and day to day. He can find other places he can evoke and believe in and use to-morrow.

But of course if the situation is immediate, he has to pick out and put first and put ahead of others the men who have the largest area of hopeful places.

I am hoping in my way to live up before I die to Walt Whitman's attitude toward America. Certainly if I could not, while differing with him, keep on saying We up to the last possible minute with the kind of President we are having now, every page of this book would mock me. I believe not only that Mr. Wilson sees the truth of the things that I am saying and the revo-

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lutionary and immediate force of their truth, but that he is going to be ready to act as if they were true the moment the slightest demonstration is given by the people that they are ready to back him up in carrying my program out.

The President knows that any humdrum conventional move of national defense like our having a big army or navy is going to be immediately checkmated by every one of the nations we are afraid of. The President would admit that we could not hope to take them off their guard with it—with an old familiar out-of-date device like a navy—as we could with a stupendous, original invention for defense, like advertising, in which, as the nation that invented advertising, the nations already feel that they may be less practised and less resourceful than we are.

I do not know that people in general are to blame to-day for not relying on advertising as a national defense or for not thinking very highly or very seriously of advertising as a business. They naturally judge the advertising business and advertising men by what they have already seen of them, and as advertising men so far are only seeing and only doing about five per cent. of the business they might be doing, and of the attention engineering that anybody can see needs to be done, there is no immediate reason aside from the present crisis of the nation and the world, why advertising as a science of national defense or as a fine art of national expression, should be spontaneously thought of or put forward first by our people as America's substitute for shooting or for looking as if it were going to shoot.

As I do not wish to generalize, I will try to suggest what I mean by advertising as a fine art in the next chapter.

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III

OVERALLS

I have waited this morning quite a little before beginning this paragraph. When I am writing a book and finish a chapter and find myself suddenly up against an idea in the next one that I feel I never can really express all by myself, I begin the morning waiting. It is all one seems to need to do some days, to sit very still a minute by one's desk and listen to the Country. Some days it has almost seemed as if the country must be knowing in a vague general way how much I was needing to have something happen in it that would express my idea for me.

Then, before I know it, Something, somewhere between San Francisco and Boston, gets up softly and happens, and I find that the country has arranged to act out for me, and put on the stage before everybody for me, what I am trying to say.

And now here is John D. Rockefeller, Jr., this morning in melodramatic overalls, with the Associated Press, the United States and the miners, all looking on, taking a pick and digging coal in his mines in Colorado!

. . . . . .

Some people will think probably that it is cheap for Mr. Rockefeller to try to get an understanding with his workingmen in this way.

But it is not cheap if it is sincere. And if Mr. Rockefeller is sincere, he can prove it.

It is easy for complex or less simple-minded persons to point out how skilfully little Mr. Rockefeller may manage to mean by his overalls.

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Of course, if he stops being dramatic and brings himself up short just with overalls, he may soon wish he had stuck to plain gentlemen's clothes. In the meantime, we do not want to sit in judgment either on Mr. Rockefeller's overalls or intentions. We realize that the more dramatic an action is, the more details it suggests, the more carefully the dramatic details in it have to be followed up. It is only fair for us to wait and watch and see as time goes on how Mr. Rockefeller's overalls strike in. If it turns out that Mr. Rockefeller has kept overalls on long enough really to begin being like a miner at heart, if it appears that Mr. Rockefeller is not thinking he is through, is not content with a nice, comfortable, smirchy face, with a mere veneer of dirt, an outside look or poetical flourish of labour, if he is not hoping with a little faint elegant perfume of sweat to deceive his men or hoodwink himself—if he follows his overalls up with such actions that he will not need overalls on to be believed, actions that will make his workmen believe in John D. Rockefeller, Jr., even in a frock coat, even in a silk hat—Mr. Rockefeller will soon be in a position to precipitate an industrial revolution, a kind of landslide of mutual understanding between labour and capital, of mutual efficiency, of national impregnableness and material power, loyalty and mobility, that America has never dreamed of before.

The same little jog of skill, the same use of some picked-out word or action, which people have seen producing a landslide of good will between two hostile classes in a nation can then be believed in and can then be used to produce a landslide of understanding between two hostile nations. Mr. Rockefeller will have precipitated and flung upon the minds of all men in America the best, cheapest, simplest, and yet most colossal device for the peace of the world and for the eventual, eternal guarantee of peace between nations of which any nation has ever dreamed.

In the meantime, looking at the matter as it now stands, Mr. Rockefeller's little one-act play in Colorado, his deliberate idea of going out to his men, of being himself out loud with his men,

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has really worked. The miners have seen him in the flesh and looked him in the eyes, have backed him up almost to a man, have adopted his plan of coöperation, and the war in Colorado is at an end.

So far so good.

The people of the United States may not believe in advertising and in getting the attention of men who are acting and feeling like enemies, but if the representative of the biggest, most hatefully regarded and most noticed fortune in the world believes it and forthwith proceeds before all our eyes and before their own eyes to advertise and dramatize his enemies into his friends—the moment is swiftly at hand when America will undertake to defend itself from its enemies in other nations in precisely the same spirit and method with which Mr. Rockefeller has defended himself from his enemies in this one.

The secret of power in business is the power to express one's idea to others.

There is always a specific way which can be picked out and used in which a nation as well as a man can dramatize an idea and express its real self.

The secret of power and prestige in a nation is its power to express its idea to others.

To express an idea, take one per cent. of it and dramatize it, lay it out in three dimensions before the people and express it to the five senses.

Overalls are as cheap for a nation as they are for J. D. Rockefeller, Jr. And as overalls were cheaper and better for Mr. Rockefeller than threats and militia, they would be cheaper for a nation than ultimatums and armies.

This power to dramatize a part of an idea in business so that people will take one's word for the rest of it and believe the rest of it which one has not got dramatized yet, is also the secret of efficiently conducting the business and the affairs of a modern nation. Dramatizing part of an idea so that other nations will believe the rest of it is an exact national science.

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This is the most priceless kind of science a nation can have. It swings all the hinges of the world.

The men who have this power are going to command the business and rule the ideas of this country.

The nations that have this science and that spend money on cultivating and using it as they would spend money on an army or navy, will soon have no problems of self-defense and will be defended by a world.

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IV

THE NATION'S WAY OF PICKING PEOPLE OUT

The object of fighting (see small boys anywhere left to themselves) is to determine which is the fitter man to lead.

For a considerable time in the history of a boy, or of a world, fighting, as a matter of fact, speaking roughly, really results in picking out the fitter man to lead.

But one great revolutionary thing has happened in the world now and this is no longer true.

Machinery, and the team-work that organically goes with machinery, have not only made the world too small and too intimate to fight in, but they have totally changed the world's ideas of the world's fittest man and the world's way of picking him out the fittest man.

If Judge Gary and Mr. Frick were to take off their coats, clear a ring about them and begin punching each other, to determine who should be chairman of the Steel Trust, nobody would suppose for a minute that the one who punched the other's face the best would make the best chairman for the Steel Corporation. The condition of the punched faces would not be regarded, except by a mouse or by a house-fly looking on, as having any bearing on fitness for managing the world's steel supply.

When the only machines men had in the world were their own bodies, the ability of a man to manage his own machine so that it could whip other people's machines, picked him out as the best man, but now that men fight with machines the men who have the most inventive minds are the best men, and now that we do business with business machines or organizations of men called

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corporations, the men who can touch the imaginations of men, rather than spoil their faces, are the best men to lead.

The nation that can pick out the words and actions that can advertise best and that can dramatize best will get the most result for the least effort and the least money and will automatically lead all the others.

America has no need to fear for long the victory of Germany (if this kind of Germany is really Germany) over the world. She can only win that victory by having her inventors specialize on machines for spoiling faces, and as only second-rate inventors are interested in inventing ways of spoiling faces, and as these inventors will be the ones that Germany in her specialty will be able to encourage, Germany will soon kill off, starve out, or drive into other countries her more up-to-date and important inventors, and will have no means of creating the wealth, of capitalizing the variety of opportunity and imagination and occupation which make a nation irresistible.

The imagination of a nation is its spiritual power, and a nation which depends on its physical power to defend itself instead of its spiritual, will soon have no kind of power except the kind of power it uses, and the only way a nation can hope to have spiritual power is to use and use grimly, courageously and with stupendous effect the spiritual power it has. The more a nation uses its imagination to defend itself and to serve other nations—the more its imagination will be exercised and the more it will have.

America has no occasion to fear Germany's specialization in physical force. The only world in which a Germany like this could hope to amount to anything is a world that began to go by a hundred years ago.

Except for the influences that momentarily gain the upper hand in a time of war in a nation, Germany herself would be saying for herself these things about specializing in physical force which I am saying for her.

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LOOK II

THE COURAGE TO UNDERSTAND

IF I wanted to protect this country, the first thing I would do would be to divide people off. The people who wish to defend their ideals of the beautiful the true and the good by killing, I would put in one group and the people whose ideas amount to enough and whose ideals have the grit, iron and blood in them to defend themselves by being expressed, I would put in another.

I would move out the present people living in St. Louis and Kansas City and all the central cities of the country and see to it at once that the nation put the fighters, all the weak excited kind of people that make nations want to hit them, in the great safe middle of the nation so that other nations would see plainly and once for all that America had put these people where they could not be hit and could not hit. The peaceful, sane, safe people—the people who are artists, who can express themselves and their ideals to other nations, who know how to say and how to do things—I would have distributed like forts, all along the coast on the east, a great, safe, guaranteed shore of reasonableness up and down the country from Maine to Florida, a coastline of good sense and quietness the mere look of which would keep ugly nations from being ugly. The bare thought of the coast of America all studded with people like this—millions of people everybody knows, like this—would unruffle a world. It would unruffle the nations like a great genial evening light, like a smiling sunset, and softly, daily unravel their armies and navies toward us. Soon every nation would be looking over to America defended by its coastline of common sense, by its dreadnoughts

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of quietness and self-possession, by its submarines of reaching under and understanding, by its aeroplanes of reaching over and seeing past, and by its huge Understanding Army, and say: "Why cannot we also defend ourselves like this?"

This is my America as I see it—slow to anger, declining to be put off as an enemy, doggedly understanding, doggedly returning to the attack of understanding, plenteous-minded and with big plains of good nature ... not needing to be full of fine shadings, or needing to be fidgety about our honour, because we have such an unconscionable reserve of it. With self-possession enough to look like cowards, with courage enough to be called cowards, we are too proud to be always having to be particular about our pride or how our pride looks at the moment or on the dot as duellists think they have to. This might be taken advantage of at first, and possibly it would have a kind of stupid look for the moment from the point of view of close spiritually-calculating, spiritually-economical countries like some of those in Europe, but in its roominess and hope it is a new trait in human nature. A whole new continent fresh from God has taken hold of us, has wrought itself into the freedom of our limbs and thoughts. We feel daily this new fresh continent we have been moved over to; and its mighty streams, its green prairies and blue skies and high mountains, long distances and big seas, silently, subconsciously, and in our mothers' wombs have breathed themselves into us.

We are here on this planet to assert this quality in human nature until all nations shall know it shall believe in it and shall deal with us in a way that belongs with what we are, and with what solemnly before our God, and before all our brothers in all nations, we have promised to be.

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LOOK III

THE WILL TO BE UNDERSTOOD

I

THE REAL COLONEL ROOSEVELT

GERMANY has given up (for the time being) expressing herself. For a great industrial nation like Germany, militarism is a defeat. We have seen Germany giving up her real self and putting on a special false-front and frightful self that the Kaiser and others have thought would be more impressive than her real self expressed in her own way could hope to be.

Colonel Roosevelt like the Kaiser has given up on expressing himself. As we see him going about calling people cowards and liars, traitors for disagreeing with him, praising armies and navies and attacking people who disagree with him and making himself glaring and terrible to everybody instead of making himself plain, the typical average American is too proud of his T. R. and of a kind of secret fearful joy he has in him to admit to anyone that the Colonel is really expressing himself. We discount everything he is saying a little just now. We feel he is putting on one of his outside selves, though, of course, he puts it on with such energy, jams it down over his real self so hard, many people think it is his. But there is another Theodore Roosevelt underneath and he knows it or at least Mrs. Roosevelt knows it. And his dog knows it. And the rest of us know that this real jammed-under self would work as much better with his enemies if he would express it as it does with (if we may be permitted)

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Mrs. Roosevelt. As a means of getting things between nations, courting is more practical than fighting. By courting, of course, one means the masterful agreeableness which makes opposition have many difficulties.

This is our natural American way, when we are left to ourselves, of dealing with people. It has come to be to many of our critics a national failing, the blind clumsy importunate way in which we keep on courting people who would rather fight us.

But in the long run and on the whole though they will have moments of not liking it, they are going to like it. And the best and finest compliment (as well as the most forcible and becoming one) we can pay other nations is to be ourselves with them. The main trait in us which makes us ourselves is that we are gathered from all nations, feel identified and like to make ourselves look identified with all races and with all peoples. The gusto the other nations have shown to us in breaking away to be identified with us, we have toward them.

We have a way in our fresh country of breaking loose, of swinging out, of being our real selves in our relations. No one is really going to stop us or going to warp us very long into a feeble funny imitation of Europe's way.

America has a style.

A nation if it is to express itself successfully to other nations cannot do it without a style.

The first mark of style in a man is his appetite for being himself.

This is true even of a baby.

Any man can get the first secret of style by watching his first baby at its mother's breast.

All we have to do to have a style in expressing what we are—in advertising America to protect America—is to express this gusto, this gusto of being ourselves, of irrepressible good-will toward all, and we will everywhere be understood and will not have to fight.

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Self-preservation in the last analysis turns on a gusto for being preserved.

In other words, our self-preservation is to be self-expression.

We will find a way to advertise our street-car full of Americans around the world.

An egregious appetite for understanding and for being understood is what we really have in America. We will not give up. It is like life itself to us to understand those who differ with us and have them understand us. The will to be understood is as imperious, as unyielding and as masterful a passion when it once gets its way with men as the passion of life itself. America is a nation with an obstinate, sublimely wilful, unquenchable goodheartedness.

In so far as Colonel Roosevelt personally falls short in having this American national will to be understood, he makes himself unsuitable to represent and incompetent to defend what is the most characteristic, most imperious and insatiable desire in American life.

Why does he not insist on being himself, on being an attention-engineer, a master of men and statesman, and not foozling out into a soldier?

A people with an original temperament like ours, practical and idealistic in the same breath, cannot be represented by a soldier.

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II

THE COLONEL AND THE WORM

The main practical fault I have to find with Colonel Roosevelt in his program of national defense is that he is too meek, that he is not aggressive enough, that he has allowed himself to fall back into an inactive, sluggish-minded and conventional course of action.

When he is confronted with an aggression it is a soldier's nature to think tumty-tum and to act rub-a-dub-dub.

The Colonel stops being a statesman and automatically raises his fist.

For an American and for a public man with our American national tradition this is meek.

Of course if we are really a nation of second-hand people, if we all have second-hand or warmed-over ideas of expressing ourselves and defending ourselves, I am in favour of being meek and falling back into the regular old-fashioned, melodramatic, expected army and navy air, as much as Colonel Roosevelt is.

I may be wrong in thinking the American people are not a second-rate people and I certainly agree that the kind of defense America is to have, if second-rate men are going to run it, should be the kind that second-rate men can most naturally understand and use. I am not making a stand for policies and programs aside from persons.

I may be meek yet.

I am not unconditionally against armament for self-defense.

But I am going to wait long enough to get at the facts and in the meantime I stand out for the principle that the size of our army and navy should be based on taking a census of the number

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of scared people the nation has, a list of the names of the mechanical-minded men in it who automatically raise their fists when injured and insulted.

There are millions of men, American men, who never raise their fists when insulted. Others do. Is America just a warmed-over Europe, or is it not?

The Colonel does not think as highly of himself and of America as he ought to think. He is content to let us act like a second-hand or warmed-over nation.

He does not take it for granted that we have it in us to insist on being ourselves.

There is a little story I cannot help wishing Colonel Roosevelt would read just now. I only came on the facts in the story the other day, and I have thought that if I could put the story down here and leave it lying about carelessly in the middle of this book, the Colonel might come upon it and it might do him good —as it has me.

This is what I heard (as nearly as I can tell it):

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE AND WORKS
OF A HEALTHY-MINDED WORM

A worm down in New Jersey had its head cut off.

The rest of the worm pulled itself into shape and without a struggle, put on another head.

No fuss or teasing or praying. The tail was there, and the tail wanted a head, and just put a head on.

It was all in the day's work.

A little after this (speaking of the same worm) its tail was cut off; but the head was there, and the head knew it was there. The head wanted a tail, naturally, and just put a tail on.

All as a matter of course.

And yet there was a king some three thousand years ago (everybody remembers) who, after a spell of being particularly wicked, and when he wanted to express just how humble he was, called himself a worm!

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He thought that nobody could help seeing how depressed and sorry he was about his sins and how he could not hold up his head before God or before anybody if he called himself a worm!

I think this worm would have mixed King David all up.

A little while after, this same worm one day (very likely a little thing like this would not make any difference to a calm, level-headed worm) had its tail cut off and its head cut off, both at the same time. But the middle of the worm was there, and the middle knew it was there, and the middle wanted a head and a tail, and the tail that was going to be there wanted a head, and the head that was going to be there wanted a tail. So the middle set to work quietly, as if nothing had happened, and put a head on one end and a tail on the other.

This worm, as it seems to me, was a typical American—patient, steady, not downed by anything, indefatigable, optimistic—and, what all poets and statesmen especially need to be—optimistic to the point.

The question that interests me is how to get Colonel Roosevelt to believe in himself and stand up for himself and be an American through thick and thin, like this genial worm.

. . . . . .

At breakfast the lady across the table told me about still another worm, one she had been reading about in a new scientific book.

This species of worm, it seems, gets its living standing on its tail and holding on hard to the bottom of a stream, while waving around up at the other end and grabbing for its living.

(This also is American.)

One day this worm had its head and its tail both cut off by a Great Scholar. The Great Scholar, being very curious about the worm and indeed about all wormanity in general, thought he would try and see how much this vaunted faith in themselves that worms had amounted to.

So, when he put the worm back on the rock to get a new tail

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and a new head on itself, he tried to mix it up. He put the head-end down on the rock where only a tail would be of any use, and he put the tail-end up at the top where only a head could really be said to work.

Then the professor watched. The worm stood in the bottom of the stream hanging on to the rock by its head, and to all appearances waving around much as before (except that the professor knew, whether the worm did or not, where its head and its tail were and were not).

I would have hesitated to say to Colonel Roosevelt, and just by myself, what this worm did, but the Great Scholar swears to it.

The worm calmly put a head on where its tail was expecting to be, and a tail where its head was expecting to be!

(I do not believe that David, in casting about that day so long ago for someone mean enough to compare himself to, would have thought of putting it off on this worm.)

Now the question is: What was it about the worm that made it possible for it to keep on being itself whatever any mere thing that could merely be made to happen to it from the outside might be?

My idea is that the worm was hungry. It did not stop to consider whether its stomach would really work with a head on the end where the tail had a right to be. It had no theories. It was merely so hungry and so full of gusto and of the grit to live, that it did not propose to be cheated out of a perfectly good stomach that it could have the use of by simply making it work backward. And when the worm saw that its whole alimentary tract was aimed wrong and that suddenly without any warning it had got to learn to eat backward—that in fact it had got to turn its whole insides around to live—it buckled to and turned them!

I do not know how other people feel about it, but as for me, I feel this genial little worm rebuking Colonel Roosevelt.

He had, all in his own little sturdy insides, the great spiritual

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secret of this country. This worm did not go around to the Salvation Army or ask anybody to do anything, or call in everybody to see what state of unpreparedness he was in, and say, "Look at my poor upsidedown stomach!" Just as a minute ago in this last sentence when my fountain-pen gave out (I'm writing on a train) I grabbed a stub pencil right in the middle of the word alimentary and went on, so in this same way, as eager to eat and not to let go a dinner as I was not to let go an idea, the worm grimly scrooged its stomach right around and proceeded to keep right on being its true self! And he did a tremendous thing like this incidentally and as a matter of course and like taking up a pencil!

. . . . . .

Perhaps the reason that Colonel Roosevelt gives up so easily and tamely on the art of being himself and expressing himself and on the science of being understood is that he has a very faint, vague, proper and rather polite appetite for being understood, and a devouring hunger and unmanageable passion for making people do as he wants them to whether he can make them understand him or not.

It remains to be seen whether the Colonel when he settles down is going to be permanently like this. In the meantime, it seems as if the way for this nation to defend itself would be to put itself in the hands of the type of man who has as eager an appetite for making a nation understand as Colonel Roosevelt has for making other nations get out of its way whether it is understood or not.

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III

THE COLONEL, THE CHINAMAN, AND THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

One day a man in China who wanted very much to attract the attention of the Emperor cut off his right forefinger and sent it to him.

I dare say it would seem at first to some people a very simple and irrelevant idea—the idea that by cutting off his right forefinger and sending it on ahead the Emperor would, of course, want to see the rest of him—but after all there is a certain pointed honesty in it, a self-revelation of courage and good faith, and he was not attracting attention (as many salesmen, reformers, and advertising men try to do) by demanding a self-sacrifice of the man he was trying to reach instead of making a self-sacrifice himself.

If Colonel Roosevelt believed in advertising and getting attention as much as this Chinaman did, the country would soon be safe.

Or if the Colonel would even catch up to the standard of the Women's Clubs in America and believe in attention as being the tap root of events as much as they do, it would be something.

The Women's Peace Party (I am writing the day after Thanksgiving) spent yesterday ten thousand dollars in a few minutes on swamping the White House with telegrams from the women's clubs of America, Thanksgiving morning, to get the President's attention to Peace.

The ten thousand dollars was spent by the Women's Peace Party in telegraphing the women in the clubs to spend ten thousand dollars more.

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Of course it is easy enough for a large prosperous crowd of women in a club, say four hundred of them, to spend twenty-five cents (between them) in assailing the President through the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the only real sacrifice demanded of anybody in this wild grab at the President's attention was the sacrifice demanded of the President that he would spend his Thanksgiving Day in reading seven bushels of twenty-thousand-dollar telegrams.

The spirit of the women may have been right, but their technique was not thought out.

Technique is always apt to be overlooked at first. People realize how important getting attention is, but they are not all psychologists and do not realize that getting attention is a great art and calls for masters and experts.

Not everybody should think he should be allowed to bang away at getting attention.

The way a man's attention is got is nine tenths of the battle.

The way a man's attention is got is a self-revelation of the man who is getting it and goes far to determine how much any idea he would have would probably be worth.

At the same time, while the clutch of the women at the President's attention falls short in technique, it enforces all the more —the very desperateness of it, the main point of this book. It reveals the overpowering instinct, the essential insight of the women of this country that no matter how wildly they got it, even if they got attention by a method that instantly threw the attention they got away, attention must be got.

If Colonel Roosevelt could catch up to the three hundred thousand women of the women's clubs of America in seeing this, it would soon cease to be one of the great national threatening expenses of this country to install and have ready year in and year out and year after year, huge armies and navies to keep Colonel Roosevelt feeling safe.

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IV

THE COLONEL AND THE BUSINESS MEN

Colonel Roosevelt is not altogether unfamiliar with the way the Chinaman felt when he cut off his finger and sent it to the Emperor to get his attention, and when the women the other day tried to get President Wilson to notice them Colonel Roosevelt knew the wild, desperate, hopeful feeling they had while doing it, as well as anyone.

The Colonel has tried getting President Wilson to notice him, too.

The trouble with the Colonel as an expert in attracting attention is that while he understands how people feel who try to do it, who wish they could do it, he does not always understand how people feel who do do it. The feeling that successful business men all over this country have about advertising and that all advertising men have about it, is a little beyond the Colonel.

The plain fact seems to be that while Colonel Roosevelt has a kind of courage and a kind of strength, he cannot be called exactly a spiritually robust man.

I might define what I mean in this particular connection by a "spiritually robust man."

The main thing in an advertisement that makes it arrest and hold attention is its courage. The thing that grips first and that lasts longest in a good advertisement is the extraordinary way it has of believing itself, and of believing itself first before it asks anybody else to believe it—the beautiful, shrewd and rather literal faith it has in what it is doing and in what advertising can do.

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This is a fact about a good advertisement, or rather about the man who writes one, that any reader can verify for himself, if instead of thinking merely what the advertising man says, he will think about the way he is acting about what he says.

I might put it to the reader personally. If you are an advertising man and take a page in the *Saturday Evening Post* and deliberately risk three thousand dollars in another man's pocket upon three hundred words you pick out for him and upon making those three hundred words the particular ones that make people believe you, you believe in advertising. If you expect to have to make people believe the words fifty thousand dollars' worth, or if you expect to keep with those three hundred words five thousand men in ten factories for ten weeks busy making the things the words sell, you believe in advertising. In the calling you have chosen you are what might be called a spiritually robust man.

This is a thing which is being done every day.

The substructure of an advertising man's faith is:

First: "I have a good thing and believe it."

Second: "Good people can be convinced that it is a good thing."

Third: "I think I can convince them."

Fourth: "If I cannot and do not convince them I give up my position."

Very few preachers when they do not succeed in advertising what they advertise expect to give up their positions, and most advertising men do.

I am more hopeful for the moment about advertising men than I am about preachers as a class to-day in America, because as a class they are more spiritually robust about their profession. Most advertising men act as if they believed in persuasion more than most preachers do. It is a regular accepted orthodox thing for a preacher not to believe in persuasion except in a kind of gentle vague way. Even the business men in his parish who pay him for it, do not expect him to believe in persuasion in the way

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these same business men all the rest of the week when they go down to their stores expect their advertising men to believe in it. If the advertising men and the salesmen of these same business men fail in getting attention in what they are expected to, they discharge them.

Of course I am not saying that I am in favour of their discharging their preachers.

I am merely wondering and I cannot help feeling a little hurt that people do not take preachers more seriously. I feel hurt in the same way about statesmen and about people who are getting attention to peace and about many of us who would have to be called possibly, in a polite way, virtue mongers.

Why do business men who go about believing in the spirit and in the power of the spirit and in the power of attracting attention all the week, stop believing it on Sunday in church or stop believing it at the polls? Why should anybody really think that there is something about the spirit and about being spiritually robust which adapts it to grim practical use in business but that somehow being spiritually robust is not practical enough for religion or would be too rough for politics?

If ordinary men and business men would have the same grim faith in us, in preachers and statesmen, that they have in advertising men, if they would hold us to the same stern standard of faith in what we are doing, to which they are daily holding up their advertising men, one cannot help wondering if the kingdom of God after all would not almost come in a few years and if the country could not be saved in a few weeks.

The moment we find goodness in people being believed in as hard and being advertised with the same dogged literal faith to-day as goodness in shoes, dress goods, pianolas and vacuum cleaners, churches will be crowded to the doors.

In the meantime as long as we think our preachers are and have got to be almost professional failures in their profession, as long as we expect them not to succeed in getting attention as a matter of course, we must expect to take the consequences.

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Advertising men have attained as yet in their new beginning profession only a small per cent. of the things we are going to expect of them, and they are reeking with faults that anyone can see, but the way they believe in themselves and believe in their new profession is one of the inspiring spectacles of the day. The fact that the moment advertising men fail as attention-engineers they expect to be dismissed by their clients shows the spiritual power and simplicity, the literalness, of the faith that they and American business men have in the spirit—in the still, terrible power of touching men's minds.

I have seen in the *Ladies' Home Journal* thousands of grim courageous dollars being spent every year in telling people news. I have seen hundreds of factory chimneys, vast hordes in the street of workmen flocking to their work, and hundreds of thousands of dollars a day all being wagered and all being put up on the value of this news. All one has to do is to look and a great spiritual faith in news about teeth and news about skin and hair and news about hats and clothes can be seen any day in the back pages of any number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Only a few thousand dollars against all these hundreds of thousands of dollars can be seen being spent there in telling us news about our actual selves, about furniture that we would find convenient for our minds, inventions that would make our hearts happy and help us to be loved and to love the world.

We go to church and the news we are told there about our souls costs, say, in the average church, fifty dollars or seventy-five dollars a Sunday, building and steeple and all.

These are facts with which we are all familiar and there is no need to mention them except for their revolutionary bearing on the present crisis of our nation and on the fate of the world. The only reason that peace and the other virtues are not practical is that they are not advertised. We compel people to listen to soaps and pianolas. People come to us afterward and thank us and bring their money to us for compelling them to listen to soaps and pianolas. We spend millions of dollars a day on pay-

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ing people for having attracted our attention to news about our purses.

The next thing we are going to do is spend millions of dollars a day on getting people to come to us afterward and bring their money to us afterward and thank us for having compelled them to listen to what we have to say about peace.

Telling nations about peace has never even been tried. It makes the heart leap to think of it. It is absurd for Colonel Roosevelt or for anyone to give up on getting people to want peace when peace has never really been advertised.

If America will put up as big an appropriation on expressing its idea about peace as it does on expressing with an army and navy its fear of Germany and of Japan, we will be defended.

The other day Colonel Roosevelt said of Mr. Wilson: "There are many things that are the matter with President Wilson, but the worst is that when he has said something, he thinks he has done it."

That is just it. He has. So have many people.

Think what Colonel Roosevelt has just done by just saying this one sentence.

Every corporation that has covered five continents with goods that it has got people to notice by picking out words, every big business firm which is paying dividends out of words it has got attention with, that has grown rich out of words for things it has got people to believe, and grown powerful out of words for making people spend their fortunes and spend and sacrifice their lives and give themselves, sees that Colonel Roosevelt is a superficial observer of what really counts in modern life.

By one fell swoop of one little remark he has convinced five hundred thousand business men who have salesmen on the road, who believe in advertising, who have won their business and keep their business by using words and by paying for words that get people's attention to it—that Colonel Roosevelt is a superficial and onesided man in his idea of what it really is

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that constitutes power and turns things over and gets things done in modern life.

Saying a thing that makes people do a thing is more powerful than doing it. Saying a thing or getting attention to a thing to be done is the highest, surest most perfect and most highly concentrated and most powerful form of doing it.

Anybody can make anybody believe he can do a thing after he has done it. Pure power comes in picking out the word or action, the one tenth of one per cent. of really doing a thing, which will make all the world join in and do it, which will make all the world believe that it can be and that it shall be done.

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V

ON GETTING THE COLONEL NOT TO BE AFRAID

When Colonel Roosevelt goes softly booming through this book page after page and lands at last on what I was saying a page or so ago about Judge Gary and Mr. Frick, and about selecting the fittest man or the fittest nation by fighting, he is going to read it as if he had written it himself. He believes it is true as much as any American. If he believes it is true, why is it he does not immediately proceed to act as if it were true, instead of slumping meekly back into doing and doing harder the selfsame precise thing that the people who do not believe in it do? It is curious that Colonel Roosevelt at the greatest crisis of his own career and the nation's career should suddenly fail in self-assertion, should come apparently to a kind of precipice in himself, drop off sheer from his own identity and act like anyone else.

Of course, every man has bare spots in his mind—places in which he allows his thinking to be done for him by machinery or by other people. It is a personal disappointment to me that at just this time Colonel Roosevelt of all others, the man who owes his entire career to advertising, to an easy familiar way he has of slapping the world on the back and to a kind of grit he has of taking the world in hand personally and making things happen to it, the man who, if he has not been the best, has at least been the most colossal advertising man of his time, the man who has done nearly all the best things he has done by advertising and who has done some of the best of them even by advertising himself, should suddenly turn his back on his own profession. In the most stupendous, original and arresting opportunity to make all nations look any nation has ever had

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Colonel Roosevelt throws all advertising to the winds, drops all attention-engineering with a thud, gives up, lies down, blubbers for big ships and soldiers, and talks about fighting and about being terrible as hard as anybody does. The same big, monotonous, feeble, unnoticeable fog-horn of ugliness, the same stupid meaningless mooing of guns, the self-same deafening thunder to get attention that all the nations have failed with before our eyes, Colonel Roosevelt wants us to adopt to make America attract attention, to make America stand out, to make America stop war, in the world.

I cannot help wishing Colonel Roosevelt would study what a quiet modest faith in advertising can do, would take a look for a moment at what John D. Rockefeller did with so little effort and with such simple means—just a pair of overalls and a simple little plain dollar-and-a-half table—to stop war in Colorado.

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VI

THE COLONEL'S WAY AND MR. ROCKEFELLER'S WAY OF NOT BEING AFRAID

I have said that the first thing in order for the country to do to defend itself is going to be to get Mr. Roosevelt to believe in advertising and dramatizing as much as Mr. Rockefeller does.

As the Colonel stands in front of a good many people, I am wishing he would step out one side a minute and give me a chance to have a word with them. I have thought that the matter might be put to Colonel Roosevelt in this way. If Colonel Roosevelt wanted to control a man next to him who was looking through an opera glass and getting violent because he was seeing something that was not there, there would be several courses he could take. He could grab the man with both hands, fold himself bodily around him, carry him out of the house by main force (his idea of what to do with Germany), or he could argue yearningly with the man and try to tease him to look harder at what was not there until he saw that it was not there, or he could take a third course: he could reach his hand over to the man's glasses, turn the screw, or show him how to turn the screw a little to the right or a little to the left, sweep the blur from his eyes away by moving a sixteenth of an inch, focus his vision on the place where he had been seeing what was not there until he plainly saw what was.

If the rest of us could not get Colonel Roosevelt to believe in advertising, perhaps Mr. Rockefeller could. Mr. Rockefeller when he found himself with twenty thousand miners regarding him with fixed and glassy eyes, and with an insane but not altogether unprovoked illusion about him and about his company,

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tried main force at first, and Mr. Rockefeller was as afraid not to use or to threaten to use main force at first as Mr. Roosevelt is afraid not to to-day. Mr. Rockefeller let his Company undertake, as all the world knows, a pitched battle with the miners. The Company said practically it would have nothing to do with the miners. It would not speak to them. It would scarcely speak to the public.

But in due time, after Mr. Rockefeller and his Company had tried fighting the miners for doing precisely what they themselves would have done if they had thought they were seeing what the miners thought they were seeing, it came over Mr. Rockefeller that possibly if he could get the miners in spite of his faults and his money to pay a few minutes attention to him as a possible fellow human being, it would be practical and helpful. His not being a fellow human being was the main difficulty and was uppermost in the minds of the miners. Why not go out and meet the difficulty face to face and prove that just possibly he was?

Mr. Rockefeller forthwith fell to considering what would focus the miner's vision and get him to take a serious honest look at him as he was. If he dared to face them as a man, he thought, if he dared to let them take one good frank manly look at him, he might possibly slide up into a position to be a competent president of a great company and be a kind of man who was believed when he said things. What word or action was there that would turn the screw of their attention? They had been fighting because they would not look and every resistance the Company offered made them make up their minds harder that they would not look. Mr. Rockefeller would only, of course, have to make a very slight fleck of a move if he could think of the one which would make the men want to look.

He chose overalls and a little speech at a table. The screw of their attention was turned and their eyes were focussed on what was there. And what was there instead of making them prefer fighting made them prefer looking and working. It was all a

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matter of a little skill in picking out the word or action that would turn the screw of their attention. There was no main force about it. If there had been any main force about it, he could not have turned the screw. All the main force on earth could not have turned the screw or could not have made the miners look at John D. Rockefeller as a fellow human being a minute.

What Mr. Rockefeller did in wiping out and dramatizing away his enemies, in stopping almost a national war between capital and labour by a very slight sincere bit of advertising, and self-confession, by a dramatic, honest, manly move of identity and frankness, good-will and natural human feeling, is but a hint of what America could do to prevent war between nations and not need to own a great army and navy.

It might cost more and require the multiplication of the same simple process more times to focus a nation than to focus a few thousand miners, but the cost of skill, of expert knowledge in human nature, and of the direct use of human and revealing genius would cost one half of one per cent. of what the main force Colonel Roosevelt would use would cost.

A million dollars' worth of turning a finger, of delicate focussing, of voluntary skilful turning of people's eyes, would do as much to defend a nation from attack as five hundred million dollars' worth of main force and of moving around people's bodies and looking as if one were going to fight.

Modern national self-defense consists in touching the imagination of the people. It consists in taking one spectre, blur, superstition and delusion after another, turning the screw of attention on it until people softly, easily, and as a matter of course stare war out of countenance.

The first practical, pointed thing for a nation to undertake to do is to get itself trusted by another nation so that it will be allowed to stand close enough to it to turn the screw.

After this it becomes a mutual affair. Illusions and desires to fight, when two nations both get to work together on it, are stripped away in flashes.

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The first thing for America to do to defend itself from Germany is to do something that will make Germany let us get close enough to it to turn the screw and let Germany get close enough to us to turn ours. There are certain definite illusions we have about Germany and certain definite illusions Germany has about us. We will put them in rows and assail them with our eyes one by one, focus on them and remove them.

There is no reason why America should take a servile, imitative, self-abnegating course, turn itself violently in a few months into another kind of nation and into defending itself in another kind of way—a way that is instinctively repugnant to it—because Germany insists or momentarily looks as if she insisted on having nations change each other's minds about each other by main force.

I cannot expect in a few words to deal adequately with the illusions that come between Germany and America at a time like this, but I can suggest in part the possible lines or directions of dramatic action which we could follow in taking these illusions, dealing with them lightly and skilfully, with turning screws instead of with crashes of main force, with big, old-fashioned, clumsy swoops and threats of ships and soldiers.

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LOOK IV

FEAR-SURGERY

AFTER the country has got Mr. Roosevelt to notice Mr. Rockefeller and how he makes advertising work, perhaps the next best thing for the country to do will be to be specific and direct with the Colonel, pick out some one specific fear that Colonel Roosevelt daily has himself and advertise it out of him. When the Colonel has actually seen with his own eyes a daily fear of his own being bodily removed by advertising, he will begin to believe perhaps in what can be done to advertise away the fears and illusions and causes of war in other people.

If America, instead of spending on Colonel Roosevelt's fear of Germany the two or three hundred million dollars he is hoping to get us to spend on it, would spend say one hundred million dollars in collecting and placing before Colonel Roosevelt the facts about the powers and about the intentions of the German people which would keep him from being afraid of Germany, and if America would then proceed to spend another hundred million dollars among the Germans which would remove illusions and keep the Germans from being afraid of Colonel Roosevelt and afraid of us, Colonel Roosevelt's fever of preparedness would soon most gracefully and even gratefully subside. Colonel Roosevelt would be as ready for an advertising and dramatizing program as anyone. He is not a bad advertising man in his way when he believes in it or when he sits down and thinks a minute what he wants to advertise, nor is he a bad dramatist when he has decided on his idea to dramatize.

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There are certain specific illusions to be dramatized and advertised away.

Our first illusion which lies at the bottom of our American panic of preparedness is that Germany will try to do in America what she has done with Belgium.

Our second illusion is that we have not the brains to express ourselves to Germany.

Our third is that Germany has not the brains to understand us if we do.

Our fourth is the illusion that a hip-pocket peace, the kind of peace they were trying in Europe which brought on the war, will make America look impressive.

When one thinks of it, nearly all of these illusions which have been used as reasons to crowd people into humdrum preparedness can be shown to be reasons against it.

I would like to deal in the next chapter with the Belgium illusion.

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LOOK V

A FEW OPERATIONS

I

THE BELGIUM FEAR AND OTHERS

I DO not deny that in this chapter in my book I am letting a small fraction of my readers elbow themselves in and crowd in front of the others.

In trying to write a manual on peace, on the eternal and the recurrent principle of peace, of mutual attention, of real power in human relations, I more than regret that the majority of my readers, those who have not taken the step of being born yet, are going to be obliged to bother in the next few pages with the illusions Americans are having to-day about Germans and with the illusions Germans are having to-day about Americans.

To make all these fresh innocent people after fifty or a hundred years come way back and plod painfully on with us through our little parenthesis or tunnel of insanity we are all in together to-day, is as painful a task to me as it would be to any man, but of course if I am really engaged in making things happen in the tunnel, if I am really seeing in my way the little hole of light at the end of it, and if in this book, reader and author and all, we are really working toward the little hole of light, perhaps it will not be uninteresting after all to those dim flocks of people reaching up in tiers along the years ahead who are going to have illusions of their own, and who are going to have to blunder and try in making things happen themselves, to observe how we are blundering away to-day in making things happen to us.

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They will wonder about Colonel Roosevelt the most, I think. He will seem so visionary and sentimental and simple-minded and unnoticing in keeping right on fifteen years over the boundary line of the twentieth century, with wireless telephones and aeroplanes hovering all about, still believing that the attention of a great nation in modern times can really be got by main force.

As Colonel Roosevelt is going to seem so picturesque and so quaint a figure to the majority of my readers (in fifty or a hundred years), I am going to hope they will not mind my holding them up once more in this book with him.

It is better to deal with somebody in particular who is being afraid at a particular time. The fundamental principles of dealing with men who are afraid and who have let themselves be driven to their wits' end and to the use of main force, are the same in all generations.

But to go on to Mr. Roosevelt's Belgium fear.

If it were not for the fate of Belgium hanging over our minds, our American panic of preparedness would cease in a day.

But a great many of our people seem to me to be taking their feelings about Belgium and turning them right around sharply and using them backward. Everything they feel ought to make them act precisely the other way.

Germany's treatment of Belgium, instead of being a special reason for having a big armament to protect ourselves from Germany, is a reason against it.

The idea that there is a special peculiar brand of human nature in Germany that we will have to defend ourselves from, on account of Belgium, is a momentary idea.

Any other nation that had let itself get helpless in the hands of narrow military experts might have got caught before it saw the truth too late, in a trap of invading Belgium, as Germany did.

But one Belgium is enough. For America to swerve out of its whole national policy and arm itself to the teeth to express its

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fear of Germany on account of Belgium is a monstrous misjudgment of what German human nature is like. The Germans have been passing like all the nations through a kind of crazed crisis, but they are not an underwitted people, and every day the war keeps on and every day the nations keep piling up against them, they are thinking that one Belgium is enough.

The astounding loneliness and hostility that have been precipitated upon Germany out of a whole world by the one act of invading Belgium, the loss of prestige with neutrals, the loss of the right of way of the Germans in their own consciences, and the loss of the right of way of German culture in the minds of all fairminded men, which German culture would certainly otherwise have had—these are not being overlooked in Germany. For a great nation like America to take alarm at Belgium, hurry piteously into a big army and navy—for a nation like America to turn turtle with dismay, start up a new and revolutionary national defense on the one colossal thing in history that is all arranged for now and that will never dare to happen again, is the height of panic and short-mindedness.

Instead of spending two hundred and fifty million dollars in being afraid of Germany and in getting ready to threaten to shoot, we will spend it on fear-surgery, on removing to the last remotest chance, any occasion we may have to fear Germany; we will spend it on advertising and dramatizing, on revealing point by point our items of disagreement with her, and on throwing over all we do the vast web of our boundless mutual interests, of the things Germany wants of us and things we want of Germany which will settle the peace of the world. There is no reason why we should have a great army to face a world with merely because we are afraid of one nation and afraid of one nation's making the same mistake all over again in the next few years that she is nearly annihilated with now.

What Germany learns of her common interest with us, she will learn by inference of her common interests with all the other nations, and by definite local action upon Germany America

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will insure the peace of the world. Of course, the same principle applies to Japan for people who have the same fear of Japan.

If we can deal with Germany in this way, we will not only defend ourselves from Germany, but defend all the other nations from Germany, and Germany from all other nations.

The second illusion about America and Germany which we will proceed to advertise away will be the superstition that we cannot express ourselves to Germany. This would have been true before the war. Nobody noticed us before the war, but now that we are made against our wills into an umpire nation of a war of the world, and now that the war has made one peep from America count as much in Europe to-day as her whole three hundred years has counted before—everything is changed. There never will have been in all history (when the time is ripe) such an amazing opportunity for a nation to express itself and to arrest and hold the attention of Germany as America's in the next few years.

The third illusion America will proceed to advertise away is the idea that Germany cannot understand us. The idea is removed by the fact that Germany has never tried to understand us and it has never been necessary to Germany until to-day that she should. But the moment when, out of breath with the war, she tries to pull her business with us together again, understanding us and being understood by us will be the one thing that Germany wants most. She will outdo us in trying to understand and in being understood. Her banks, steamships and factories will fold themselves about us to understand us.

Our fourth illusion which tempts us to humdrum preparedness and which we will proceed to advertise away is our fond idea that being prepared to shoot does not mean that we will really have to shoot. The idea that we are going to be very urbane and sweet and coo at Germany year after year with our hands on our hip pockets, will be hopelessly removed by advertising the fact

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that this policy, with a nation like Germany, will not work. Germany of all nations, the nation that has tried to befuddle other nations with the best and biggest hip-pocket peace the world has ever known, is not going to be deceived by little modest raw imitations of shrapnel and sweetness, by a young unworldly amateur nation like ours across a sea three thousand miles away.

The more we coo with our hands on our hip pockets, the less Germany will believe in us and the less she believes in us, the more she will arm against us.

We will announce to Germany that we will spend a hundred million dollars in Germany alone on specific localized treatment and removal of the causes that make Germans hate and fear us. We will spend another hundred million dollars on specific localized treatment and removal in America of our American fears of Germany. As it would save Germany from having a stupendous navy bill just for us, Germany might gladly join in and add a hundred million dollars more to be spent on removing our fear of Germany.

If we spend two hundred million dollars in keeping ahead of Germany in war preparedness, Germany will spend more to keep ahead of us, and we will both spend more and more every year and so on forever. If we spend two hundred million dollars on removing the fear which is the cause of war preparedness, there will be less fear every year and less money would have to be spent every year in both nations on being afraid and on scared people.

In each nation the days of its military neurasthenics, of its epaulet invalids and of its little panic of shooting-sickness would soon be over.

An army and navy appropriation means an ascending ratio of expense. An advertising appropriation means an automatic descending ratio of expense.

The way to oppose people is to contradict them and the way to contradict them is not only to say what is opposite to what

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they are saying, but to say it in so opposite a way from the way they expected we would say it that they will listen.

From the point of view of psychology, to say nothing of history warm and bleeding all about us, hip-pocket peace is not the way just now for America to arrest and hold the attention of the world.

My argument is grounded in psychology and in the specific nature of advertising. In an artificial situation the first law of arresting attention is to pick out the most inevitable, the most obvious, natural, simple thing to say and to do and then say it and do it with the most colossal unexpectedness.

The first secret of making, getting and holding attention is the courage to be one's self.

This is as true of a nation of ninety million men as it is of one man.

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II

STILL OTHERS

When some new thing happens and I begin to say some disagreeable—that is, of course, some essentially scared thing about the Germans and about this German human nature we all keep guessing on, and that we are all being censored out of, way over there under its lonely private Baltic Sea, I find myself thinking of the Germans vaguely and in the third person. A little later when the little touch of humanness and of ordinary reasonableness I have in me after all about people, begins setting in, I find myself falling into a tone of direct personal expostulation and saying You to Germans about the things I am told they are doing. I stake off carefully in my mind the Prussian military staff and let them remain carefully in the third person and say You to the German people. I have made up my mind to take an attitude toward them which they and I both, when we are over the fear and secrecy and panic of suspicion that go with war, will be glad.

Here is one of my sample illusions and a sample of the way this thinking in three dimensions, in three persons, and finally working around to the First Person Plural, comes out.

"With joyful pride we look upon this latest exploit of our navy," the Cologne *Volkszeitung* says in speaking of the *Lusitania.*

I had the usual natural feelings on reading over these words about the Germans and their rejoicing over the *Lusitania.*

How do I know that they rejoiced even now! If when the *Volkszeitung* published this statement all that they had heard was the sinking of the ship, and if they did not know twelve

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hundred non-combatants went down with her (as Americans we did not at first), and if when they did know they were appalled by it, I would forgive them. And if they knew I did not know that they did not know, when I wrote these words above, they would forgive me.

Well, for my part, except for driving in and getting Germany not to do it again, I think I ought to take the words back, or hold them in suspense. They may be one more illustration of how it works to believe and act on anything one hears until afterward and until the thing is ripe. It is only making all over again the mistake England made about Germany and that Germany made about England, that the moment they heard, they judged with guns.

It is the cause of the whole war—judging with guns, arguing and thinking things out with dreadnoughts and opening up subjects with shrapnel.

Anyone can see how much easier it is for me to take back these words I have just written or to let them wait than it is for Germany to give back to England five hundred thousand dead men with apologies and compliments.

. . . . . .

Here is another sample illusion I have tried to work through in three persons.

When I first heard what we know of Germany's spy system, and realized that she had been peering about for years in other countries among the busy unconscious innocent modern-minded peoples, going daily about their affairs, my whole attitude toward our modern world and toward human nature swerved about in a week. The little innocent island of Monhegan where I was writing was reeking with rumours of German spies. I almost half believed them. I found everywhere I went all this big innocent busy world about me agog with a new and sudden fear.

Is the world the kind of world the German General Staff has

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conceived it to be? Is the German General Staff right in elaborately preparing to deal with human nature by a huge spy system throughout the world, or is it not?

Then I came slowly to a position of saying We with Germany and of having America say We with Germany on much the same principle that, when my hand was nearly frozen last winter, I packed snow around it. I find myself arguing like this:

It is this treacherous disbelief in human nature, this inconceivable fear and suspicion of people in other nations, and this organized panic in Germany about all human nature in the world except her own, which has brought on the war. The best way to meet this superbly organized fear of human nature with which Germany with her elaborate spy system has confronted the world, is to have one great nation by some one great simple action assert its faith in it.

The United States is this nation. The shortest cut the United States can take to express the most faith anybody could think of in human nature, and put it where it would count the most would be for the United States to express its faith in Germany. To believe to-day in the nation that has not believed in anybody, that has acted deliberately for forty years, and with elaborate and superb precision upon a theory of fearing to be attacked by all of us—the nation that has the most incredible organization of fear and suspicion the world has ever dreamed of, that has drilled its children, its little boys and girls in fear, and made all its little world an army in disguise—this is the nation America must face with trust. There is no other way to disarm Germany but to trust the German people, to look them in the eyes and assert to them and assert to their leaders in their behalf that they have been misled by their leaders, that their leaders have had the most amazing efficiency in handling the most amazingly inefficient assumption about modern life.

We will ask the leaders of Germany to trust us and we will trust them to correct their unspeakable mistake and take our

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word for the trustworthiness of the rest of the world and begin the relations of both nations again on a new basis.

It is as impossible for a nation like Germany to have great relations to the world and be a great nation on a basis of distrust as it is to conduct a business world without credit.

All there is to business is credit or mutual trust and it is all there is to nationality or to internationality. Germany can have it proved to her, by a nation beginning with an act of trust, that she is in the wrong about self-defense.

. . . . . .

Here is another illusion I want to work through in three persons. Germany says to us (at least Colonel Roosevelt's Germany, as he interprets her), practically says to us:

"We have immense properties and interests in America and some ten million Germans we have lent to you besides, and it seems to us that in a huge indiscriminate country like yours, gathered as the poor raw thing has had to be from so many countries besides Germany, you cannot hope in the nature of things to run your country as it ought to be run in the interest of the world. The huge, sprawling, slovenly cities, for instance, you Americans have provided for us Germans to house our investments in, and the reckless offhand experimental way, crowding in around these industries of ours, you run your legislatures and your laws of finance and trade—all these things show at a glance that, as compared with us, you are notoriously unfit to control the rich set-off portion of the globe that you have taken up. You are not fit to run it economically and efficiently and for the best interests of the globe as we Germans would. And everybody knows that Germans are more fit and efficient, thrifty and economical in getting things done than other nations. Germany can gain a yard with three soldiers where England to gain a yard has to sacrifice ten. Germany can supply five men for national defense for exactly the same sum America has to pay to get one, and everything about Germany, as everybody knows, is

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practically more or less like this, from our aniline dyes to our universities, shells, submarines, national statuary, bombs, Zeppelins, painting, music, poisonous gases, poetry and Goethe and Kant and Krupp—and as England has taken hold of India to govern the country better for the world, it seems to us it is our duty to take hold of America with its lynchings, with its huge, incapable, slouchy strikes, pull it together trimly, make it a fit place for our ten million Germans who cannot be here and who have to live in America, to live and multiply.

"You people in America"—this is what Germany seems to Colonel Roosevelt to be saying—"do not see, or seem to see, what we Germans could do for you, and how fit we are to take care of you, and we are coming over with our army and navy almost any time in a few weeks now to prove to you by main force how fit we are. . . ."

If this is an illusion Germany has about herself, we can combine with her to advertise it away in Germany.

If it is an illusion we have in America about Germany, we can combine with Germany to advertise it away in America.

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EPILOGUE

SUPER-PREPAREDNESS

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1

The Right to More Than One Nation

IN THE world in which men's daily thoughts actually live, an empire is a back-county idea. Governments and governmental-minded men from sheer inertia may putter with empires. But human beings—real men and women and countless business men—live in their thoughts all the time all day every day in this world as a whole. They look nightly at this same great blue common of the sky, whirled around at them, out of space and time; the wireless whispers round it and the cable ticks under it. They reach round the earth every morning with a paper. In their subconscious, deeper and realer life every day they use a whole world to live with. They get up to a whole world in the morning and go to bed feeling it around them all night. They are daily conducting their business, their art and even their religion, as a world enterprise, and they are used to it and to look up as they have had to lately and see their governments still toddling along and still twiddling faithfully and conventionally away on boundary lines which all men to-day except men with small nation-sized governmental minds have given up thinking of or noticing even in prose, even in their daily business, to say nothing of their art and their religion—it is as if we had been asleep since we were born. The people of the earth to-day look at their governments and rub their eyes. There is hardly a man anywhere when he sees what his government is trying to do with him lately and with other people, who can really believe his eyes.

To be jerked back and jammed down all in a day under our own governments, to be violently ripped away from this big

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whole world in which we have daily lived, done business, prayed and sung and travelled and worshipped, and to find ourselves suddenly all in a day packed up and thrown back separately, all in a rush, into little separate hordes of men, all violently thinking with guns and shells of themselves—it is beyond belief.

Our governments are very violent with one another. But nothing that all these small-sized gunny-headed poky little governmental-minded men with their guns, with their flags, with their howls of glory, with their typhoid fever epaulets and murder, can do or make their nations do to other nations, is to be compared to the violence that has been done to every individual man in this world, every citizen of this great happy busy uproarious globe, this vast public street of nations that every man has been living on for fifty years, in stopping him full tilt, in jerking him off suddenly and without a word into the little side-street of his own nation, in shutting him up and shutting all his people up in the hall-bedroom of their own interests, of their own concerns, and slamming the great iron door of the whole world—all the wind and freedom and sunshine on it—in his face!

The sudden littleness and meanness that has been forced upon us, upon every man of us, who can measure it or measure the sick-mindedness, the kind of fever of just thinking of himself and of his own little silly slit of this planet as if it were or ever could be again, after where he has been living all these years, fought for like a whole world or as if the fate of a whole world swung on it?

All this experience we are all having to-day is merely a demonstration to us of the extraordinary outfit for peace with which the world has been already practically fitted up before the war began—in the individual hearts of men everywhere. Almost any man anywhere on this globe to-day of the larger sort has a bigger heart, is using daily a larger working conception of the world than he sees his own government has. He has read his newspapers and done his business with this conception for fifty years, he eats with it, sleeps, bargains, hopes,

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fears, curses, sings and prays with it. He is born with it, and dies with it on his lips.

Even his littlest acts are world-reaches. He reaches softly, easily, with his fingers around the girth of the planet. He lifts a world between his thumb and forefinger even when he eats.

"I often think of it—of how a man lives to-day in a whole planet. Machines are like the tides that do not stop. They are a part of the vast antennæ of the earth. They have grown themselves upon it. Like wind and vapour and dust, they are a part of the furnishing of the earth. If I am cold and seek furs, Alaska is as near as the next snowdrift. Everywhere is five cents away. I take tea in Pekin with a spoon from Australia and a saucer from Dresden. With the handle of my knife from India and the blade from Sheffield, I eat meat from Kansas. Thousands of miles bring me spoonfuls. The taste in my mouth, five or six continents have made for me. The isles of the sea are on the tip of my tongue. . . . Crowds wait on me in silence. I tip nations with a nickel. . . ."

. . . . . .

Last night a man's voice in Washington, 3,000 miles across guns and censors, talked quietly with Paris, with Honolulu listening 8,700 miles away.

A nation fighting for itself to-day is out of date. The first item in a nation's self-defense to-day is going to be to defend the planet it is on.

A nation that proposes to stave a hole in the hull of its planet and drown itself and all the rest of us, if it cannot have its own way, cannot but expect to be stopped. But there is not a nation aboard the star that we can cramp ourselves in America into wanting an armament to defend ourselves against. The one thing we want an armament for, is for a planet, to hurl it at any nation that by straining or fighting for itself should stave a hole in it.

A very little hole in this planet concerns us all.

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Any leak in this world is an international leak. There can be no such thing as a private leak on this planet. It is everybody's world.

2

Super-Preparedness

America presents a pitiful and pusillanimous spectacle to the world to-day, if, in a supreme moment when all the other nations are fighting to protect one another and fighting for the liberty of the world, she sits in Congress and putters and broods over her own self-defense.

Self-defense for a nation like America can only be a by-product of her defense of a world.

Everything else in this nation is for all the world. Why should we have an army and navy merely for ourselves?

While I believe that armies and navies for self-defense are unpractical, clumsy, archaic, that they are organically ignorant of modern life and modern human nature, and that they are an unbelieving, unadventurous, inherently half-witted institution, I am in favour of having our people have them if they have not yet arrived at the courage not to have them, but I would be ashamed.

If we must raise a big army and navy, I am in favour of at least raising it for noble motives and using it solely for great and noble ends.

In this present moment of the colossal self-sacrifice of nations, of the unstinted spilling of the blood of all peoples for some cause outside themselves and larger than themselves, I would not be so much ashamed of an army of conquest for the United States as I would of an army of self-defense.

It would be an immoral army, but it would not be weak and mean. It would not and could not be taken as an expression of the vast, smug nonentity of a great people holding itself apart from the spiritual struggles of other peoples, thinking of itself

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and defending itself and living by itself in a kind of safe, narrow, contented moral back alley of the world.

If what our proposed preparedness is for is to mark America off from the main highway of the progress of the world, and from all the struggling on it, and from all the risks and hardships and adventures of the souls of the nations, if our increased armament is intended to set us serenely up at last as the first great Safety First nation of the world, if it is merely intended to give us increased facilities for being meaner, for being more provincial, more haughtily provincial than we have ever been before, I am set against preparedness.

The more adequately and elaborately a nation that is like this and that seeks to prepare itself like this can be kept from being prepared, the sooner it is exposed, stripped naked before all the peoples and before all history, the sooner it is swept off the face of the earth by nations that are alive enough to have some fight in them and some soul in them, something still left in them that they will die for, the sooner my cup will be filled with gladness for the world.

I have believed that America would rather die than to give up being a nation that has something bigger than itself it would die for. I have believed that it is true that in our American program of preparedness the last thing we really want to do is to think that the American people merely want to keep out of the great common human problems of Europe. The problems of other nations are our problems. We long daily in America to break in with love, hope and faith to the struggles of other peoples. Every morning we rise from sleep, read our papers and go to our work longing to see some way to put our faiths with their faiths, our sacrifices with their sacrifices. We feel this beyond our power to express it in any way except in action. We are gathering our slow colossal millions together to act. We are determined to find a way to express our people to all the peoples of all nations. More and more every day, every week, as the war goes on we feel the need of being close to

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them and of feeling that they are feeling that they are close to us. Toward the faces of all men in all nations, however mistaken or deceived they may be, we turn our faces. Daily we gather about them in spirit, in sorrow and hope, crying, "We want you and you want us." Daily, nightly, we cry across the sea to them, to all of them (Dear brothers! Dear fellow-blunderers!) WE WANT YOU AND YOU WANT US.

3

America Stands By

But if we want everybody and if it is a part of our national faith to believe that we want everybody and to believe that everybody wants us, what is there that we can do and do now and for the next few years to express this faith of ours to other nations, to get all these other fighting nations to set us one side forever as a peaceful people, believe in us once for all and respect and trust what we say and do?

The best short-cut to being believed in and trusted by all the fighting nations that America can take to-day would be to take an action which no nation believes we have the courage to take.

I have in mind an action that would be a short-cut to trust like this.

But as the courage in the action I have in mind is what the action would be for, and as the courage in it is the only thing which will make it work, I do not say (as I wish I could) that I am in favour of it yet.

I will say after this book has fronted the people.

I want a look or a whisper from America first.

I do not advocate America's having a look of courage when the courage is not there, nor can I advocate America's going through the motions of a grim, stupendous act of courage (like self-disarmament for instance) while all the while she is feeling meek and frail inside.

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But I believe that the more quickly and unmistakably we get ready in America and announce we are getting ready for national disarmament, the more quickly we arrange intelligent war substitutes and put them out before the world in an intelligent order, stand out before all the nations and with one sweep, with one huge national gesture with the big hand of a continent hurl our army and navy one side and say to the nations: "See this thing that we have done! We have thrown our old foolish childish playthings away! You will not dare to say we are afraid of you. We are not afraid of you. We prove it. We have thrown our arms at your feet!"—the more quickly America will be in a position to be believed in enough to take the lead in organizing the peace of the world.

The day is at hand when, in spite of yielding to increased armament now, we will act peace instead of talking about it. Every nation has talked about peace for fifty years. It is talk about peace that has brought on the war. We will with one act hurl one peaceful nation upon a world. If we are not ready to do this to-day, we will get ready to do it to-morrow. We will announce that we are going to launch a disarmament program the first moment we can get our new way of defending ourselves ready. The only thing that will clinch peace and make nations believe us in what we say about peace, is self-disarmament. The disarmament of this nation when it comes will be the most simple colossal single conclusive short, almost monosyllabic, way any nation has ever expressed its faith in itself and its faith in other nations since the world began. It will be a shout of peace, a huge three cheers for peace that will ring around the world.

I am only in favour of a backed-up disarmament. Probably until we are ready with our substitutes and can prove we are prepared to express ourselves to other nations, we will have to be prepared to fight them. We are already getting ready to express ourselves. We are already seeing that we have stupendous and formidable ways of making ourselves understood

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and of advertising and dramatizing and asserting ourselves that will undermine all the armies of the earth.

In the meantime, in place of the frank, conclusive, national disarmament with which I believe that very soon America is going to assail the nations and win the trust of a world, what practical temporary program am I ready to suggest?

. . . . . .

I am not hopelessly at variance with the militarists except for a minute.

The moment the militarists will stop scurrying about like ants in an ant-hill, running every which way and throwing up their hands and calling wildly for armament for self-defense, and will make their stand instead for an armament for world-defense, I am with them. I will work for the things they want, for the airships, submarines and lyddite, as much as anyone would, but a mere effeminate, safety-first armament, a scared, anxious, national safety-first movement does not interest me, does not seem to me to be worthy of our great, new, fresh-born nation on this other side of the sea. America has a free original western idea of what a great nation is for and of what a great nation wants, of how a great nation wants to live outside itself, wants to spread out and flame up its living, its time and its money, its love and its hope and desire over all the earth.

I believe in a prompt generous and unqualified present to the other nations from the United States of an armament for the defense of the world. If the other nations will not combine to accept such a present from America, will not organize and get together to use it, add to it, contribute to it, if they are not yet ready to arrange to run it and help control it, the next thing for America to do is to organize an advertising campaign among the people of all nations which, item by item, reason by reason, shall make them ready, shall make them understand us and believe and trust us, and accept as a sacred trust an army and a

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navy that will fight to defend a world, from a nation that will not fight to defend itself.

America will make her motto:

Not a Dollar for Self-defense
Millions to Defend a World

An armament to be built and handed over by America as a present, a kind of World Policeman Present, to defend all nations would be gladly looked forward to and gladly paid for by all of us. This planet we are on all together, this ship in the sky, means more to us in America if it founders than we mean to ourselves. America's first attention to itself is to attend to the safety of the planet. Any nation that has hysterics or that scuttles it, any nation that starts a mutiny or panic in its crew, is the personal enemy of every American.

The little pittance of four hundred millions a year we now spend in America in making a present to ourselves of an army and a navy we never use, and never believe we intend to use to defend ourselves, we would be willing to double or treble for an army and navy that the whole of a star could be having the use of every day, protecting the star from panic in the passengers and mutiny in the crew.

It will be to America a confession of faith, a national world-religion, not to have an army or navy to fight for itself, or to defend itself. But any nation on this planet that fights for itself instead of the planet, or that fights to defend itself instead of to defend the planet, America will fight.

4

Eleven Nations Say You and I

There are various reasons why this program of combined self-disarmament and world-defense presents itself to me as America's special opportunity to bring peace to the world.

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First. To abolish our individual army and navy for our own use and give it away to the world is the best, shortest and most arresting and convincing way for America to persuade other nations to abolish their own individual armies and navies for their own use and present them to the world.

Second. To heap up preparedness against other nations because they have heaped up preparedness against us is superficial. Instead of having all the nations agree to smother themselves with their own armies, to commit suicide because they are afraid to die, it would be less superficial for us all to get together and agree with one another that as a permit for living ourselves we will let each other live. I am in favour of having America take a stand for preparedness-with, but not for preparedness-against.

Third. Preparedness-against is not practical.

There is nothing to interfere with the families of the town of Northampton if they want to, proceeding to make arrangements to-morrow morning, each of them, for preparedness against each other. Mr. Witherell next door, and the Geres across the road and I can mount guns over our front doors and put up stone forts around our yards and make every arrangement A. Wise Wood could suggest for preparedness against each other. But if the Misses Gere had two guns over their door, I would have to have three. And so on forever. And so the Misses Gere and Mr. Witherell and I have all agreed that preparedness against each other is not as practical as preparedness with each other, and we have combined on a police station downtown.

This may not look as noble as the other way, and it may seem rather severely sensible, but our feeling at the end of High Street is that the world is soon coming to it.

All that is going to be necessary to bring it about is to have one nation out of us all stop being humdrum a minute and stop doing what everybody does, make a start, hand over its army and navy to the world. Then probably having given a sign of good faith by not defending itself, the nations will leave it alone

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enough and believe in it enough to let it go freely about the world organizing preparedness-together instead of preparedness-against in all nations. America will step into the breach and be the nation to give away her army and navy first. Having done the thing herself, she could then consistently take up a collection around the world of armies and navies, put them together and have them placed in the best stations to defend everybody.

Fourth. Preparedness-against as a policy for America is a program which leaves too many Americans out. Only humdrum fighters or soldiers can really work up any interest in preparedness-against.

An entirely different set of people, an enormous body of practical, far-sighted men—men with an entirely different set of motives and powers and gifts—can all be gathered in and got together in defending a world, when only the third-rate men and men with a third-rate philosophy, with a third-rate technique, could really get interested in defending a single nation.

It is not practical to defend the country with this kind of people. The seven thousand officers the President wants cannot be got in this country among people who are merely interested in this country. In a big intimate modern world like this people who are merely interested in this country could not defend it from the world very long. They would soon be outwitted by people who knew the world more than they did.

The greater and more powerful gifts all go with the larger motives and the wider sweep of vision. The moment the militarists in America present or will let other people present a program of preparedness-with instead of preparedness-against, a program full of We-vision and We-motives and We-gifts worthy of a great people and a great country, the whole country will be with them. As it is, the militarists are going to have to fight for every inch they gain in this country as long as they keep on proposing to it solemnly to coop itself up into defending itself.

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Fifth. There is another practical reason why it has seemed to me that adopting the larger preparedness—a preparedness-with instead of a preparedness-against, or a kind of neurasthenia of self-defense—is America's most practical course.

Every man who has talked about a really adequate army and navy for America and who is trying to wake up the country to preparedness-against has talked about conscription. The men who talk about preparedness-with will not talk about conscription.

To be practical or to get the kind of army and navy that we want we must touch the highest and deepest enthusiasms of our people.

If we announce that we are preparing an army and navy to hand over to a world, and if we appeal to the deepest, best and most universal instincts of our American men, for our army, people will all but fight each other to get into it.

It is already difficult in America to hire any man at any price to tuck himself away in an army or take the army life seriously as a man's life.

To be in the world army will be to be in a great world metropolis of picked men.

5

The Death of Murder

I have not wished to make a wholesale or ungracious charge against the people who have been conducting the campaign for world-peace and who have stood out before everybody all these years as belonging to Mr. Carnegie's little flock, who have attached themselves in their wistful way to his big blind building, and done what they could.

But we are standing in a great crisis of the world, with four thousand years looking back on what we do to-day, and almost with four thousand years standing by and waiting to see what we do, waiting to see what we may load up on them, which they will have to unload, and it does seem an opportune time to point

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out plainly once for all the real damage the people who have stood for peace in America have done all over the world (not as individuals of course—there are plenty of exceptions) by the prevailing tone in which they have spoken of peace, in which they have weakly niggled and teased the world with peace.

The strategic moment for America as a great peaceful nation to act is at hand.

The world after this war is no longer going to pay any attention to a nation that takes a negative or a wistful weak tone in getting other nations to notice peace. Nations that the world cannot get to notice peace and believe in peace are going to be arrested, isolated and surrounded by our World Police and put in the planet lockup to think.

It is through the organization, equipment, advertisement and national financing of a huge project to persuade the nations to accept this gift and join in making it effective that America is at last to take her place in the destinies of the world.

No live useful nation to-day wants to stop or bother with defending itself. It is the world's business to defend a nation. Only a world can do it, either safely or well. Only a world is in a position to defend a nation from other nations, easily and without interruption.

I do not propose to go up and down Broadway with a revolver to defend myself. If New York cannot do it with electric lights and signals, why go to New York? Why go up and down Broadway at all? What would there be in a New York like that that would be worth going to see? What could New York think of for me that I would want if it had not done thinking enough yet to remove from a man who came to it the bother, the disgrace and the personal cowardice of carrying a revolver?

It is as silly, as inconvenient for a nation to carry a revolver as it is for a man to.

The shrillest militarist and the gentlest, softest old ladies of peace that we have, would all be willing to unite alike and work

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hard alike for the largest army and navy anyone has demanded yet if it were to be a gift to the planet, to all the nations together to use for all of us.

Most nations already believe this. But America is the only nation that is in a position to act on what it believes. Instead of being impertinent for America to lead and take first action, it will be impertinent if she does not. The way for us to lead is not to tell other nations what we believe but to do what we believe ourselves. The quickest and most conclusive way to do what we believe and to make it catching is for America to organize and hold ready and present to the nations double our share of land and sea police.

Behind this bulwark of a World Police we will then arrange more slowly our two other world defenses which are the main permanent stand-by defenses which I have written this book to propose—a campaign of peace at home and a campaign of self-expression abroad.

. . . . . .

As rapidly as these more permanent peace arrangements are organized and perfected (peace at home and self-expression abroad) so that World Police will be less necessary, the World Police will be reduced.

The police force will naturally have to be big at first, but the moment we can once get the entire world fitted up with street lights, with mutual self-expression, with an outfit for having everything and everybody protected by being in a blaze of light, the world will do what every city has already done by fitting up its banks, doors and back alleys with electric lights—it will cut down its police force by half.

If all the nations said they did not want it, did not want to club together to accept from us, to carry on and keep up with us the huge single world-lighting system for all nations—the one big stick for all nations—we would all be in favour of spending the present four millions out of five hundred millions a year our

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Government is now spending on its army and navy, on getting them to want it.

An army and navy merely for America would be wasted. All self-defense armies are wasted. They merely make other nations have one to match it. Every army and navy a nation has to defend itself not only throws away itself, but it throws away the army and navy of all the other nations.

The spectacle of every civilized nation of the earth going down to its own shore and with one single, big, solemn splash of gray steel dumping itself into the sea—the spectacle of all the nations gravely practically going to hell and living in hell because they are afraid the others are going to send them there—is one that America can bear no longer. It would be more economical to send one to hell, and let the rest stop bullying and begin to live.

The nation that bullies first, that is too scared not to fight, that believes in its army and navy the most, should be sent as near hell as may be necessary to protect the rest of us. We would not be doing any great or extra harm in doing this.

By piling up a huge army and navy to defend itself, such a nation is sending itself to hell anyway, and all we would do would be hurrying it.

After we had hurried it, the rest of the world could draw a free breath and live.

I need not dwell on this program longer of America's presenting to the world a combined national disarmament and World Defense.

With the magnificent but hopeless sacrifices of other nations America will take her place with a stupendous, overwhelming, hopeful gift to all nations alike of preparedness for peace instead of preparedness for war.

6

We

We will lift away this speechless wealth that has been heaped up upon us helplessly out of meaninglessness and out of death,

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this wealth that without asking, without expecting, has been heaped up upon us by twenty nations until in a kind of vast, absentminded, bewildered innocence before the despairs and sorrows of a world we stand aghast at our own well-being—we will lift up all our shameful sorrowing prosperity, our huge windfall of undreamed-of might; we will publicly disown it before all peoples, and in the name of all peoples we will cast away our right to use it for ourselves. This unholy blood-money that has drained and dripped to us from thirty thousand dead men a day we will lift up and pour out before all nations as a sacrament for the peace of the world. What we did in Belgium was lifeboat and rescue work after the ship had gone down—a mere helpless picking up of dots of drifting people from the sea. What we do now shall be to save the ship. A self-disarmed nation that fights for a world shall be our vision, our great adventure and statesmanship. To take any action less free, less bold, less generous and less unanswerable than this will be to miss our opportunity. If we do not do something restitutional, expiating, something world-hearted like this with this new unmentionable, this helpless, speechless wealth dripping from our hands, we shall have branded our memory on mankind for a thousand years and have made our name a by-word and a hissing in the mouths of men....

If this act of world defense and world championship is to mean anything, it is not going to be initiated by the President and proposed to a people scurrying about with their hands full gathering up gold rolling in the streets. It must be proposed to the President by the people themselves. With our hands full of the gold from a thousand battlefields we will rise up and break away, we will gather ourselves together, thunder upon the door of the White House with our gold, crowd upon the floor of Congress and say: "You see this money in our hands? Take it back to the people from whom it came! Spend it for us on the peace and the silence of the world!"

When we do this, with every dollar we return shall America

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be trusted and believed and loved and defended and understood. There is no middle course for America to take to-day. We will be a prayer on the lips of all people or we will be a curse.

If we do a thing like this, what need will there ever be of our having a frail, mean, anxious, little scheme of preparedness for defending ourselves? What nation in the world will ever dare to attack America if America has proved itself a nation with a world in its heart?

We will make it a definite national slogan:

Self-defense for America a by-product of its defense of a world.

It might be and it might not be by a committee of Congress or by a meeting of the Cabinet that a stupendous adventure for a great people like this should finally be conceived and initiated. Or it might be from the people or a man of the people. But if America is to take its stand for a simultaneous combined action of not arming itself and presenting an armament to a world, however the suggestion starts, it can only come in the deepest voice, its most carrying and final voice, as the voice of the will of the people; it must come from the spontaneous uprising of the people, from newspapers crowding around Washington, from books stuttering out the vision and the prayer of men and women, from a thousand great cities, from little valleys in the hills, from mighty streets lifting up their voices upon Congress, and from great factories, throwing their ringing purses on the floor of the Treasury for the fate of a world. . . .

The thing that America did and that everybody knows America did for Belgium too late, America will now do and do on time for a world. The people of America will arise and in the sorrow, defeat, and despair, in the great solemn cry of all nations, we will stand forth and make a new covenant with the world. And the prayers of leaders of the people in all nations, the cries of unnumbered women and little children, the ghosts of three million dead men flocking from a thousand battlefields shall hover about us while we do it.

. . . . . .

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GOING TO PRESS

The problem of just how a nation should address itself confidentially to itself, how it should arouse itself to its best self, while twenty other nations are listening at the door and looking more or less coldly on, is a difficult one.

When I, as an American, have watched England trying to express the ideals of England to Englishmen, and France trying to express the ideals of France to Frenchmen, and when I have watched the German authors and journalists trying to rally and express and focus the national soul of Germany with reference to the soul of the world, I have noticed that I have had to forgive and qualify.

The other nations are spectators in this book, of America trying to find itself and to come to itself.

I hope they will watch us a little kindly and forgivingly as we bungle our way in among them.

Of course, this book I am writing about ourselves and about what eleven nations ask us is one of the bungles.

But, after all, we must each take our turn and each national soul must try—must keep on in the presence of the others looking at the world's soul and then looking at itself until it can find, with other national souls helping, what it is especially for and what its relations to the world's soul is. If nations would all try and all watch other nations try in the spirit in which children are watched when they are learning to walk, it would help.

I would be very grateful if the other nations looking on at a young nation wavering and trying and falling and trying and still trying in these pages, steadying itself before God and before the world, would be gentle with us and wait hopefully for us a little.

God only knows how under all the smoke and roar and strangeness and fear and blackness of their mighty battles

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filling the dome of the world, we are daily struggling to have this spirit toward them and keep remembering them, believing them, trusting them, and expecting from them as in the days of the sunny fields and of the peaceful roofs and of the singing cathedrals and of the pictures and the songs, and of the happy thronging streets we have known them by.

THE END

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